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LETTERS OF

HORACE WALPOLE

MRS. PAGET TOYNBEE

OXFORD
PRINTED AT THE CLARENDON PRESS
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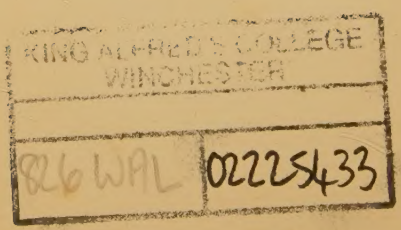
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Horace Walpole

from a drawing by Bernard Lens.

THE LETTERS

OF

HORACE WALPOLE

FOURTH EARL OF ORFORD

CHRONOLOGICALLY ARRANGED

AND EDITED WITH NOTES AND INDICES

BY

MRS. PAGET TOYNBEE

IN SIXTEEN VOLUMES

WITH PORTRAITS AND FACSIMILES

VOL. I: 1732—1743

OXFORD

AT THE CLARENDON PRESS

MCMIII

TO THE

EARL AND COUNTESS WALDEGRAVE

IN GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

OF MANY

PLEASANT AND PROFITABLE DAYS

PASSED AMONG

THE WALPOLE MANUSCRIPTS

AT

CHEWTON PRIORY

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PREFACE

The present edition of the Letters of Horace Walpole is based upon that of Peter Cunningham (first published in nine volumes octavo in 1857).

The latest issue (1891) of Cunningham's edition contains 2,654 letters[1], representing 95 correspondents; the present edition contains 3,061 letters, representing 150 correspondents[2]. Of the 407 letters not included in Cunningham's edition, 111 are now printed for the first time[3].

The letters to Sir Horace Mann (823 in number, which include eleven now printed for the first time) have been collated with the original MS. in the possession of Earl Waldegrave at Chewton Priory. The MS. of these letters (which is contained in six folio volumes) consists of transcripts (partly in the handwriting of Horace Walpole, partly in that of his secretary, Thomas Kirgate) of the original letters. The annotations throughout, and the dates, are in Horace Walpole's own hand.

The original letters sent to Mann were returned periodically to Horace Walpole at his own request during Mann's lifetime (see, for instance, letters to Mann of Sept. 17, 1778, No. 1,892 in the present edition; of May 9, 1779, No. 1,941; and of March 30, 1784, No. 2,473). These originals appear to have been destroyed by Walpole after the existing transcripts had

[1] The total number of letters is 2,665, but among them are included eight letters written by Richard West, one by Edward Walpole, and two by Conway.

[2] Exclusive of sundry unidentified correspondents.

[3] The bulk of the remainder have been privately printed, and are now for the first time published.

been made. Evidence is in existence which proves that certain passages in the original letters were deliberately suppressed by Walpole, whose intention was that they should neither be transcribed nor printed. This intention, it seems, was defeated in part by his secretary Kirgate, who appears to have made unauthorized copies of the suppressed passages, which copies, after his death, were handed over by his daughter to Mrs. Damer, Horace Walpole's executrix, to be by her destroyed[1].

On examining Horace Walpole's transcript of these letters, the surprising discovery was made that a very large number of passages have been suppressed in the printed version, although no indication whatever of any omission was given by the original editors. Not a few of these suppressed passages are quite unfit for publication; these occur chiefly in the earlier letters. The passages omitted from the later letters (as well as the letters hitherto unprinted) are of a harmless character. All the suppressed passages which it was possible to print have now been restored to the text; omissions, wherever they have been made, are indicated both in the text and in the notes.

[1] This evidence is contained in the following memorandum (kindly communicated by Mr. J. F. Rotton, who is in possession of the original document). The paper is endorsed (apparently in Mrs. Damer's handwriting);

'Dec. 12, 1810. Memorandum concerning the Destruction of Extracts from Letters of Lord Orford, &c., by T. Kirgate.'

The contents are as follows:—

'Dec. 11, 1810.

'To Mr. George P. Harding,

'Understanding that the Collection of Extracts of Letters from Lord Orford to Sir Horace Mann at Florence (which Extracts were in the Possession of my Father the late Mr. Thomas Kirgate at his Death) were not intended by his Lordship to be either transcribed or printed I hereby authorize and desire you will destroy the same Extracts in the Presence of the Honourable Mrs. Damer the Executrix of His Lordship. 'Eleanor Thomas.'

Below is added, in the same handwriting as the endorsement:—

'December 12, 1810. The Extracts above referred to were destroyed in the Presence of us

'Anne Seymour Damer,

'George Perfect Harding.

'Witness, M. Hoper.'

The letters to George Montagu (263 in number, of which one is now printed for the first time) have been collated with the originals in the possession of the Duke of Manchester, whose trustees kindly allowed the volume containing them to be temporarily deposited in the British Museum for that purpose. A comparison of the printed letters with the originals revealed the fact that Cunningham's text (in spite of his having had access to the originals)[1] is very incorrect. As in the case of the Mann letters, many passages have been suppressed, without any indication of the fact; but these are for the most part unfit for publication. One or two harmless passages, which have been scored through in the MS., and which Cunningham failed to decipher, have now been restored.

The arrangement of these letters hitherto followed is that of the bound volume containing the originals. This arrangement proves on investigation to be not always strictly chronological, no less than eleven letters being out of place, several of them to the extent of a year or more. The correct dates of these misplaced letters have been determined principally by means of internal evidence. The reasons for placing each particular letter have been stated at length, from time to time, in communications to the *Academy* (under the editorship of Mr. J. S. Cotton) and to *Notes and Queries*. References to these communications will be found in the notes to the several letters in question.

Of the 177 letters written by Horace Walpole to his cousin Henry Seymour Conway (Marshal Conway) twenty-four have been collated with the originals in the possession of Earl Waldegrave. Three other letters to Conway which are printed in the *Journals and Correspondence of Miss Berry*,

[1] See Cunningham's edition, vol. ix. p. 499.

but are not included by Cunningham, have been collated with the originals in the possession of the late Sir Thomas Villiers Lister. I have unfortunately been unable to discover the whereabouts of the remainder of the originals of these letters.

The letters to the Rev. William Cole have been collated with the originals in the British Museum, where they are preserved in two quarto volumes (*Addit. MSS.* 5952, 5953). These letters are also 177 in number, including ten short letters which are not included in Cunningham's edition, but which are printed in the *Letters from the Hon. Horace Walpole to the Rev. William Cole and Others*, published in 1818.

The letters to Miss Mary and Miss Agnes Berry (written between 1788 and 1796) are 161 in number. Of these, fifty-four were printed (more or less incompletely) by Cunningham. The remainder were printed (also incompletely) by Lady Theresa Lewis in *The Journals and Correspondence of Miss Berry* (London, 1865 ; second edition, 1866). Lady Theresa, further, printed a number of passages which had been omitted from the letters in Cunningham's edition.

The collation of the printed portions of the Berry letters with the originals showed that even in the *Journals and Correspondence of Miss Berry* (which work, as has been mentioned, contains many passages previously omitted) the letters were by no means printed in full. Through the kindness of the late Sir Thomas Villiers Lister, who was in possession of all the originals (save three) of the letters to the Miss Berrys, these are now for the first time printed without omissions of any kind.

The three letters which were not in Sir Villiers Lister's collection are dated Aug. 16, 1796, Aug. 24, 1796, and Dec. 1796. Of these, the first is in the British Museum (*Addit.*

MSS. 21,555); the second was kindly lent for collation by Messrs. Pearson. Both these letters are among those printed by Cunningham. The third, which is in the Morrison collection, is now published for the first time by kind permission of Mrs. Alfred Morrison.

Of the thirty-four letters to Hannah More, five of the originals were kindly lent for collation by Miss Drage of Hatfield, and one by Mrs. Macquoid of St. Albans. One letter is now printed for the first time from the original in the possession of Messrs. Maggs. Parts of two letters (not included by Cunningham) are reprinted from Messrs. Sotheby's Catalogue of July 14, 1896 (lots 344[1] and 345[2]).

I particularly regret not having been able to see the originals of the rest of the letters to Hannah More, as several of those which have passed through my hands have been tampered with, and disfigured by the cancelling of passages, the erasure of proper names, and, worse than all, by the insertion (apparently in the handwriting of Hannah More herself) of words and phrases which Walpole never wrote.

For instance in the letter of Sept. 1789 (Cunningham's edition, vol. ix. pp. 218–21, No. 2,710 in the present edition) two paragraphs and a postscript have been cancelled, and a name obliterated beyond recovery. In the letter of Sept. 29, 1791 (Cunningham's edition, vol. ix. pp. 352–4, No. 2,824 in the present edition), where Horace Walpole has mentioned Mrs. Barbauld in an uncomplimentary manner, his remarks have been toned down by the insertion (in another handwriting) of the words 'whom you admire,' whilst the words 'of compassion' have been substituted for

[1] Two pages and a half quarto, sold for 3*l.* 6*s.*
[2] Two pages quarto, sold for 3*l.* 10*s.*

a carefully erased description of Mrs. Barbauld's 'rhymes,' which, whatever it may have been, was evidently regarded as too severe.

Two paragraphs are cancelled in the letter of Jan. 1, 1792 (Cunningham's edition, vol. ix. pp. 365–7, No. 2,840 in the present edition), as well as about half of the letter of March 23, 1793 (Cunningham's edition, vol. ix. pp. 405–7, No. 2,882 in the present edition).

Not only have these alterations been made in the MSS., but they have been faithfully reproduced in the printed editions, including that of Cunningham.

In Walpole's letter to Hannah More of June 23, 1789 (Cunningham's edition, vol. ix. pp. 182–3, No. 2,680 in the present edition), the name 'Madame Piozzi' has been erased, but is still legible through the erasure. Wright, the editor of the 1840 edition of the letters, filled the blank with the name of Bruce, the African traveller!—in which he is followed by Cunningham. The word 'she,' referring to Mrs. Piozzi, has been altered into 'this,' and the word 'author' has been inserted, in order to veil Horace Walpole's reference, which is uncomplimentary[1].

These letters are now printed (except where the writing has been obliterated) as Walpole wrote them.

In spite of repeated inquiries through the medium of the press in England and America, as well as through private channels, I have not been able to trace the originals of any of the letters to the Countess of Ailesbury, Charles Bedford, Grosvenor Bedford, Richard Bentley, Dr. Ducarel, Edward Gibbon, John Henderson, the Earl of Hertford, Lady Hervey, David Hume, Robert Jephson, the Rev. William Mason, John Nichols, Dr. Robertson, the Earl of Strafford, Countess

[1] See *Athenæum*, Dec. 8, 1900.

Temple, Thomas Warton, Richard West, and the Rev. Henry Zouch.

A few passages in the Mason letters, which were omitted by the original editor, the Rev. John Mitford, have been recovered from his note-books in the British Museum (*Addit. MSS.* 32,563).

The originals of the letters to Earl Harcourt and to the Earl and Countess of Upper Ossory are in private hands, but I have unfortunately not been able to gain access to them.

As in the case of the letters to George Montagu, several of those to Lady Ossory have been wrongly placed. In no less than four instances also, single letters have been split up into two; in one case, on the other hand, several short notes, written at widely different times, have been run together so as to appear as one letter (No. 1692 in Cunningham's edition). These blunders were due to the original editor (Vernon Smith) of the letters to Lady Ossory, and were perpetuated without comment by Cunningham.

In the case of the letters to Thomas Astle, Lady Browne, the Earl of Buchan, the Earl of Charlemont, John Chute, John Craufurd, Henry Fox (Lord Holland), the Duchess of Gloucester, Lord Hailes, George Hardinge, Bishop Percy, George Selwyn, the Countess of Suffolk, and to various occasional correspondents, I have seen a certain proportion of the originals, or have been supplied with copies made direct from the originals.

Among the letters which form the new matter in the present edition may be mentioned those to Thomas Astle, the Rev. William Beloe, Lady Mary Coke, Mrs. Dickenson, Sir John Fenn, Lady Fenn, Sir William Hamilton, the Earl of Hardwicke, the Rev. Daniel Lysons, Charles Lyttelton,

the Rev. Robert Nares, the Duke of Newcastle, and Miss Anne Pitt. These have for the most part been printed from the originals. The most important exceptions are the letters to Miss Anne Pitt and to Lady Mary Coke. The former, which are among the Dropmore papers (to which unfortunately it was impossible for me to have access), are reprinted from the 13*th Report of the Historical MSS. Commission* (Appendix, Part III, Vol. I). The letters to Lady Mary Coke were printed in the *Letters and Journals of Lady Mary Coke* (edited by the Hon. James A. Home, four vols., privately printed, 1889–1896) from the originals in the possession of the late Lady Anne Home-Drummond-Moray, by whose permission they are included in the present edition. Besides these there are letters written in French to Madame du Deffand, to the Duchesse de Choiseul, to Count Schuwaloff, and to several other French correspondents.

Some of the most interesting of the new letters are those addressed by Horace Walpole to his schoolfellow Charles Lyttelton (afterwards Dean of Exeter and Bishop of Carlisle). These letters, which were first published many years ago in *Notes and Queries* (Jan. 2, 1869), are now printed from the originals in the possession of Viscount Cobham. The first of these is of particular interest, as being the earliest extant letter of Horace Walpole, written at the age of fifteen[1].

The letters to Lady Mary Coke (twenty-six in number) are full of the wit and charm which Walpole invariably had at command when writing to his lady friends—a charm which is not absent even from the letters written in his extreme old age, although some of those addressed to Miss Mary Berry almost deserve the epithet of *larmoyant*, which

[1] A facsimile of this letter is given in vol. i. p. 1.

he himself applied to some of the letters of his favourite, Madame de Sévigné.

The letters in French to Madame du Deffand are seven in number. Five of them are in Horace Walpole's own handwriting[1]. Of the other two, one was dictated to a friend (apparently George Selwyn) during one of Walpole's frequent attacks of gout; the other, which is incomplete, is a copy, in the handwriting of Wiart, Madame du Deffand's secretary. These letters, the originals of which are in the possession of Mr. W. R. Parker-Jervis, are of unique interest, inasmuch as, with the exception of a few fragments, printed in Miss Berry's notes to her edition of the letters of Madame du Deffand to Horace Walpole (four vols., 1810), they are the only remaining relics on Walpole's side of the almost weekly correspondence carried on during sixteen years between him and Madame du Deffand. All the rest of his letters to her were destroyed, either by Madame du Deffand at his request, or by Miss Berry, in obedience to his wishes, after his death. The preservation of the above letters is no doubt due to their having been overlooked by some accident when the rest were destroyed[2].

The motives which induced Walpole to cause his letters to Madame du Deffand to be destroyed were in all likelihood those indicated by himself in his letter to Conway of Sept. 28, 1774 (No. 1564 in the present edition), viz. the fact that they were written in 'very bad French,' and the wish to prevent the publication by ill-natured persons of his freely expressed opinions of various people in England and France. Besides which, no doubt, he was unwilling to

[1] A facsimile of one of these is given in a later volume.

[2] For the possible explanation of their preservation, see my letter in the *Athenæum* of July 13, 1901.

risk having published to all the world the somewhat severe 'scoldings' (*gronderies*—to use Madame du Deffand's term) which, as we know from her, he repeatedly administered to his correspondent for what he considered her indiscretions with regard to their intercourse and somewhat peculiar relations.

Among the letters now printed for the first time is a literary curiosity in the shape of a French letter to the Comtesse de Viry, an Englishwoman, the wife of the Sardinian Minister at Paris—the Miss Speed of Gray's and Walpole's letters. This letter, originally written in English, was translated into French for the benefit of Madame du Deffand by the Rev. Louis Dutens, author of *Mémoires d'un Voyageur qui se repose*. This French version was copied into a manuscript book of *Lettres Choisies*, which was among the papers bequeathed by Madame du Deffand to Horace Walpole[1]. In a marginal note on the letter in this book, Horace Walpole observes that it was 'certainly written in English.' The English version, so far, has not been traced.

Not a few of the letters included in this edition are undated. The majority of these, however, I have been able to place by means of internal evidence. Such as I have not been able to place with certainty are printed (in the alphabetical order of the correspondents) in an Appendix.

In the course of my inquiries for Walpole letters I learned that a certain number of unpublished originals were in the possession of the Earl of Ilchester at Holland House. I regret to say that Lord Ilchester was unable to accede to my request for permission to include these letters in the present edition.

[1] The whole of these papers were sold at the Strawberry Hill sale of 1842, and are now in possession of Mr. W. R. Parker-Jervis.

A few words of explanation may be added with regard to the principal features of the present edition.

Horace Walpole's *Short Notes of my Life* (which end with the month of May, 1779) are prefixed, by way of introduction, to the first volume, together with a continuation (by the Editor) down to the date of his death. These *Short Notes* are invaluable as supplying personal information concerning the writer of the Letters, which is not accessible in any other form.

As it has only been possible to print a portion (less than half) of the letters from the originals it has been necessary, in order to present a consistent text, to follow the example of previous editors in modernizing Horace Walpole's spelling and revising his punctuation[1]. For similar reasons, it has been necessary to omit the addresses of the letters, and, in a few cases, the signatures. The latter, however, have been inserted wherever it was possible to recover them. Horace Walpole's spelling of proper names, even when inconsistent, has been retained as far as possible, his laxness in this respect being characteristic. In my own notes, as well as in the indices, the modern forms are employed, with cross references where necessary.

The notes to the letters have been compiled anew for this edition throughout, except in the case of the notes written by Horace Walpole himself. These have been retained in every instance, save where their retention would have involved needless repetition. Owing to the fact that Walpole annotated the several collections of his letters independently of each other, it not infrequently happens

[1] The only exceptions to this rule are the five letters in French in Horace Walpole's handwriting, addressed to Madame du Deffand, which are printed from the originals exactly as Horace Walpole wrote them.

that the same note is repeated by him many times over in almost identical terms. Superfluous notes of this description, but these only, have been discarded. All notes written by Walpole are distinguished by the addition of his name.

To each volume is prefixed a list, in chronological order, of the letters contained in it. This list supplies in each case the number of the letter in the present edition (in the left-hand column), the date of the letter, the name of the correspondent, and (in the right-hand column) the corresponding number, if any, of the letter in Cunningham's edition. Letters now printed for the first time are distinguished by the addition of a dagger to the number in the left-hand column. The absence of a number in the right-hand column indicates, of course, that the letter in question is not included in Cunningham's edition.

A second list supplying the same information, but classified under the names of the correspondents in alphabetical order, will be found at the end of the work. By means of one or other of these lists, the whereabouts of any particular letter may be found at once without difficulty.

The sources of the letters not included by Cunningham are indicated in the notes to the letters in question.

In order to render the contents of Horace Walpole's letters as easily accessible as possible, three full indices have been provided, viz. an index of persons; an index of places (including streets, buildings, &c., in the case of towns, such as London and Paris); and a subject-index. These, together with the complete list of the letters, and sundry genealogical tables, will form the concluding volume of the edition.

Of the eleven portraits of Horace Walpole included in this edition, those by Lens, Richardson, and Angelica Kauffmann are now published for the first time. For per-

mission to reproduce these, and a number of other portraits, I am indebted to the kindness of Earl Waldegrave, who allowed them to be specially photographed for the purpose from the originals at Chewton Priory. For the remaining portraits, other than those belonging to public collections, I am indebted to the courtesy of various private owners, whose names appear in the lists of portraits prefixed to each volume.

The three facsimiles of Horace Walpole's handwriting are from letters to Charles Lyttelton, Madame du Deffand, and Mrs. Dickenson, kindly lent by Viscount Cobham, Mr. W. R. Parker-Jervis, and Sir William Anson, respectively.

It remains for me to express my acknowledgements to the many friends and correspondents, in England and America, who have supplied me with original letters, or with copies, in response to my appeals, or from whom I have received assistance of one kind or another.

My special thanks are due, in the first place, to Lord Waldegrave, who generously placed at my disposal at Chewton Priory the whole of his unrivalled collection of Walpole MSS., among which, as already mentioned, are Horace Walpole's own transcripts of his letters to Mann, more than 800 in number; to the late Sir Thomas Villiers Lister, for the loan of the originals of the letters to Miss Mary and Miss Agnes Berry; and to Mr. W. R. Parker-Jervis, for the loan of the MSS. bequeathed to Horace Walpole by Madame du Deffand, which include the letters to Walpole's various French correspondents referred to above.

I am also indebted to Lord Cobham, for the loan of nine letters to Charles Lyttelton; to Mr. Arthur H. Frere, for the loan of eight letters to Sir John and Lady Fenn; to Miss Drage, for the loan of five letters to Hannah More; to

Mr. W. R. Smith, for the loan of five letters to the Rev. Robert Nares; to Mr. F. Barker, for the loan of five letters to Thomas Astle and another; to Sir William Anson, for the loan of four letters, three of which are addressed to his great-grandmother, Mrs. Dickenson; to Mr. John W. Ford, for copies of five letters to Sir William Hamilton and others; to Mr. R. B. Adam, of Buffalo, N.Y., for copies of four letters to George Selwyn and others; and to Mr. John Boyd Thacher, of Albany, N.Y., who kindly supplied me with a photograph of an original letter in his possession; also to the following, for the loan of one or more letters or for copies:—the Duke of Bedford; the Earl of Carlisle; the Earl of Mount Edgcumbe; Mrs. Chappel; Mrs. Chute; Messrs. Alexander Denham & Co.; Messrs. Ellis and Elvey; Mr. John D. Enys; Mr. G. Beresford Fitzgerald; Mrs. Fogg, of Boston, Mass.; the Executors of the late Mr. Townley Green; Mr. Simon Gratz, of Philadelphia; the Earl of Home; Mr. John W. Jordan, of Philadelphia; Messrs. Langham; Mr. G. Locker-Lampson; Mrs. Macquoid; Messrs. Pearson; Mr. George Pritchard; Mr. Charles Roberts, of Philadelphia; Mr. E. S. Roscoe; Mr. J. F. Rotton; Dr. H. T. Scott; Messrs. Sotheran; the Hon. Mrs. J. R. Swinton; Mr. H. Yates Thompson; Mr. Vernon Watney (the present occupant of Horace Walpole's house in Berkeley Square); the Rev. John Wild; and the Historical Society of Pennsylvania (the custodians of the collection presented by Mr. Ferdinand J. Dreer).

My thanks are also due to Sir Spencer Walpole, for permission to reprint the thirty letters to Thomas Walpole and his son, recently published by him[1]; to Mr. J. B. Fortescue, for permission to reprint twelve letters from the *13th Report*

[1] *Some Unpublished Letters of Horace Walpole.* London: 1902.

of the Historical MSS. Commission; to Mrs. Alfred Morrison, for permission to print eleven letters from the Morrison collection; to Mr. Aubrey Harcourt, for permission to reprint four letters from the *Harcourt Papers*; to the Syndics of the Cambridge University Press, for permission to reprint three letters published in the Rev. D. C. Tovey's *Gray and his Friends*; to the Duke of Grafton, for permission to reprint a letter published in the *Memoirs of Augustus Henry, third Duke of Grafton*, edited by Sir William Anson; and to Mr. Stopford Sackville, for permission to reprint a letter published in the *9th Report of the Historical MSS. Commission*.

To the Hon. James A. Home I am deeply indebted for constant assistance and advice during the progress of my work. From him I have received not only information of a kind not easily obtainable elsewhere, but also valuable assistance in tracing the whereabouts of original letters. I am, further, indebted to Mr. Home's good offices for permission to include the letters to Lady Mary Coke, and also for a copy (kindly presented by Lord Home) of the privately-printed *Letters and Journals of Lady Mary Coke*, which was edited by Mr. Home.

My special acknowledgements are due to Mr. L. Pearsall Smith, whose exertions on my behalf resulted in the discovery of the seven letters of Horace Walpole to Madame du Deffand, already referred to.

I desire also to express my thanks for valuable assistance to my friend Dr. Charles L. Shadwell, of Oriel College, Oxford; and to Mr. C. E. Doble, of the Clarendon Press, to whom I am indebted for numerous helpful suggestions and corrections; as well as to Mr. F. G. Bain; Mr. Richard Bentley; the Vice-Provost of Eton College (Mr. F. Warre

Cornish); Professor Edward Dowden; Mr. W. C. L. Floyd (who supplied me with an interesting extract from the unpublished Journal of his grandfather, Sir John Floyd); Dr. Richard Garnett; Mr. Algernon Graves; the late Dr. Birkbeck Hill; Mr. F. C. Hodgson, Senior Fellow of King's College, Cambridge; Dr. Kells Ingram (who kindly copied for me three letters from the Charlemont MSS. in the library of the Royal Irish Academy); Mr. F. G. Kenyon, of the MSS. Department of the British Museum; the Provost of King's College, Cambridge (the Rev. A. Austen Leigh); Mr. E. P. Merritt, of Boston, Mass.; Mr. E. W. B. Nicholson, Bodley's Librarian at Oxford; Colonel W. F. Prideaux; Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson, and Hodge; Mr. F. G. Stephens; Mr. T. Humphry Ward; and to my friend, Mr. F. G. Stokes. I ought further to acknowledge my indebtedness to the *Dictionary of National Biography*, and to G. E. C.'s *Complete Peerage*.

Lastly, I desire to express my gratitude for the invaluable advice and encouragement, and never-failing assistance, which I have received from my husband at every stage of my work, but for which this laborious undertaking could never have been completed.

HELEN TOYNBEE.

DORNEY WOOD, BURNHAM, BUCKS,
May, 1903.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

(1) The Works of Horatio Walpole, Earl of Orford. London: printed for G. G. and J. Robinson, Paternoster Row, and J. Edwards, Pall Mall. MDCCXCVIII. 4to. 5 vols.

[Contains 376 letters of Horace Walpole, 13 in Vol. II, 25 in Vol. IV, and 338 in Vol. V.]

(2) Letters from the Hon. Horace Walpole to George Montagu, Esq., from the year 1736 to the year 1770. Published from the originals, in the possession of the editor. London: printed for Rodwell and Martin, New Bond Street, and Henry Colburn, Conduit Street. 1818. 4to.

(3) Letters from the Hon. Horace Walpole to the Rev. William Cole, and others; from the year 1745, to the year 1782. Now first published from the originals. London: printed for Rodwell and Martin, Bond Street, and Henry Colburn, Conduit Street. 1818. 4to.

(4) Letters from the Honble. Horace Walpole, to the Earl of Hertford, during his Lordship's Embassy in Paris. To which are added Mr. Walpole's Letters to the Rev. Henry Zouch. London: printed for Charles Knight, Pall Mall East. MDCCCXXV. 4to.

(5) Private Correspondence of Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford. Now first collected. London: printed for Rodwell and Martin, Bond Street; and Colburn and Co., Conduit Street. 1820. 8vo. 4 vols.

(6) Letters of Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford, to Sir Horace Mann, British Envoy at the Court of Tuscany. Now first published from the originals in the possession of the Earl of Waldegrave. Edited by Lord Dover. London: Richard Bentley, New Burlington Street. 1833. 8vo. 3 vols.

(7) Correspondence of Horace Walpole with George Montagu, Esq., Hon. H. S. Conway, Rev. W. Cole, Lady Hervey, Richard West, Esq., Gray the Poet, Countess of Ailesbury, Rev. Mr. Birch, Hon. G. Hardinge, Earl of Strafford, John Chute, Esq., David Hume, Esq., Lady Craven, Rev. W. Mason, Mrs. Hannah More, &c. New Edition, in three volumes, with numerous illustrative notes, now first added. London: Henry Colburn, Publisher, 13 Great Marlborough Street. 1837. 8vo.

[Identical with the edition of 1820 (No. 5) as far as the letters are concerned, save for certain omissions. The reason for these omissions is stated as follows in the preface:—'It is hoped, that the *omission* of several passages, unsuited to the taste of the present period, more particularly to that of Female Readers of any refinement, will render the present edition most acceptable to the Public.']

(8) The Letters of Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford: including numerous letters now first published from the original Manuscripts. London: Richard Bentley, New Burlington Street, Publisher in Ordinary to Her Majesty. 1840. 8vo. 6 vols.

[Edited by John Wright[1]. Contains, as stated in the preface, 'several hundred letters, which have hitherto existed only in MS. or made their appearance singly and incidentally in other works.' The following statement is contained in the advertisement to the sixth volume:—'The present volume will be found to contain upwards of one hundred letters, introduced into no former edition of the Correspondence of Horace Walpole. The greater part of them were written between the years 1789 and 1797, and were addressed to the Miss Berrys, during their absence in Italy.']

(9) Letters of Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford, to Sir Horace Mann, his Britannic Majesty's Resident at the Court of Florence, from 1760 to 1785. Now first published from the original MSS. Concluding Series. London: Richard Bentley, New Burlington Street, Publisher in Ordinary to Her Majesty. M.DCCC.XLIII. 8vo. 4 vols.

(10) Letters addressed to the Countess of Ossory, from the year 1769 to 1797. By Horace Walpole, Lord Orford. Now first printed from original MSS. Edited, with notes, by the

[1] See Cunningham's ed., vol. i. p. xlix, note.

Rt. Hon. R. Vernon Smith, M.P. London: Richard Bentley, New Burlington Street, Publisher in Ordinary to Her Majesty. 1848. 8vo. 2 vols.

(11) The Correspondence of Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford, and the Rev. William Mason. Now first published from the original MSS. Edited, with notes, by the Rev. J. Mitford. London: Richard Bentley, Publisher in Ordinary to Her Majesty. 1851. 8vo. 2 vols.

(12) The Letters of Horace Walpole, fourth Earl of Orford. Edited by Peter Cunningham. Now first chronologically arranged. London: Richard Bentley, Publisher in Ordinary to Her Majesty. MDCCCLVII. 8vo. 9 vols. (ninth edition, 1891).

[The title-page of the first volume of the original edition bears the statement 'in 8 volumes.']

(13) Some Unpublished Letters of Horace Walpole. Edited by Sir Spencer Walpole. Longmans, Green & Co., 39 Paternoster Row, London, New York and Bombay. 1902. 8vo.

[Contains thirty letters to Horace Walpole's first cousin, Thomas Walpole, and his son, Thomas Walpole, jun.]

SHORT NOTES OF MY LIFE

By Horace Walpole

I was born in Arlington Street, near St. James's, London, September 24th, 1717, O.S. My godfathers were Charles Fitzroy, Duke of Grafton, and my uncle Horatio Walpole; my godmother, my aunt Dorothy, Lady Viscountess Townshend.

I was inoculated for the small-pox in 1724.

In 1725 I went to Bexley, in Kent, with my cousins, the four younger sons of Lord Townshend, and with a tutor, Edward Weston, one of the sons of Stephen, Bishop of Exeter; and continued there some months. The next summer I had the same education at Twickenham, Middlesex; and the intervening winters I went every day to study under Mr. Weston, at Lord Townshend's.

April 26th, 1727, I went to Eton School, where Mr. Henry Bland (since Prebendary of Durham), eldest son of Dr. Henry Bland, Master of the School, and since Dean of Durham and Provost of Eton, was my tutor.

I was entered at Lincoln's Inn, May 27th, 1731, my father intending me for the law; but I never went thither, not caring for the profession.

I left Eton School September 23rd, 1734; and March 11th, 1735, went to King's College, Cambridge. My public tutor was Mr. John Smith; my private, Mr. Anstey: afterwards Mr. John Whaley was my tutor. I went to lectures in civil law to Dr. Dickens, of Trinity Hall; to mathematical lectures, to blind Professor Saunderson, for a short time; afterwards, Mr. Trevigar read lectures to me in mathematics and

philosophy. I heard Dr. Battie's anatomical lectures. I had learned French at Eton. I learnt Italian at Cambridge, of Signor Piazza. At home I learned to dance and fence; and to draw of Bernard Lens, master to the Duke and Princesses.

In 1736 I wrote a copy of Latin verses, published in the *Gratulatio Acad. Cantab.*, on the marriage of Frederic, Prince of Wales.

My mother died August 20th, 1737.

Soon after, my father gave me the place of Inspector of the Imports and Exports in the Custom House, which I resigned on his appointing me Usher of the Exchequer, in the room of Colonel William Townshend, January 29th, 1738—and as soon as I came of age, I took possession of two other little patent-places in the Exchequer, called Comptroller of the Pipe, and Clerk of the Estreats. They had been held for me by Mr. Fane.

My father's second wife, Mrs. Maria Skerret, died June, 1738.

I had continued at Cambridge, though with long intervals, till towards the end of 1738, and did not leave it in form till 1739, in which year, March 10th, I set out on my travels with my friend Mr. Thomas Gray, and went to Paris. From thence, after a stay of about two months, we went with my cousin Henry Conway to Rheims, in Champagne, stayed there three months; and passing by Geneva, where we left Mr. Conway, Mr. Gray and I went by Lyons to Turin, over the Alps, and from thence to Genoa, Parma, Placentia, Modena, Bologna, and Florence. There we stayed three months, chiefly for the sake of Mr. Horace Mann, the English Minister. Clement the Twelfth dying while we were in Italy, we went to Rome in the end of March, 1740, to see the election of the new Pope; but the Conclave continuing, and the heats coming on, we (after an excursion to Naples)

returned in June to Florence, where we continued in the house of Mr. Horace Mann till May of the following year, 1741, when we went to the fair of Reggio. There Mr. Gray left me, going to Venice with Mr. Francis Whithed and Mr. John Chute, for the festival of the Ascension. I fell ill at Reggio of a kind of quinsy, and was given over for five hours, escaping with great difficulty.

I went to Venice with Henry Clinton, Earl of Lincoln, and Mr. Joseph Spence, Professor of Poetry, and after a month's stay there, returned with them by sea from Genoa, landing at Antibes, and by the way of Toulon, Marseilles, Aix, and through Languedoc to Montpellier, Toulouse, and Orleans, arrived at Paris, where I left the Earl and Mr. Spence, and landed at Dover, September 12th, 1741, O.S., having been chosen Member of Parliament for Kellington, in Cornwall, at the preceding General Election, which Parliament put a period to my father's administration, which had continued above twenty years.

February 9th, 1743, my father resigned, and was created Earl of Orford. He left the house in Downing Street belonging to the Exchequer, and retired to one in Arlington Street, opposite to that in which I was born, and which stood where the additional building to Mr. Pelham's house now stands.

March 23rd, 1742, I spoke in the House of Commons for the first time, against the motion for a Secret Committee on my father. This speech was published in the magazines, but was entirely false, and had not one paragraph of my real speech in it.

July 14th, I wrote *The Lesson for the Day*, in a letter to Mr. Mann; and Mr. Coke, son of Lord Lovel, coming in while I was writing it, took a copy, and dispersed it till it got into print, but with many additions, and was the original of a great number of things of that sort.

In the summer of 1742 I wrote a *Sermon on Painting*, for the amusement of my father in his retirement. It was preached before him by his chaplain; again, before my eldest brother at Stanno, near Houghton; and was afterwards published in the *Aedes Walpolianae*.

June 18th, 1743, was printed, in a weekly paper called *Old England, or the Constitutional Journal*, my Parody on some Scenes of *Macbeth*, called *The Dear Witches*. It was a ridicule of the new ministry.

The same summer, I wrote *Patapan, or the Little White Dog*, a tale, imitated from Fontaine; it was never printed.

October 22nd, 1743, was published No. 38 of the *Old England Journal*, written by me to ridicule Lord Bath. It was reprinted with three other particular numbers.

In the summer of 1744 I wrote a parody of a scene in Corneille's *Cinna*; the interlocutors, Mr. Pelham, Mr. Arundel, and Mr. Selwyn.

My father died March 28th, 1745. He left me the house in Arlington Street in which he died, 5,000*l.* in money, and 1,000*l.* a year from the Collector's place in the Custom House, and the surplus to be divided between my brother Edward and me.

April 12th, 1746, was published, in a magazine called *The Museum*, my *Scheme for a Tax on Message Cards and Notes;* and soon after, *An Advertisement of a pretended new book*, which I had written in Florence in 1741.

In July of the same year, I wrote *The Beauties*, which was handed about till it got into print, very incorrectly.

In August I took a house within the precincts of the Castle at Windsor.

November 4th and 5th, Mrs. Pritchard spoke my Epilogue to *Tamerlane* on the suppression of the Rebellion, at the theatre in Covent Garden; it was printed by Dodsley the next day.

About the same time, I paraphrased some lines of the first book of Lucan; but they have not been printed.

In 1747 I printed my account of the collection at Houghton, under the title of *Aedes Walpolianae.* It had been drawn up in the year 1743. I printed but two hundred copies, to give away. It was very incorrectly printed; another edition, more accurate, and enlarged, was published March 10th, 1752.

In May, 1747, I took a small house near Twickenham, for seven years. I afterwards bought it, by Act of Parliament, it belonging to minors; and have made great additions and improvements to it. In one of the deeds I found it was called Strawberry Hill.

In this year (1747) and the next, and in 1749, I wrote thirteen numbers in a weekly paper, called *Old England, or the Broad-bottom Journal,* but being sent to the printer without a name, they were published horribly deformed and spoiled. I was rechosen in the new Parliament for Kellington, in Cornwall. About the same time was published a *Letter to the Tories,* written, as I then believed, by Mr. George Lyttelton, who with his family had come over to Mr. Pelham. As Mr. Lyttelton had been a great enemy of and writer against my father, and as Mr. Pelham had used my father and his friends extremely ill, and neglected the Whigs to court the Tories, I published an answer to that piece, and called it a *Letter to the Whigs.* It was a careless performance, and written in five days. At the end of the year I wrote two more Letters to the Whigs, but did not publish them till April the next year, when they went through three editions immediately. I had intended to suppress them, but some attacks being made by the Grenvilles on Lord Chief Justice Willes, an intimate friend of my father, particularly by obtaining an Act of Parliament to transfer the assizes from Ailesbury to Buckingham, I printed them and other pieces.

On the same occasion I had a remarkable quarrel with the Speaker of the House of Commons, Mr. Onslow. The bill was returned from the Lords with amendments. The friends of the Chief Justice resolved to oppose it again. Mr. Potter desired me to second him. He rose, but entering on the merits of the bill, Mr. T. Townshend, and my uncle, Horace Walpole (to prevent me), insisted that nothing could be spoken to but the amendments. The Speaker supporting this, I said I had intended to second Mr. Potter, but should submit to his *oracular* decision, though I would not to the complaisant peevishness of anybody else. The Speaker was in a great rage, and complained to the House. I said I begged his pardon, but had not thought that submitting to him was the way to offend him. During the course of the same bill, Sir William Stanhope had likewise been interrupted, in a very bitter speech against the Grenvilles. I formed part of the speech I had intended to make, into one for Sir William, and published it in his name. It made a great noise. Campbell answered it for a bookseller. I published another, called *The Speech of Richard Whiteliver*, in answer to Campbell's. All these things were only excusable by the lengths to which party had been carried against my father; or rather, were not excusable even then.

In 1748 were published, in Dodsley's *Collection of Miscellaneous Poems*, three of mine: an *Epistle to Mr. Ashton from Florence* (written in 1740), *The Beauties*, and the *Epilogue to Tamerlane*.

I next wrote two papers of the *Remembrancer*, and two more of the same in the year 1749. In the latter year, too, I wrote a copy of verses on the fireworks for the Peace; they were not printed. About the same time I wrote a pamphlet, called *Delenda est Oxonia*. It was to assert the liberties of that University, which the ministry had a plan

of attacking, by vesting in the Crown the nomination of the Chancellor. This piece (which I think one of my best) was seized at the printer's and suppressed.

One night in the beginning of November, 1749, as I was returning from Holland House by moonlight, about ten at night, I was attacked by two highwaymen in Hyde Park, and the pistol of one of them going off accidentally, razed the skin under my eye, left some marks of shot on my face, and stunned me. The ball went through the top of the chariot, and if I had sat an inch nearer to the left side, must have gone through my head.

January 11th, 1751, I moved the Address to the King, on his Speech at the opening of the Session.

March 20th, 1751, died my eldest brother Robert, Earl of Orford.

About this time I began to write my *Memoirs*. At first, I only intended to write the history of one year.

About the same time happened a great family quarrel. My friend Mr. Chute had engaged Miss Nicoll, a most rich heiress, to run away from her guardians, who had used her very ill; and he proposed to marry her to my nephew, Lord Orford, who refused her, though she had above 150,000*l*. I wrote a particular account of the whole transaction. In this year, too, I imitated a fable of Fontaine, called *The Funeral of the Lioness*.

In 1752 I was appointed by Sir Hans Sloane's will one of his trustees.

Feb. 8th, 1753, was published a paper I had written in a periodical work, called the *World*, published by E. Moore. I wrote eight more numbers, besides two that were not printed then; and one containing a character of Mr. Fox, which I had written some years before.

This year I published a fine edition of *Six Poems of Mr. Gray, with Prints from Designs of Mr. R. Bentley*.

In November I wrote a burlesque poem, called *The Judgement of Solomon.*

In December died Erasmus Shorter, Esq., the last and youngest of my mother's brothers. He dying without a will, his fortune of 30,000*l.* came in equal shares between my brother Sir Edward, me, and my cousins, Francis, Earl of Hertford, Col. Henry Seymour Conway, and Miss Anne Seymour Conway.

In 1754 I was chosen for Castlerising, in Norfolk, in the new Parliament. In July of that year I wrote *The Entail,* a fable, in verse.

About the same time I erected a cenotaph for my mother in Westminster Abbey, having some years before prepared a statue of her by Valory at Rome. The pedestal was carved by Rysbrach.

In March, 1755, I was very ill used by my nephew Lord Orford, upon a contested election in the House of Commons, on which I wrote him a long letter, with an account of my own conduct in politics.

In Feb. 1757, I vacated my seat for Castlerising in order to be chosen for Lynn; and about the same time used my best endeavours, but in vain, to save the unfortunate Admiral Byng.

May 12th of that year, I wrote in less than an hour and a half the *Letter from Xo Ho*; it was published on the 17th, and immediately passed through five editions.

June 10th, was published a Catalogue of the collection of Pictures of Charles the First, to which I had written a little introduction. I afterwards wrote short prefaces or advertisements in the same manner to the Catalogues of the collections of James the Second and the Duke of Buckingham.

June 25th, I erected a printing-press at my house at Strawberry Hill.

Aug. 8th, I published *Two Odes by Mr. Gray*, the first production of my press.

In Sept. I erected a tomb in St. Anne's Churchyard, Soho, for Theodore, King of Corsica.

In Oct. 1757, was finished at my press an edition of Hentznerus, translated by Mr. Bentley, to which I wrote an advertisement. I dedicated it to the Society of Antiquaries, of which I am a member, as well as of the Royal Society.

In April, 1758, was finished the first impression of my *Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors*, which I had written the preceding year in less than five months. About the same time Mrs. Porter published Lord Hyde's play, to which I had written the advertisement.

In the summer of 1758, I printed some of my own *Fugitive Pieces*, and dedicated them to my cousin, General Conway. About autumn I erected at Linton, in Kent, a tomb for my friend Galfridus Mann ; the design was by Mr. Bentley. The beginning of October I published Lord Whitworth's *Account of Russia*, to which I wrote the advertisement.

Nov. 22nd was published a pamphlet written by Mr. Bentley, called *Reflections on the different Ideas of the French and English in regard to Cruelty.* It was designed to promote a bill (that I meditated) of perpetual insolvency. I wrote the dedication. It was *not* printed at Strawberry Hill.

Dec. 5th was published the second edition of my *Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors.* Two thousand were printed, but *not* at Strawberry Hill. I was much abused for it in the *Critical Review*, and more gently in the *Monthly Review ;* by the former for disliking the Stuarts ; by the latter for liking my father,—opinions I am not likely to change. In the *Gentleman's Magazine* of February following was another railing criticism, but so foolish, that some parts of my book

were printed in italics, to turn them into puns; and it was called unintelligible for such reasons as my not having specified Francis the First by his title of King of France!

1759. Feb. 2nd. I published Mr. Spence's *Parallel of Magliabecchi and Mr. Hill, a Tailor of Buckingham*; calculated to raise a little sum of money for the latter poor man. Six hundred copies were sold in a fortnight, and it was reprinted in London.

Feb. 10th. Some anonymous author (I could not discover who it was—it was said to be Dr. Hill) published a pamphlet, called *Observations on the Account given of the Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors of England, &c., in the Critical Review, No.* 35, *for Dec.* 1758, *where the unwarrantable liberties taken with that work, and the honourable author of it, are examined and exposed.* This defence of me was full of gross flattery, and displeased me so much, that I was going to advertise my disapprobation of it, and ignorance of the author, but was dissuaded by my friends.

March 17. I began to distribute some copies of my *Fugitive Pieces*, collected and printed together at Strawberry Hill, and dedicated to General Conway.

May 5th was published a pamphlet, called *Remarks on Mr. Walpole's Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors, &c., in which many of his censures and arguments are examined and disproved; his false principles are confuted, and true ones established; several material facts are set in a true light; and the characters and conduct of several crowned heads, and others, are vindicated. Part the first.* And it advertised that in a few days would be published *Walpolian Principles exposed and confuted.* It was written by one Carter, who had been bred a surgeon, and who had married the daughter of Deacon of Manchester, who was hanged in the last Rebellion. This Carter had lost an estate of eight hundred pounds a year, which had been intended for him,

rather than renounce his principles, and was turned a non-juring preacher, and had lately been sent away from an apothecary's, where he lodged, for his treasonable conversation, and for sending fifteen or sixteen letters every post-night, which the people of the house suspected were written for purposes not more innocent. Whatever his designs were, he had too little prudence to do much harm, and too little sense. His book was a rhapsody of Jacobitism, made still more foolish by the style and manner, and of the lowest scurrility. I wish I may never have wiser enemies, or tyranny abler advocates! It is observable that this Carter distributed hand-bills, and left them at doors, promising this answer, and begging assistance towards it. In May, too, was published in the *Critical Review* a letter to the authors of it, from some anonymous person, denying the fact mentioned in the life of the Duke of Wharton in the same *Catalogue*, of Serjeant Wynne borrowing and using Bishop Atterbury's speech: yet it was absolutely true. Mr. Morrice, the bishop's grandson, often told it to Mr. Selwyn; Mr. Fox remembered the fact, when he was at Oxford; and Mr. Baptist Leveson Gower says he perfectly remembers it, and that his (then) party affected to cry him up for it; that he got three thousand pounds the first year on the credit of it; but they were forced to drop him, as he had no parts to support his reputation. In truth, when I wrote the passage in question, I did not know Mr. Wynne was still living, am sorry to have shocked a man who had given me no provocation, and therefore, to avoid adding one mortification to another, which I did not mean, I have chosen to make no reply.

In August, I wrote a copy of verses, called *The Parish Register of Twickenham.* It is a list of all the remarkable persons who have lived there.

Sept. 1st. I began to look over Mr. Vertue's MSS., which

I bought last year for one hundred pounds, in order to compose the lives of English Painters.

September 21st. I gave my Lady Townshend an epitaph and design for a tomb for her youngest son, killed at Ticonderoga; neither were used.

Oct. 28th. I finished the eighth book of my *Memoirs.*

Oct. 29th. I began the account of a new discovery of painting upon wax; it was invented at Paris by the Comte de Caylus, and was improved here by Mr. Müntz.

Nov. 12th. I dismissed Mr. Müntz; and, upon his leaving me, laid aside the intention of publishing the account of the new encaustic.

1760. Jan. 1st. I began the lives of English Artists, from Vertue's MSS. (that is, *Anecdotes of Painting, &c.*). About the same time, there being thoughts of erecting a monument for Sir Charles Hanbury Williams in Westminster Abbey, I wrote an epitaph for it.

March 13th. Wrote the *Dialogue between Two Great Ladies.* It was published April 23rd, being deferred till after the trials of Lord G. Sackville and Lord Ferrers.

April. In this month wrote a poem on the *Destruction of the French Navy,* as an exercise for Lord Beauchamp at Christchurch, Oxford.

Aug. 14th. Finished the first volume of my *Anecdotes of Painting in England.*

Sept. 5th, began the second volume.

Oct. 23rd, finished the second volume.

1761. Jan. 4th, began the third volume.

In March, I was appointed trustee for Mrs. Day by Richard Lord Edgcumbe, in his will.

May 30th, wrote a mock sermon to dissuade Lady Mary Coke from going to the King's birthday, as she had lately been ill.

June 11th, wrote an epigram on the Duchess of Grafton going abroad.

June 29th, resumed the third volume of my *Anecdotes of Painting*, which I had laid aside after the first day.

July 16th, wrote *The Garland*, a poem on the King, and sent it to Lady Bute, but not in my own hand, nor with my name, nor did ever own it.

Aug. 22nd, finished the third volume of my *Anecdotes of Painting.*

Dec. 20th, wrote a few lines to Lady Mary Coke, on her having St. Anthony's fire in her cheek.

Dec. 23rd, wrote a portrait of Lord Granville, in verse, to serve as an epitaph for him.

March 24th. I was chosen a Member of the Society of Arts and Sciences.

June 12th. I was attacked in a new weekly paper, No. 2, called the *North Briton*, and accused of having *flattered* the Scotch in my *Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors.* I made no answer to it. I could not have been charged with anything of which I am less guilty than flattery. The passage was written and published five years before this period, and in the reign of the late King, when partiality to Scotland was no merit at court; and so little was it calculated to make a friend of Lord Bute, that, having had occasion to write two or three letters to him, I constantly disclaimed any desire or intention of having a place. I have copies of these letters, and of others to the Duke of Newcastle and Mr. Pitt, equally, and as fully disinterested. Before this accusation was made Lord Bute had had two levees; I was at neither, nor ever was at the levee of any minister, but my father, and once at the Duke of Newcastle's, while my father was in power. I believe the author of the *North Briton* will ask for and have a place before I shall.

Aug. 2nd, began the *Catalogue of Engravers.*

October 10th, finished it.

I had been told that Bishop Warburton resented something

in the chapter of Architecture, in the second volume of my *Anecdotes of Painting*, and that he intended to abuse me in the new edition of Mr. Pope's Works, which he proposed to have printed at Birmingham. As I had not once thought of him in that work, it was not easy to guess at what he was offended. On looking over the chapter, I concluded he had writ some nonsense about the Phenicians, but having read very few of his works, it was impossible for me to know where to find it. As I would not disoblige even a coxcomb unprovoked, and know how silly a literary controversy is, in which the world only laughs at both sides, I desired Dr. Charles Lyttelton, Bishop of Carlisle, to ask him if what I had said of the Phenicians was the rock of offence, and to assure him I had read few of his things, and had had no intention of laughing at him. I name Bishop Lyttelton, because if it had not come from one of his own order, all-arrogant and absurd as Warburton is, one should scarce believe it possible that he could have pushed vanity and folly to such a height as appeared in his answer. He replied, 'The Phenicians! no, no. He alluded to my note in the edition of Pope, in which I have spoken of Gothic architecture; I have exhausted the subject.' I will only remark on this excess of impertinent self-conceit, that if he can *exhaust* subjects in so few lines, it was very unnecessary for him to write so many thousands. After this, I would as soon have a controversy with a peacock, or with an only daughter that her parents think handsome. The fowl, the miss, and the bishop, are alike incorrigible. The first struts naturally; the second is spoiled; reason itself has been of no use to the last.

1763. Beginning of September wrote the Dedication and Preface to Lord Herbert's *Life*.

1764. May 29th. Began an answer to a pamphlet against Mr. Conway, called *An Address to the Public on the late Dis-*

mission of a General Officer. My answer was finished June 12th, but not published till Aug. 2nd, under the title of *A Counter-Address to the Public, &c.*

June. I began *The Castle of Otranto,* a Gothic story, and finished it Aug. 6th.

Oct. 15th. Wrote the fable of *The Magpie and her Brood* for Miss Hotham, then near eleven years old, great-niece of Henrietta Hobart, Countess Dowager of Suffolk. It was taken from *Les Nouvelles Récréations de Bonaventure des Periers,* Valet-de-Chambre to the Queen of Navarre.

Dec. 24th. *The Castle of Otranto* was published; 500 copies.

1765. April 11th. The 2nd edition of *The Castle of Otranto*; 500 copies.

Sept. 9th. Set out for Paris.

End of this year wrote the *Letter from the King of Prussia to Rousseau.*

1766. April 22nd. Arrived in London, from Paris.

June 28th, 29th. Wrote an *Account of the Giants lately discovered.* It was published Aug. 25th following.

Aug. 18th. Began *Memoirs of the Reign of George the Third.*

1767. Feb. 1. Began the *Detection of the Testament Politique* of my father at Strawberry Hill; and finished it the next time I went thither, Feb. 17th. Did not print it, as no translation was made into English of that fictitious work.

March 13th. Wrote to the Mayor of Lynn, that I did not intend to come into Parliament again.

A bad translation of *The Castle of Otranto* into French was published at Paris this month.

May 28th. My letter to the Mayor of Lynn was first published in the *St. James's Chronicle.*

Aug. 20th. I went to Paris. Wrote there an account of

my whole concern in the affair of Rousseau, not with intention to publish it yet.

In Sept. were published, in the *Public Advertiser*, two letters I had written on political abuse in newspapers. They were signed, *Toby*, and *A Constant Correspondent.*

1768. Feb. 1. Published my *Historic Doubts on Richard the Third.* I had begun it in the winter of 1767; continued it in the summer, and finished it after my return from Paris. Twelve hundred copies were printed, and sold so very fast that a new edition was undertaken the next day of 1,000 more, and published the next week.

March 15. I finished a tragedy called *The Mysterious Mother*, which I had begun Dec. 25, 1766; but I had laid it aside for several months while I went to Paris, and while I was writing my *Historic Doubts on Richard the Third.* The two last acts were not now as much finished as I intended.

June 20. Received a letter from Voltaire desiring my *Historic Doubts.* I sent them, and *The Castle of Otranto*, that he might see the preface, of which I told him. He did not like it, but returned a very civil answer, defending his opinion. I replied with more civility, but dropping the subject, not caring to enter into a controversy; especially on a matter of opinion, on which whether we were right or wrong, all France would be on his side, and all England on mine.

Nov. 18. At the desire of her son George William Hervey, Earl of Bristol, I wrote the elegy for the monument of Mary Lepelle Lady Hervey, to be erected in the church at Ickworth, in Suffolk.

I should have mentioned that on the Dissolution of the Parliament this year, I refused to serve again, agreeably to a letter I had written to the Mayor of Lynn, and which was published in the newspapers.

1769. April 24. Mrs. Clive spoke an epilogue I had written for her on her quitting the stage. It alluded to Robertson's *History of Charles the Fifth*, then lately published.

May. Mr. David Hume had introduced to me one Diverdun, a Swiss in the Secretary's office. This man wrote *Mémoires Littéraires de la Grande Bretagne*; and Mr. Hume desired I would give him a copy of Lord Herbert's Life, that he might insert an extract in his journal. I did. In April this Diverdun went to travel with a young English gentleman, and a few days afterwards a Swiss clergyman delivered to me from him his Memoirs for the year 1768; he published but one before, for 1767. In this new journal I found a criticism on my *Historic Doubts*, with notes by Mr. Hume, to which the critic declared he gave the preference. Mr. Hume had shown me the notes last year in manuscript, but this conduct appeared so paltry, added to Mr. Hume's total silence, that I immediately wrote an answer, not only to these notes, but to other things that had been written against my *Doubts*. However, as I treated Mr. Hume with the severity he deserved, I resolved not to print this answer, only to show it to him in manuscript, and to leave it behind as an appendix to, and confirmation of, my *Historic Doubts*.

About the same time Voltaire published in the *Mercure* the letter he had written to me, but I made no answer, because he had treated me more dirtily than Mr. Hume had. Though Voltaire, with whom I had never had the least acquaintance or correspondence, had voluntarily written to me first, and asked for my book, he wrote a letter to the Duchess of Choiseul, in which, without saying a syllable of his having written to me first, he told her I had officiously sent him my Works, and declared war with him in defence *de ce bouffon* Shakspeare, whom in his reply to me he pretended so much to admire. The Duchess sent me Voltaire's

letter, which gave me such contempt for his disingenuity that I dropped all correspondence with him.

In July and August finished two more books of my *Memoirs* for the years 1765, 1766.

1770. In the summer of this year wrote an answer to Dr. Milles' Remarks on my *Richard the Third.*

1771. End of September, wrote the Advertisement to the *Letters of King Edward the Sixth.*

1772. Finished my *Memoirs,* which conclude with the year 1771; intending for the future only to carry on a Journal. This year, the last, and some time before, wrote some *Hieroglyphic Tales.* There are only five. I had long left off going to the Antiquarian Society. This summer I heard that they intended printing some more foolish notes against my *Richard the Third*; and though I had taken no notice of their first publication, I thought they might at last provoke me to expose them. I determined, therefore, to be at liberty by breaking with them first; and Foote having brought them on the stage for sitting in council, as they had done, on Whittington and his cat, I was not sorry to find them so ridiculous, or to mark their being so, and upon that nonsense, and the laughter that accompanied it, I struck my name out of their book. This was at the end of July.

In July wrote the *Life of Sir Thomas Wyat,* No. 11 of my edition of *Miscellaneous Antiquities.*

Sept. 16. The Duke of Gloucester notified to the King his marriage with my niece Lady Waldegrave.

Sept. Wrote some lines to Lady Anne Fitzpatrick with a present of shells.

1773. Wrote *Nature will Prevail,* a moral entertainment in one act, which I sent anonymously to Mr. Colman, manager of Covent Garden. He was much pleased with it, but thinking it too short for a farce, pressed to have it

enlarged, which I would not take the trouble to do for so slight and extempore a performance.

1774. Wrote an introduction to, and a parody of, Lord Chesterfield's three first Letters.

At the beginning of this year wrote my answer to Mr. Masters' Remarks in the *Archæologia*. In July wrote the verses on *The Three Vernons*.

1775. In February wrote the Epilogue to *Braganza*; and three letters to the author, Mr. Jephson, on Tragedy.

1777. In April my nephew, Lord Orford, went mad again, and was under my care, but as he had employed a lawyer, of whom I had a bad opinion, in his affairs, I refused to take care of them.

1778. Lord Orford recovering in March, I gave up the care of him.

1778. In June was acted *Nature will Prevail*, at the little theatre in the Haymarket, with success. At the end of July wrote my answer to the editor of Chatterton's Works.

1779. In the preceding autumn had written a defence of myself against the unjust aspersions in the Preface to the Miscellanies of Chatterton. Printed 200 copies at Strawberry Hill this January, and gave them away. It was much enlarged from what I had written in July.

At the end of May wrote a Commentary and Notes to Mr. Mason's later poems.

[*Here Horace Walpole's Notes end; the continuation is supplied by the Editor.*]

1779. February. Sale of the Houghton pictures to the Empress of Russia.

July. Death of the Duke of Ancaster, who wished to marry Walpole's great-niece, Lady Horatia Waldegrave.

August. Walpole concluded the purchase of a house in

Berkeley Square, which was his town house until his death.

1780. January. Publication of *Modern Anecdotes of the Family of Kenvervankotsprachengatchdern, a Tale of Christmas*, by Lady Craven, with dedication to Horace Walpole.

Charles Miller's *Verses to Lady Horatia Waldegrave, on the Death of the Duke of Ancaster*, printed at Strawberry Hill.

Walpole's relations with Chatterton mentioned in Croft's *Love and Madness.*

July. Lady Maria Waldegrave (Walpole's great-niece) became engaged to the Earl of Egremont. The engagement was shortly afterwards broken off by her.

September. Death, at Paris, of Walpole's friend and correspondent, Madame du Deffand, aged eighty-three. She bequeathed to Walpole her MSS., and her dog 'Tonton.'

The fourth volume of *Anecdotes of Painting* printed at Strawberry Hill.

1781. January. Death, at Pisa, of Walpole's sister-in-law, the Countess of Orford. Her will was disputed by her son, the third Earl of Orford. The dispute was eventually settled by arbitration, in which Horace Walpole acted on behalf of Lord Orford.

May. Walpole published his tragedy, *The Mysterious Mother*, in order to put a stop to the issue of a pirated edition.

Reynolds' portrait of the Ladies Waldegrave (painted for Horace Walpole) exhibited at the Royal Academy.

August. Ode (written by William, afterwards Sir William, Jones) on the marriage of Lord Althorp and Miss Bingham, entitled *The Muse Recalled*, printed at Strawberry Hill.

September. Madame du Deffand's MSS. received by Walpole.

November. Production at Covent Garden of Robert Jephson's tragedy, *The Count of Narbonne*, founded upon Walpole's *Castle of Otranto*.

1782. May. Marriage of Walpole's great-niece, Lady Laura Waldegrave, to her cousin, Lord Chewton (afterwards fourth Earl Waldegrave).

October. Death of Walpole's former friend and correspondent, Richard Bentley, for the benefit of whose children Walpole had some years previously placed a sum of money in the funds.

November. Death of the Countess of Hertford, wife of Walpole's first cousin, to whom he was much attached.

December. Death of the Rev. William Cole, Walpole's schoolfellow, friend, and correspondent.

1784. January. Death of Walpole's elder brother, Sir Edward Walpole. In consequence of this event, Walpole's income was diminished by 1,400*l.* a year, derived from the sinecure place of Collector of Customs, which he held jointly with his brother.

February. Quarrel (on politics) between Walpole and his friend and correspondent, William Mason; they remained estranged until 1796.

November. Marriage of Lady Maria Waldegrave (Walpole's great-niece) to the Earl of Euston.

1785. September. The Duc de Nivernois' translation of Walpole's *Essay on Modern Gardening* printed at Strawberry Hill, with English and French on opposite pages.

December. Death of Mrs. Clive, Walpole's friend and tenant at Little Strawberry Hill.

1786. March. Walpole received from his nephew the legacy left to him by Sir Robert Walpole in 1745.

April. Marriage of Lady Horatia Waldegrave (Walpole's great-niece) to Captain Hugh Conway.

November. Death, at Florence, of Walpole's friend, Sir

Horace Mann, with whom he had corresponded for forty-five years.

1787. January. Account of the Earl of Salisbury and Christine de Pise printed at Strawberry Hill as a postscript to *Royal and Noble Authors.*

1788. Beginning of Walpole's intimate friendship with Miss Mary and Miss Agnes Berry, whose father had taken a house at Twickenham for the summer.

1789. July. Hannah More's poem, *Bonner's Ghost,* printed at Strawberry Hill.

September. Death of Walpole's niece, the Countess of Dysart.

October. Death of Walpole's great-nephew (by marriage), the fourth Earl Waldegrave.

1790. October. Miss Mary and Miss Agnes Berry and their father left England for the Continent, where they remained for more than a year.

1791. January. Death of George Selwyn, with whom Horace Walpole had been on terms of close friendship since childhood.

November. Return of Miss Mary and Miss Agnes Berry from the Continent.

December. Walpole succeeded to the Earldom of Orford on the death of his nephew, the third Earl.

During 1791 he made over the house and grounds of Little Strawberry Hill to Miss Mary and Miss Agnes Berry.

1792. July. A letter signed 'Scrutator,' containing strictures on Walpole's relations with Chatterton, appeared in the *European Magazine,* reprinted from the *Cambridge Chronicle.*

1793–1796. Horace Walpole (now Earl of Orford) during these years suffered from constant attacks of gout. His time was chiefly passed in the company of the Miss Berrys, or in corresponding with them during their absence.

1797. January. Horace Walpole's last extant letter (addressed to the Countess of Upper Ossory) is dated on the 15th of this month.

March 2. Horace Walpole, fourth Earl of Orford, died at his house in Berkeley Square in his eightieth year.

happy? Let me know, my Dr Charles, how far You are from Hagley; I have some thoughts of going down thither this Summer & if it is not to far, I will spend a Day with you in Worcestershire. You may assure yourself I am mightily put to it for news, when for Want of that, I send You some trifling Verses of my own, which have nothing to recommend 'em but the Subject. I know you will excuse 'em, when you consider they come from

My Dearest Charles

Yr Sincere Friend & Servant

Hor: Walpole.

Chelsea August 7. 1734.

THE LETTERS

OF

HORACE WALPOLE

1. To Charles Lyttelton[1].

My dearest Charles,

The pleasure that the interview, tho' so very short, that I had with you the night before you left town, gave me, has I think made your absence seem still more insupportable. That little snatch of conversation was so agreeable, that I am continually thinking how happy we should be in a much longer. I can reflect with great joy on the moments we passed together at Eton, and long to talk 'em over, as I think we could recollect a thousand passages, which were something above the common rate of schoolboy's diversions. I can remember with no small satisfaction that we did not pass our time in gloriously beating great clowns, who would patiently bear children's thumps for the collections, which I think some of our cotemporaries were so wise as to make for them afterwards. We had other amusements which I long to call to mind with you: when shall I be so happy?

Letter 1.—Not in C.; now printed from original in possession of Viscount Cobham. This letter, which is written in a boyish hand, appears to be the earliest of Horace Walpole's which has been preserved. He was at this time not quite fifteen years old.

[1] Born 1714, d. 1768; third son of Sir Thomas Lyttelton, fourth Baronet, of Hagley, Worcestershire. He took orders in 1742, was Dean of Exeter, 1748–62; Bishop of Carlisle, 1762–68; President of the Society of Antiquaries, 1765. Lyttelton, with whom Horace Walpole was evidently on very friendly terms at this time, was almost certainly the 'Charles' of the Eton 'triumvirate' mentioned in the letter to Montagu of May 6, 1736. (See *Athenaeum*, Feb. 16, 1901.)

Let me know, my dear Charles, how far you are from Ragley[2]; I have some thoughts of going down thither this summer, and if it is not too far, I will spend a day with you in Worcestershire[3]. You may assure yourself I am mightily put to it for news, when for want of that, I send you some trifling verses[4] of my own, which have nothing to recommend 'em but the subject. I know you will excuse 'em, when you consider they come from

My dearest Charles
Yr sincere Friend and Servant

Chelsea[5], August 7, 1732. Hor: Walpole.

2. To Charles Lyttelton.

My dearest Charles, Eton, August 28, 1734.

I find we not only sympathize in the tenderest friendship for one another, but also in the result of that, which is the jealousy you mention. If you have given me a kind trial in your own mind and condemned me, I assure you I have over and over, tho' unwillingly, returned you the compliment; but to set the matter to rights, in which I have had the pleasure first to acquit you, you must know I came here but yesterday from home, where I have been, almost ever since I saw my dear Charles, detained with a violent cold

[2] Near Alcester in Warwickshire, the seat of Walpole's first cousin, Lord Conway (afterwards Earl and Marquis of Hertford).

[3] At Hagley; see note 1.

[4] These verses apparently have not been preserved.

[5] Sir Robert Walpole had a house at Chelsea. 'A small house in the Stable yard of the College was given by George I to Catherine Shorter, first wife of Sir Robert Walpole, afterwards Earl of Orford, who greatly augmented the house and garden, and built the summer house at the end of the terrace, and vast greenhouses for a most noble collection of orange trees and exotics. One summer, when Queen Caroline was Regent on the King's absence at Hanover, Sir Robert fitted up his largest greenhouse, and hung his finest pictures there, to give her Majesty a dinner.' (MS. note of H. W. in his copy of Robertson's *Topographical Survey of the Great Road from London to Bath and Bristol.* London, 1792.)

Letter 2.—Not in C.; now printed from original in possession of Viscount Cobham.

and fever, and thro' the illnatured stupidity of our people here, who can't judge of what friends suffer by not hearing from one another, I did not receive so much as the alleviation of my illness by my dear Charles's letters, which they had hoarded up for me like old gold, equally dear to me indeed with that, but hoarded up without my having the pleasure of knowing my riches. But I am afraid my eagerness to clear myself from the imputation of neglecting to answer my dear Charles's letters, has made me tire your patience with a tedious roll of excuses, when I know one word would have satisfied my dear Charles's good nature of my innocence. I wish Randal were but as sensible of the pleasure I take in writing to you, as I am, and then he would indulge me a few more minutes without forcing me so hastily to repeat how much

I am
My Dearest Charles
Yr most sincere friend
HOR: WALPOLE.

Tell me immediately that you have sealed my pardon.

3. To CHARLES LYTTELTON.

DEAR CHARLES, Augst 18th, 1735.

If I was impatient to see you to talk with you, I am much more so now to thank you for being so extremely obliging in your invitation to Hagley. My Lord[1] is come

LETTER 3.—Not in C.; now printed from original in possession of Viscount Cobham.

[1] Francis Seymour Conway (1718–1794), second Baron Conway; cr. Earl of Hertford, Aug. 3, 1750; cr. Marquis of Hertford, July 5, 1793. He was first cousin of Horace Walpole, through the marriage of his father, the first Baron Conway (whom he succeeded in 1732), with Charlotte, daughter of John Shorter, and sister of Lady Walpole (see Table I). As Earl of Hertford he was Ambassador at Paris, 1763–65 (during which period Horace Walpole's published letters to him were, with one exception, written); Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, 1765–66; Master of the Horse, 1766; Lord Chamberlain, 1766–82, April–Dec., 1783.

to town, but I believe he will go down to Warwickshire in September, when if you are at Hagley I will certainly make myself so happy as to pass a day with you. My Lord Conway thinks himself no less obliged to my dear Charles than I do, and has given me a very hard task, which is to return you the thanks your civility deserves. While I say this, I fear you will think as we are friends I might have spared these speeches; but, my dear Charles, tho' friends ought not to stand on compliments, they ought the more to say what they think, and I hope friends are capable of thinking as fine things of each other, as the most polite courtier could say without meaning. Such a one would tell you out of mere civility, that he was, what I am with the greatest sincerity,

My dear Charles
Yr most affect: friend
and humble servant
Hor: Walpole.

4. To Thomas Gray[1].

From Cambridge, 1735.

In the style of Addison's *Travels.*

Dear Sir,

I believe you saw in the newspapers that I was going to make the tour of Italy; I shall therefore give you some

Letter 4.—Not in C.; printed from copy in Walpole's writing in possession of Sir T. V. Lister. The heading and marginal notes on this letter are by Walpole.

[1] Thomas Gray (1716–1771), the poet; Professor of Modern History at Cambridge, 1768–71. He became intimate with Horace Walpole at Eton, and was his contemporary at Cambridge. In 1739 he joined Walpole on a continental tour, and the two continued together till 1741, when they quarrelled and parted at Reggio. Gray and Walpole were reconciled some years later by a common friend, and continued on friendly terms till Gray's death at Cambridge in 1771. His two Odes, *The Bard* and *The Progress of Poesy*, were the first productions of the Strawberry Hill Press, and his *Ode on the Death of a Favourite Cat* commemorated the death of one of Horace Walpole's cats. The 'lofty vase' which figures in the poem is mentioned in Walpole's *Description of Strawberry Hill.*

account of the places I have seen, which are not to be found in Mr. Addison, whose method I shall follow[2]. On 9th of Oct[r]., 1735, we set out from Lodone[a] (the Lugdunum of the Ancients), the capital city of Lombardy, in a chariot-and-four. About 11 o'clock, we arrived at a place the Italians call Tempialbulo[b]. Virgil seems to have prophesied of this town when he says—

[a] London.

[b] Whitechapel.

> *Amisit verum vetus Albula nomen.*
>
> By *Time* the founder's great design was crost,
> And *Albula* its genuine title lost.

Here are no remains of Roman antiquity but a statue of Marc Aurelius[c], which the Lombards call Guglielmo Terzo, one of their kings, and some learned men[d] St. George and the Dragon. It is an equestrian statue, and almost equal to that of Charlemagne, at the Great Cross[e], at Lodone. The church is an old Gothic building, and reckoned the most ancient in Italy. Here was some time ago an altar-piece of the Lord's Supper, in which the painter having quarrelled with the Abbot[f] of this church, represented him like Judas[3], with this epigram:—

[c] Statue of King William at a stone-cutter's.

[d] See Addison, *Trav.*, p. 26.

[e] Statue of King Charles at Charing Cross.

[f] Dr. White Kennet, Bishop of Peterborough.

> *Falleris, hâc qui te pingi sub imagine credis,*
> *Non similis Judas est tibi—poenituit.*
>
> Think not, vain man, thou here art represented,
> Thou art not like to *Judas*—he repented.

From thence we made the best of our way to a town, which in English we should call Stony-Stratford, and corresponds with the description which Virgil has given of it—

> *— vivo praetervehor Ostia Saxo*
> *Stratfordi, Megarosque sinus, Tapsumque iacentem.*

[2] The places mentioned in this letter are on the high road from London to Cambridge.

[3] The correct version of this story is as follows: Dr. Richard Welton (d. 1726), the nonjuring Rector of Whitechapel, who resented Kennett's opposition to Sacheverell, employed the artist James Fellowes (d. 1730) to depict Kennett as Judas in an altar-piece in his church.

Those that follow are little dirty towns, that seem to have been built only to be 'knocked[g]' on the head, like

Antitheum, Glaucumque, Medontaque, Thersilochumque.

[g] Expression of Addison on this line.

The next town of note is Arc[h], so called from its being built in the shape of a bow—*ab Eoo curvatur in Arcum.* From Arc we travelled through a very pleasant country to Epino[i], whose forest is celebrated by Virgil in these lines:—

[h] Bow.

[i] Epping.

> *Sylva Epini latè dumis, atque ilice nigrâ*
> *Horrida, quam densi complerant undique sentes;*
> *Rara per occultos ducebat semita calles.*
>
> *Epinum's* woods with shrubs and gloomy oak
> Horrid, and all with brambles thick o'ergrown,
> Through which few narrow paths obscurely led.
> *Mr. Trap*[4].

We were here shown, at a distance, the thickets rendered so famous by the robberies of Gregorio[j]. Here I was met by a very distant and troublesome relation. My namesake hints at such an one in those lines of his—

[j] Gregory, a noted highwayman. See Addison, *Trav.*, p. 1.

> *Accurrit quidam notus mihi nomine tantùm*
> *Arreptâque manu, Quid agis, Cosinissime, rerum?*
> Horace.
>
> There stepp'd up one to me I hardly knew,
> Embraced me, and cried, Cousin, how d' ye do?
> *Mr. Creech*[5].

We lay that night at Oggerell[k], which is famous for nothing but being Horace's Oppidulo, *quod versu dicere non est.*

[k] Hockerel.

In our way to Parvulun[l], we saw a great castle[m], belonging to the Counts of Suffolcia; it is a vast pile of building, but quite in the old taste. Parvulun is a small village, but formerly remarkable for several miracles[n], said to be per-

[l] Littlebury.

[m] Audley Inn, the seat of the Earl of Suffolk.

[n] Winstanley's Wonders, or Tricks in Mechanics.

[4] Joseph Trapp (d. 1747), first Professor of Poetry at Oxford (1708). He translated Virgil into blank verse.

[5] Thomas Creech (d. 1701), of Wadham and All Souls Colleges, Oxford, the translator of Lucretius, Horace, and Theocritus.

formed there by a Welsh saint[6], who, like Jupiter, was suckled by a goat, whence they think it

Porrum et Caepe nefas violare. Juv.

The wonders of Parvulun are in great repute all over Lombardy. We had very bad ways from hence to Pont Ossoria [o], where are the ruins of a bridge that gives name to the town. The account they give of it is as follows:— St. Bona being desirous to pass over the river, met with a man who offered to carry her over; he took her up in his arms, and under pretence of doing her service, was going to ravish her; but she praying to the Virgin Mary for help, the wretch fell into the stream and was drowned, and immediately this bridge rose out of the water for her to go over. She was so touched with this signal deliverance, that she would not leave the place, but continued there till her death in exercises of devotion, and was buried in a little chapel at the foot of the bridge, with her story at length and this epitaph—*Hâc sita sunt fossâ Bonae Venerabilis ossa* [p]*!*

[o] Bone Bridge[7].

From Pont Ossoria we travelled by land to Nuovo Foro [q] (the Novum Forum of Jockius), where are held the greatest races in all Italy. We were shown in the treasury of the Benedictines' Convent an ancient gold cup which cost an hundred guineas (a great sum in those days)[8], and given, as the friar told us that attended us, by a certain German Prince, he did not very well know who, but he believed his name was one King George [r]. The inhabitants are wonderfully fond of horses, and to this day tell you most surprising stories of one Looby, a Boltognian. I saw a book dedicated to the head of that family, intituled *A Discourse on the*

[p] Epitaph of Venerable Bede.

[q] Newmarket.

[r] See p. 78.

[6] Henry Winstanley (d. 1703), draughtsman and engineer. The 'tricks in mechanics' mentioned by Walpole were shown, for the benefit of his widow, at Winstanley's former house at Littlebury in Essex.

[7] Bournbridge, between Saffron Walden and Cambridge.

[8] A fling at George II's parsimony.

Magnanimity of Bucephalus, and of the Duke of Boltogne's Horse Looby[s 10].

[s] See p. 30. Duke of Bolton[9].

I staid here three days, and in my way to Pavia[t] stopped at the Palace of Delfini[u], which is built on the top of a large barren mountain, and at a distance looks like the Ark resting on Mount Ararat. This mountain is called Gog, and opposite to one called Magog. They are very dangerous precipices, and occasioned the famous verse—

[t] Cambridge.

[u] Lord Godolphin's house on Gogmagog Hills.

Incidit in Gogum qui vult vitare Magogon[v].

[v] Incidit in Scyllam qui vult vitare Charibdim.

I need not repeat the history of Gog and Magog, it being known to every child, and to be found at large in most books of travels.

Pavia and its University are described by Mr. Addison, so I shall only mention a circumstance which I wonder escaped that learned gentleman. It is the name of the town, which is derived from the badness of the streets: *Pavia à non pavendo*, as *Lucus à non lucendo*.

Till next post, adieu!

Yours ever,

Horatius Italicus.

5. To Richard West[1].

Dear West, King's College, Nov. 9, 1735.

You expect a long letter from me, and have said in verse all that I intended to have said in far inferior prose. I intended filling three or four sides with exclamations against an University life; but you have showed me how

[9] Charles Paulet (1685–1754), third Duke of Bolton.

[10] Looby, whose sire was Bay Bolton, won a royal plate at Newmarket.

Letter 5.—[1] Richard West (1716–1742); son of Richard West, Lord Chancellor of Ireland, by Elizabeth, second daughter of Bishop Burnet. He was educated at Eton (where his character and literary tastes gained for him the friendship of Walpole and Gray), and at Christ Church, Oxford. He died June 1, 1742. His death was the subject of Gray's sonnet beginning 'In vain to me the smiling mornings shine.'

strongly they may be expressed in three or four lines. I can't build without straw; nor have I the ingenuity of the spider, to spin fine lines out of dirt: a master of a college would make but a miserable figure as a hero of a poem, and Cambridge sophs are too low to introduce into a letter that aims not at punning:

Haud equidem invideo vati, quem pulpita pascunt.

But why mayn't we hold a classical correspondence? I can never forget the many agreeable hours we have passed in reading Horace and Virgil; and I think they are topics will never grow stale. Let us extend the Roman Empire, and cultivate two barbarous towns o'er-run with rusticity and mathematics. The creatures are so used to a circle, that they plod on in the same eternal round, with their whole view confined to a *punctum, cujus nulla est pars:*

> Their time a moment, and a point their space[2].
> *Orabunt causas melius, coelique meatus*
> *Describent radio, et surgentia sidera dicent:*
> *Tu coluisse novem Musas, Romane, memento;*
> *Hae tibi erunt artes. . . . .*

We have not the least poetry stirring here; for I can't call verses on the 5th of November and 30th of January by that name, more than four lines on a chapter in the New Testament is an epigram. Tydeus[3] rose and set at Eton: he is only known here to be a scholar of King's. Orosmades and Almanzor are just the same; that is, I am almost the only person they are acquainted with, and consequently

[2] 'His time a moment, and a point his space.'—Pope, *Essay on Man*, Ep. I. 72.

[3] Tydeus, Orosmades (probably a transcriber's or printer's error for Oromasdes), Almanzor, and Plato were four Cambridge men, who, as Miss Berry notes, had been Eton contemporaries of Walpole and West. Tydeus and Almanzor have not yet been identified. The suggested identification of Tydeus with Walpole is excluded by the fact that Tydeus is referred to as a 'scholar' of King's, a description which, if the term scholar is to be used in the strict sense, could not apply to Horace Walpole. 'Orosmades' is evidently Gray. Plato appears to be Thomas Ashton. (See Tovey, *Gray and his Friends*, pp. 80–1, 138.)

the only person acquainted with their excellencies. Plato[4] improves every day; so does my friendship with him. These three divide my whole time, though I believe you will guess there is no quadruple alliance[5]; that was a happiness which I only enjoyed when you was at Eton. A short account of the Eton people at Oxford would much oblige,

My dear West, your faithful friend,

H. Walpole.

6. To George Montagu[1].

Dear Sir, King's College, May 2, 1736.

Unless I were to be married myself, I should despair ever being able to describe a wedding so well as you have done: had I known your talent before, I would have desired an epithalamium. I believe the Princess[2] will have more beauties bestowed on her by the occasional poets, than even a painter would afford her. They will cook up a new Pandora,

[4] Thomas Ashton (1716–1775), contemporary of Horace Walpole at Eton and at King's College, Cambridge, where his knowledge of Greek seems to have gained him the nickname of 'Plato.' He took orders and was Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, 1737; Fellow of Eton College, 1745; Rector of St. Botolph, Bishopsgate, 1752; Preacher to the Society of Lincoln's Inn, 1762. Ashton was for many years on very intimate terms with Horace Walpole (who in 1740 addressed to him a *Poetical Epistle from Florence*), but in 1750 they quarrelled, and their acquaintance ceased entirely. Walpole accused Ashton of interested motives ('my father is dead, and I can make no bishops'), and finally forbade him his house, in consequence of Ashton's having written against the *Free Inquiry* of Conyers Middleton, who was a friend of Horace Walpole. (See letter to Mann, July 25, 1750.)

[5] Thus as boys they had called the intimacy formed at Eton between Walpole, Gray, West, and Ashton. (*Berry.*)

Letter 6.—[1] George Montagu (d. 1780), eldest son of Brigadier Edward Montagu, and nephew of the second Earl of Halifax. He was Usher of the Black Rod in Ireland during the Viceroyalty of his cousin, the Earl of Halifax (1761–63); Ranger of Selsey Forest; Private Secretary to Lord North when Chancellor of the Exchequer; and sometime member for Northampton. His friendship with Horace Walpole began at Eton, and lasted till within ten years of Montagu's death, the breach, according to Walpole, being due partly to political differences, and partly to caprice on Montagu's part. (See letter to Cole, May 11, 1780.)

[2] Frederick Prince of Wales married (April 27, 1736) Princess Augusta of Saxe-Gotha, who survived him and died in 1772.

and in the bottom of the box enclose Hope, that all they have said is true. A great many, out of excess of good breeding, having heard it was rude to talk Latin before women, propose complimenting her in English; which she will be much the better for. I doubt most of them, instead of fearing their compositions should not be understood, should fear they should: they write they don't know what, to be read by they don't know who. You have made me a very unreasonable request, which I will answer with another as extraordinary: you desire I would burn your letters: I desire you would keep mine. I know but of one way of making what I send you useful, which is, by sending you a blank sheet: sure you would not grudge three-pence for a half-penny sheet, when you give as much for one not worth a farthing. You drew this last paragraph on you by your exordium, as you call it, and conclusion. I hope, for the future, our correspondence will run a little more glibly, with dear George, and dear Horry; not as formally as if we were playing a game at chess in Spain and Portugal; and Don Horatio was to have the honour of specifying to Don Georgio, by an epistle, whither he would move. In one point I would have our correspondence like a game at chess; it should last all our lives—but I hear you cry check; adieu!

Dear George, yours ever.

7. To George Montagu.

Dear George, King's College, May 6, 1736.

I agree with you entirely in the pleasure you take in talking over old stories, but can't say but I meet every day with new circumstances, which will be still more pleasure to me to recollect. I think at our age 'tis excess of joy, to think, while we are running over past happinesses, that it is still in our power to enjoy as great. Narrations of the

greatest actions of other people, are tedious in comparison of the serious trifles, that every man can call to mind of himself, while he was learning those histories. Youthful passages of life are the chippings of Pitt's diamond [1], set into little heart-rings with mottos; the stone itself more worth, the filings more gentle and agreeable. Alexander at the head of the world never tasted the true pleasure that boys of his own age have enjoyed at the head of a school. Little intrigues, little schemes, and policies, engage their thoughts, and at the same time that they are laying the foundation for their middle age of life, the mimic republic they live in furnishes materials of conversation for their latter age; and old men cannot be said to be children a second time with greater truth for any one cause, than their living over again their childhood in imagination. To reflect on the season when first they felt the titillation of love, the budding passions, and the first dear object of their wishes! how unexperienced they gave credit to all the tales of romantic loves! Dear George, were not the playing fields at Eton food for all manner of flights? No old maid's gown, though it had been tormented into all the fashions from King James to King George, ever underwent so many transformations as those poor plains have in my idea. At first I was contented with tending a visionary flock, and sighing some pastoral name to the echo of the cascade under the bridge. How happy should I have been to have had a kingdom only for the pleasure of being driven from it, and living disguised in an humble vale! As I got further into Virgil and Clelia [2], I found myself transported from Arcadia to the garden of Italy; and saw Windsor Castle in no other

Letter 7.—[1] The 'Pitt Diamond' was bought for about £20,000 in India by Thomas Pitt (grandfather of the Earl of Chatham), when Governor of Madras. It was purchased from him in 1717 by the Regent Duc d' Orléans, on behalf of Louis XV, for £130,000. The fragments from it when cut were valued at several thousand pounds.

[2] *Clélie*, the celebrated novel by Madeleine de Scudéry.

view than the *Capitoli immobile saxum*. I wish a committee of the House of Commons may ever seem to be the senate; or a bill appear half so agreeable as a billet-doux. You see how deep you have carried me into old stories; I write of them with pleasure, but shall talk of them with more to you. I can't say I am sorry I was never quite a school-boy: an expedition against bargemen, or a match at cricket, may be very pretty things to recollect; but, thank my stars, I can remember things that are very near as pretty. The beginning of my Roman history was spent in the Asylum, or conversing in Egeria's hallowed grove; not in thumping and pummelling King Amulius's herdsmen. I was sometimes troubled with a rough creature or two from the plough; one, that one should have thought, had worked with his head, as well as his hands, they were both so callous. One of the most agreeable circumstances I can recollect is the Triumvirate, composed of yourself, Charles[3], and

Your sincere friend,

Hor. Walpole.

8. To George Montagu.

Dear George, King's College, May 20, 1736.

You will excuse my not having wrote to you, when you hear I have been a jaunt to Oxford. As you have seen it, I shall only say I think it one of the most agreeable places I ever set my eyes on. In our way thither we stopped at the Duke of Kent's[1] at Wrest[2]. On the great staircase is a picture of the Duchess[3]; I said it was very like; oh, dear sir! said Mrs. Housekeeper, it's too handsome for my lady Duchess; her grace's chin is much longer than that. In

[3] Charles Lyttelton. See note 1, letter to Lyttelton, Aug. 7, 1732.

Letter 8.—[1] Henry Grey (1671–1740), first Duke of Kent.

[2] Wrest Park, near Silsoe, in Bedfordshire.

[3] Lady Sophia Bentinck (d. 1748), daughter of first Earl of Portland; m. (1729), as his second wife, the first Duke of Kent.

one old closet hangs a portrait of one of the old Dame de Greys, in a gown of her own work, embroidered all over with little flowers of all colours, like the border of an under-petticoat, round her head is a kind of hoop-petticoat of gauze, her face is of a dead complexion; with her needle and thread in her hand. She was a great workwoman and died at it. In the garden are monuments in memory of Lord Harold [4], Lady Glenorchy [5], the late Duchess [6],—and the present Duke. At Lord Clarendon's [7], at Cornbury [8] is a prodigious quantity of Vandykes; but I had not time to take down any of their dresses. By the way, you gave me no account of the last Masquerade. Coming back, we saw Easton Neston [9], a seat of Lord Pomfret's [10], where in an old green-house is a wonderful fine statue of Tully, haranguing a numerous assembly of decayed emperors, vestal virgins with new noses, Colossus's, Venus's, headless carcases and carcaseless heads, pieces of tombs, and hieroglyphics [11]. I saw Althrop [12] the same day, where are a vast many pictures; some mighty good; a gallery with the Windsor beauties [13], and Lady

[4] Antony Grey (1696–1723), Earl of Harold; eldest son of first Duke of Kent, whom he predeceased.

[5] Lady Amabel Grey (d. 1727), daughter of first Duke of Kent; m. (1718) John Campbell, Lord Glenorchy, eldest son of second Earl of Breadalbane.

[6] Hon. Jemima Crewe (d. 1728), daughter and co-heir of second Baron Crewe of Stene; m. (1695), as his first wife, Henry Grey, first Duke of Kent.

[7] Henry Hyde (1672–1753), fourth Earl of Clarendon.

[8] Cornbury Park, near Charlbury, Oxfordshire. The Clarendon estates in Oxfordshire were sold in 1750 to the third Duke of Marlborough.

[9] Near Towcester, Northamptonshire.

[10] Thomas Fermor (1698–1753); cr. Earl of Pomfret, 1721; Master of the Horse to Queen Caroline, 1727–37; Ranger of St. James's and Hyde Parks, 1751.

[11] The statues here mentioned formed part of the collection of Thomas Howard, Earl of Arundel (d. 1646). They were sold (for £300) by Mary Mordaunt, Duchess of Norfolk, to the first Lord Lempster (Leominster), and were presented (1755) by the widow of his son (the first Earl of Pomfret) to the University of Oxford. (See *Anecdotes of Painting*, ch. ix.)

[12] The seat of the Spencers, near Northampton.

[13] Eleven portraits of ladies by Lely, which were taken to Windsor by James II. Many copies of them were made; those at Althorp were replicas by Lely himself. (See *Anecdotes of Painting*, ch. xii, and Dallaway's note.)

Bridgewater[14], who is full as handsome as any of 'em; a bouncing head of, I believe, Cleopatra, called the Duchess of Mazarine[15]. The park is enchanting. I forgot to tell you I was at Blenheim, where I saw nothing but a cross housekeeper, and an impertinent porter, except a few pictures; a quarry of stone, that looked at a distance like a great house, and about this quarry, quantities of inscriptions in honour of the Duke of Marlborough, and I think of her grace too; she . . .[16] herself mentioned, as putting 'em up, in almost all of 'em.

Adieu! dear George,

Yours ever,

Hor. Walpole.

The verses[17] are not yet published.

9. To Charles Lyttelton.

Dear Charles,

I have been at Oxford; how could you possibly leave it? after seeing that charming place, I can hardly ask you to come to Cambridge. But when will you? I long to talk it all over with you. I just saw Sir Edward Noel[1] there, but had hardly time to exchange a syllable with him; he looks just what he always was; I wanted mightily to shake him into a fat good-natured laugh. Maudlin Walks please me most; I felt a pensive joy in 'em occasioned by thinking

[14] Lady Elizabeth Churchill (d. 1714), third daughter of first Duke of Marlborough; m. (1703) Scroop Egerton, fifth Earl (afterwards first Duke) of Bridgewater.

[15] Hortense Mancini, Duchesse de Mazarin (d. 1699).

[16] Line and a half erased in MS.

[17] Presumably the Cambridge *Gratulatio* mentioned in the next letter.

Letter 9.—Not in C.; now printed from original in possession of Viscount Cobham.

[1] Sir Edward Noel (1715–1774), sixth Baronet, of Kirkby Mallory, Leicestershire; succeeded his cousin in 1745 as eighth Baron Wentworth; cr. (May 5, 1762) Viscount Wentworth of Wellesborough, Leicestershire. He had been at Eton with Walpole and Lyttelton.

two Lytteltons had been drowned[2] in the adjoyning stream; and another[3] had so often walked there.

The frolick boy, unfortunately gay,
Too near the current urg'd his little play;
The yielding bank beneath his feet retir'd;
And his soft soul absorb'd by waves expir'd.
The pious youth (ah! tyrant of the flood,
Why vainly pious, why untimely good?)
Plunged after him precipitate; and try'd
To save his brother; but in trying, dyed.
Go, gentle pair, nor at your fate repine;
Earth or Elysium would to neither shine,
Unless to share the joys of both, both join.
Mov'd at our tears; and mov'd to see no more
The hapless striplings sporting on his shore,
The River God sunk his flag-waving head
And melancholy winding thro' the mead,
In bubbling murmurs told his grief; till here
He saw another Lyttelton appear;
No more a double loss he could bemoan,
Finding the worth of two compris'd in one.

Excuse this flight, Charles; Oxford inspir'd me; Maudlin Walks gave me the hint, and friendship dictated to

Yrs sincerely,

King's Coll., May 22d, 1736. H. Walpole.

I receiv'd yours, since I wrote this.
Dodd[4] is at your service.
I wish you joy! Adieu!

[2] John and Thomas, the two eldest sons of Sir Thomas Lyttelton, first Baronet, were drowned in the Cherwell near Magdalen College on May 9, 1635. They were buried in the college chapel. Their death was the subject of an elegy by Cowley.

[3] Charles Lyttelton had been at University College, Oxford; he matriculated Oct. 10, 1732.

[4] John Dodd (d. 1782), of Swallowfield, Berkshire, afterwards M.P. He was at Eton with Walpole and Lyttelton.

10. To George Montagu.

Dear George, King's College, May 30, 1736.

You show me in the prettiest manner how much you like Petronius Arbiter; I have heard you commend him, but I am more pleased with your tacit approbation of writing, like him, prose interspersed with verse. I shall send you soon in return some poetry interspersed with prose; I mean the Cambridge congratulation[1] with the notes, as you desired. I have transcribed the greatest part of what was tolerable at the coffee-houses; but by most of what you will find, you will hardly think I have left anything worse behind. There is lately come out a new piece, called *A Dialogue between Philemon and Hydaspes on false Religion*, by one Mr. Coventry[2], A.M. and fellow, formerly fellow commoner, of Magdalen. He is a young man, but 'tis really a pretty thing. If you can't get it in town, I will send it with the verses. He accounts for superstition in a new manner, and I think a just one; attributing it to disappointments in love. He don't resolve it all into that bottom; ascribes it almost wholly as the source of female enthusiasm; and I dare say there's ne'er a girl from the age of fourteen to four-and-twenty, but will subscribe to his principles, and own, if the dear man was dead that she loves, she would settle all her affections on heaven,—whither he was gone.

Who would not be an Artemisia, and raise the stately mausoleum to her lord; then weep and watch incessant over it like—the Ephesian matron[3]?

Letter 10.—[1] The *Gratulatio* of the University of Cambridge on the marriage of the Prince of Wales, to which Horace Walpole contributed a copy of Latin verses.

[2] Nephew of the fifth Earl of Coventry; d. 1752.

[3] Here follows in the MS. but cancelled:—'Quandoquidem data sunt ipsis quoque fata sepulchris.'

I have heard of one lady[4], who had not quite so great a veneration for her husband's tomb, but preferred lying alone in one, to lying on his left hand; perhaps she had an aversion to the German custom of left-handed wives. I met yesterday with a pretty little dialogue on the subject of constancy; 'tis between a traveller and a dove:

Le Passant.
Que fais tu dans ce bois, plaintive Turturelle?

La Tourterelle.
Je gémis, j'ai perdu ma compagne fidelle.

Le Passant.
Ne crains tu pas que l'oiseleur
Ne te fasse mourir comme elle?

La Tourterelle.
Si ce n'est lui, ce sera ma douleur.

'Twould have been a little more apposite, if she had grieved for her lover. I have ventured to turn it to that view, lengthened it, and spoiled it, as you shall see.

P.—Plaintive turtle, cease your moan;
Hence away!
In this dreary wood alone
Why d'ye stay?

T.—These tears, alas! you see flow
For my mate!

P.—Dread you not from net or bow
His sad fate?

[4] In his *Description of Strawberry Hill*, Horace Walpole mentions a portrait by Vandyke, in his possession, of 'Francis Bridges, daughter of the Lord Chandos, and second wife of Thomas Cecil, Earl of Exeter, on whose left hand she refused to lie on his tomb in Westminster Abbey.' According to Collins' *Peerage* the inscription on Lord Exeter's tomb (in the Chapel of St. John the Baptist, in Westminster Abbey) states that his two wives are buried with him. The second wife, however, was in fact buried in Winchester Cathedral.

T.—If, ah! if they neither kill,
Sorrow will.

You will excuse this gentle nothing, I mean mine, when I tell you, I translated it out of pure good-nature for the use of a disconsolate wood-pigeon in our grove, that was made a widow by the barbarity of a gun. She coos and calls me so movingly, 'twould touch your heart to hear her. I protest to you it grieves me to pity her. She is so allicholly as anything. I'll warrant you now she's as sorry as one of us would be. Well, good man, he's gone, and he died like a lamb. She's an unfortunate woman, but she must have patience; 'tis what we must all come to, and so as I was saying,

Dear George,
Good bye t'ye,
Yrs. sincerely,
Hor. Walpole.

P.S. I don't know yet when I shall leave Cambridge.

11. To Charles Lyttelton.

Dear Charles,

I am returned again to Cambridge, and can tell you what I never expected, that I like Norfolk. Not any of the ingredients, as hunting or country gentlemen, for I had nothing to do with them, but the county; which a little from Houghton is woody, and full of delightful prospects. I went to see Norwich and Yarmouth, both which I like exceedingly. I spent my time at Houghton for the first week almost alone; we have a charming garden all wilderness; much adapted to my romantic inclinations. The last week I had company with me. I don't hear whether

Letter 11.—Not in C.; now printed from original in possession of Viscount Cobham.

George Montagu is gone yet or not; I conclude he is by not hearing from him.

Adieu,

Dr Charles,

Yrs in haste,

K. Coll., July 27, 1736. H. Walpole.

12. To Richard West.

Dear West, August 17, 1736.

Gray is at Burnham[1], and, what is surprising, has not been at Eton. Could you live so near it without seeing it? That dear scene of our quadruple alliance[2] would furnish me with the most agreeable recollections. 'Tis the head of our genealogical table, that is since sprouted out into the two branches of Oxford and Cambridge. You seem to be the eldest son, by having got a whole inheritance to yourself; while the manor of Granta is to be divided between your three younger brothers, Thomas of Lancashire[3], Thomas of London[4], and Horace. We don't wish you dead to enjoy your seat, but your seat dead to enjoy you. I hope you are a mere elder brother, and live upon what your father left you, and in the way you were brought up in, poetry: but we are supposed to betake ourselves to some trade, as logic, philosophy, or mathematics. If I should prove a mere younger brother, and not turn to any profession, would you receive me, and supply me out of your stock, where you have such plenty? I have been so used to the delicate food of Parnassus, that I can never condescend to apply to the grosser studies of Alma Mater. Sober cloth of syllogism

Letter 12. — [1] In Buckinghamshire, where his mother's brother-in-law, Jonathan Rogers, lived.

[2] See letter to West, Nov. 9, 1735.

[3] Thomas Ashton, whose father was usher of Lancaster Grammar School.

[4] Thomas Gray.

colour suits me ill; or, what's worse, I hate clothes that one must prove to be of no colour at all. If the Muses *coelique vias et sidera monstrent*, and *quâ vi maria alta tumescant*; why *accipiant*: but 'tis thrashing, to study philosophy in the abstruse authors. I am not against cultivating these studies, as they are certainly useful; but then they quite neglect all polite literature, all knowledge of this world. Indeed, such people have not much occasion for this latter; for they shut themselves up from it, and study till they know less than any one. Great mathematicians have been of great use; but the generality of them are quite unconversible: they frequent the stars, *sub pedibusque vident nubes*, but they can't see through them. I tell you what I see; that by living amongst them, I write of nothing else: my letters are all parallelograms, two sides equal to two sides; and every paragraph an axiom, that tells you nothing but what every mortal almost knows. By the way, your letters come under this description; for they contain nothing but what almost every mortal knows too, that knows you—that is, they are extremely agreeable, which they know you are capable of making them:—no one is better acquainted with it than

Your sincere friend,
Hor. Walpole.

13. To George Montagu.

Dear George, King's College, March 20, 1737.

The first paragraph in my letter must be in answer to the last in yours; though I should be glad to make you the return you ask, by waiting on you myself. 'Tis not in my power, from more circumstances than one (which are needless to tell you), to accompany you and Lord Conway to Italy: you add to the pleasure it would give me, by asking it so

kindly. You I am infinitely obliged to, as I was capable, my dear George, of making you forget for a minute that you don't propose stirring from the dear place you are now in. Poppies indeed are the chief flowers in love-nosegays, but they seldom bend towards the lady; at least not till the other flowers have been gathered. Prince Volscius's[1] boots were made of love-leather, and honour-leather; instead of honour, some people's are made of friendship: but since you have been so good to me as to draw on this, I can almost believe you are equipped for travelling farther than Rheims. 'Tis no little inducement to make me wish myself in France, that I hear gallantry is not left off there; that you may be polite, and not be thought awkward for it. You know the pretty men of the age in England use the women with no more deference than they do their coach-horses, and have not half the regard for 'em that they have for themselves. The little freedoms you tell me you use take off from formality, by avoiding which ridiculous extreme we are dwindled into the other barbarous one, rusticity. If you had been at Paris, I should have inquired about the new Spanish ambassadress, who, by the accounts we have thence, at her first audience of the queen[2], sat down with her at a distance that suited respect and conversation. Dear woman! You won't be angry with me, I hope, if I fill up the remainder of my letter with transcribing some lines out of a new poem[3], which will hardly reach you; 'tis wrote by a man of the Custom House, of little learning, new ideas, and odd sentiments: 'tis on Spleen:

> Laugh and be well: Monkeys have been
> Extreme good Doctors for the Spleen;

Letter 13.—[1] A character in *The Rehearsal*, by the Duke of Buckingham.

[2] Marie Leczinska (d. 1768), daughter of Stanislaus Leczinski, King of Poland (afterwards Duke of Lorraine); married (1725) Louis XV., King of France.

[3] *The Spleen*, by Matthew Green (1696–1737).

And Kitten, if the Humour hit,
Has Harlequin'd away the fit.
Since Mirth is good on this behalf
At some partic'lars let us laugh.

* * * *

Poor Authors worshipping a calf,
Deep Tragedies that make us laugh;
Folks Things Prophetic to dispense,
Making the Past the future Tense.
Disdainfull Prudes, who ceaseless ply
The superb muscle of an Eye:
A Coquet's April-weather Face, &c.

Hunting I reckon very good
To brace the nerves and stirr the blood;
But after no field Honours itch
Atcheived by leaping Hedge and Ditch;
While spleen lies soft relax'd in Bed,
Or o'er Coal Fires reclines the Head.
Hygeia's sons with Hound and Horn,
And social cry awake the Morn:
These see Her in Her dusky plight,
Smear'd by th' Embraces of the Night,
With roral wash redeem her face
And [pr]ove[4] Herself of Titan's race,
And mounting in loose robe the Skies,
Shed Light and Fragrance as she flies.

Sometimes I dress; with women sit, and chat away the gloomy fit;
Quit the stiff garb of serious sense, and wear a gay impertinence.
Nor think nor speak with any pains, but lay on fancy's neck the reins;
Talk of unusual Swell of Waiste, in maid of honour loosely lac'd;
Of Kitty (Aunt left in the lurch by grave pretence to go to Church)
Perceiv'd in Hack with Lover fine, like Will and Mary on the coin, &c.

[4] MS. torn.

You see the thoughts are most within the Bills of Mortality. If you care for any more lines, I will send some in my next; at present

Adieu, dear George,
Yours most heartily,
H. W.

14. To Charles Lyttelton.

Dear Charles,

You will not wonder that I have so long deferr'd answering your friendly letter, as you know the fatal cause[1]. You have been often witness to my happiness, and by that may partly figure what I feel for losing so fond a mother. If my loss consisted solely in being deprived of one that loved me so much, it would feel lighter to me than it now does, as I doated on her. Your goodness to me encourages me to write at large my dismal thoughts; but for your sake I will not make use of the liberty I might take, but will stifle what my thoughts run so much on. There is one circumstance of my misfortune which I am sure you will not be unwilling to hear, as no one can that loved her, and among the many that did, I have reason to flatter myself that you was one. I mean, the surprizing calmness and courage which my dear mother showed before her death. I believe few women would behave so well, and I am certain no man could behave better. For three or four days before she died, she spoke of it with less indifference, than one speaks of a cold; and while she was sensible, which she was within her two last hours, she discovered no manner of apprehension. This, my dear Charles, was some alleviation to my grief.

Letter 14.—Not in C.; now printed from original in possession of Viscount Cobham.

[1] Lady Walpole died on Aug. 20, 1737.

I am now got to Cambridge out of a house which I could not bear; wherever I am, believe me

Yrs. ever,
H. Walpole.

Mr. Dodd desires his compliments.

Sept. 18, 1737.

15. To Richard West.

Dear West, Paris, April 21, N.S. 1739.

You figure us in a set of pleasures, which, believe me, we do not find; cards and eating are so universal, that they absorb all variation of pleasures. The operas, indeed, are much frequented three times a week; but to me they would be a greater penance than eating *maigre*: their music resembles a gooseberry tart as much as it does harmony. We have not yet been at the Italian playhouse; scarce any one goes there. Their best amusement, and which, in some parts, beats ours, is the comedy; three or four of the actors excel any we have: but then to this nobody goes, if it is not one of the fashionable nights; and then they go, be the play good or bad—except on Molière's nights, whose pieces they are quite weary of. Gray and I have been at the *Avare* to-night: I cannot at all commend their performance of it. Last night I was in the Place de Louis le Grand [1] (a regular octagon, uniform, and the houses handsome, though not so large as Golden Square), to see what they reckoned one of the finest burials that ever was in France. It was the Duke de Tresmes, governor of Paris and marshal of France. It began on foot from his palace to his parish-church, and from thence in coaches to the opposite end of Paris, to be interred in the church of the Célestins [2], where is his family-vault. About a week ago we happened to see the grave digging, as

Letter 15.—[1] Since 1792 known as the Place des Victoires.

[2] The Convent of the Célestins was replaced by barracks.

we went to see the church, which is old and small, but fuller of fine ancient monuments than any, except St. Denis, which we saw on the road, and excels Westminster; for the windows are all painted in mosaic, and the tombs as fresh and well preserved as if they were of yesterday. In the Célestins' church is a votive column to Francis II., which says, that it is one assurance of his being immortalised, to have had the martyr Mary Stuart[3] for his wife. After this long digression, I return to the burial, which was a most vile thing. A long procession of flambeaux and friars; no plumes, trophies, banners, led horses, scutcheons, or open chariots; nothing but

friars,
White, black, and grey, with all their trumpery.

This godly ceremony began at nine at night, and did not finish till three this morning; for, each church they passed, they stopped for a hymn and holy water. By the bye, some of these choice monks, who watched the body while it lay in state, fell asleep one night, and let the tapers catch fire of the rich velvet mantle lined with ermine and powdered with gold flower-de-luces, which melted the lead coffin, and burnt off the feet of the deceased before it wakened them. The French love show; but there is a meanness reigns through it all. At the house where I stood to see this procession, the room was hung with crimson damask and gold, and the windows were mended in ten or a dozen places with paper. At dinner they give you three courses; but a third of the dishes is patched up with salads, butter, puff-paste, or some such miscarriage of a dish. None, but Germans, wear fine clothes; but their coaches are tawdry enough for the wedding of Cupid and Psyche. You would laugh extremely at their signs: some live at the Y grec, some at

[3] Mary Queen of Scots married Francis II two years before his death (1558).

Venus's toilette, and some at the Sucking Cat. You would not easily guess their notions of honour: I'll tell you one: it is very dishonourable for any gentleman not to be in the army, or in the king's service as they call it, and it is no dishonour to keep public gaming-houses: there are at least an hundred and fifty people of the first quality in Paris who live by it. You may go into their houses at all hours of the night, and find hazard, pharaoh, &c. The men who keep the hazard-table at the Duke de Gesvres'[4] pay him twelve guineas each night for the privilege. Even the princesses of the blood are dirty enough to have shares in the banks kept at their houses. We have seen two or three of them; but they are not young, nor remarkable but for wearing their red of a deeper dye than other women, though all use it extravagantly.

The weather is still so bad, that we have not made any excursions to see Versailles and the environs, not even walked in the Tuileries; but we have seen almost everything else that is worth seeing in Paris, though that is very considerable. They beat us vastly in buildings, both in number and magnificence. The tombs of Richelieu and Mazarin at the Sorbonne and the Collège de Quatre Nations[5] are wonderfully fine, especially the former. We have seen very little of the people themselves, who are not inclined to be propitious to strangers, especially if they do not play and speak the language readily. There are many English here: Lord Holderness[6], Conway and Clinton[7], and Lord George

[4] D'Argenson in his *Mémoires* writes (under date of March, 1739) in reference to these public gaming-houses: 'On compte plus de trois cents de ces maisons dans Paris, où l'on joue au *biribi* et au pharaon; tous les jeunes gens s'y ruinent. Les jeux de l'hôtel de Soissons et de l'hôtel de Gesvres sont causes de ces désordres. On ne sauroit reprendre aucun jeu particulier qu'on ne vous cite aussitôt ces deux académies.'

[5] Now the Palais de l'Institut.

[6] Robert Darcy (1718–1778), fourth Earl of Holdernesse; Ambassador at Venice, 1744–46; Minister at the Hague, 1749–51; Secretary of State, 1751–61; Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, 1765; Governor to the Prince of Wales (afterwards George IV), 1771–76.

[7] Hugh Fortescue (1696–1751),

Bentinck[8]; Mr. Brand[9], Offley[10], Frederic, Frampton[11], Bonfoy[12], &c. Sir John Cotton's[13] son and a Mr. Vernon[14] of Cambridge passed through Paris last week. We shall stay here about a fortnight longer, and then go to Rheims with Mr. Conway[15] for two or three months. When you have nothing else to do, we shall be glad to hear from you; and any news. If we did not remember there was such a place as England, we should know nothing of it: the French never mention it, unless it happens to be in one of their proverbs. Adieu!

Yours ever,
H. W.

To-morrow we go to the *Cid*. They have no farces, but *petites pièces* like our *Devil to Pay*[16].

fourteenth Baron Clinton, cr. Earl Clinton, 1749.

[8] Second son of first Duke of Portland. He entered the army in 1743, and was present at the battle of Dettingen. He became a Major-General, and died at Bath, 1759.

[9] Thomas Brand, of The Hoo, near Welwyn, Hertfordshire.

[10] Probably John Offley, of Wichnor, near Lichfield.

[11] Probably James Frampton (d. 1784), of Moreton, Dorsetshire.

[12] Probably Nicholas Bonfoy, of Abbot's Ripton, Huntingdonshire.

[13] Sir John Hinde Cotton, third Baronet, of Landwade, Cambridgeshire; Lord of Trade and Plantations, 1713; Treasurer of the Chamber, 1744; d. 1752. The son here mentioned, John Hinde Cotton (d. 1795), succeeded his father as fourth Baronet.

[14] Henry Vernon, of Hilton Park, Staffordshire.

[15] Hon. Henry Seymour Conway (b. 1719), second son of first Baron Conway, brother of the Earl (afterwards Marquis) of Hertford, and first cousin of Horace Walpole, through the marriage of his father to Charlotte Shorter, sister of Lady Walpole. Conway entered the army in 1741, and was present at the battles of Dettingen, Laffeldt, and Fontenoy. In 1761, during the absence of the Marquis of Granby, he took command of the British forces in Germany under Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick. He became Major-General, 1756; Lieutenant-General, 1759; General, and Governor of Jersey, 1772; Field Marshal, 1793. He was M.P. for Higham Ferrers, 1741–47; for Penryn, 1747–54; for St. Mawes, 1754–61; Thetford, 1761–68; Bury St. Edmunds, 1775–80, 1780–84. He was Secretary to the Viceroy of Ireland, 1755–56; Secretary of State for the Northern Province, 1765–68; Lieutenant-General of the Ordnance, 1767–72; Commander-in-Chief, 1782–83. Conway was a frequent correspondent of Horace Walpole, who preserved an unbroken friendship with him until his death, at Park Place, Henley-on-Thames, July 9, 1795.

[16] An opera by Charles Coffey, produced at Drury Lane in 1731.

16. To Richard West.

Dear West, From Paris, 1739.

I should think myself to blame not to try to divert you, when you tell me I can. From the air of your letter you seem to want amusement, that is, you want spirits. I would recommend to you certain little employments that I know of, and that belong to you, but that I imagine bodily exercise is more suitable to your complaint. If you would promise me to read them in the Temple garden[1], I would send you a little packet of plays and pamphlets that we have made up, and intend to dispatch to Dick's[2] the first opportunity.—Stand by, clear the way, make room for the pompous appearance of Versailles le Grand!——But no: it fell so short of my idea of it, mine, that I have resigned to Gray the office of writing its panegyric. He likes it. They say I am to like it better next Sunday; when the sun is to shine, the king is to be fine, the water-works are to play, and the new knights of the Holy Ghost are to be installed[3]! Ever since Wednesday, the day we were there, we have done nothing but dispute about it. They say, we did not see it to advantage, that we ran through the apartments, saw the garden *en passant*, and slubbered over Trianon. I say, we saw nothing. However, we had time to see that the great front is a lumber of littleness, composed of black brick, stuck full of bad old busts, and fringed with gold rails. The rooms are all small, except the great gallery, which is noble, but totally wainscoted with looking-glass. The garden is littered with statues and fountains, each of which has its tutelary deity. In particular, the elementary

Letter 16.—[1] West was now studying law in London.

[2] A celebrated coffee-house in Fleet Street, near Temple Bar.

[3] The installation took place on Whitsunday. (See letter of Gray to West, from Paris, May 22, 1739.)

god of fire solaces himself in one. In another, Enceladus, in lieu of a mountain, is overwhelmed with many waters. There are avenues of water-pots, who disport themselves much in squirting up *cascadelins*. In short, 'tis a garden for a great child. Such was Louis Quatorze, who is here seen in his proper colours, where he commanded in person, unassisted by his armies and generals, and left to the pursuit of his own puerile ideas of glory.

We saw last week a place of another kind, and which has more the air of what it would be, than anything I have yet met with: it was the convent of the Chartreux. All the conveniences, or rather (if there was such a word) all the *adaptments* are assembled here, that melancholy, meditation, selfish devotion, and despair would require. But yet 'tis pleasing. Soften the terms, and mellow the uncouth horror that reigns here, but a little, and 'tis a charming solitude. It stands on a large space of ground, is old and irregular. The chapel is gloomy: behind it, through some dark passages, you pass into a large obscure hall, which looks like a combination-chamber for some hellish council. The large cloister surrounds their burying-ground. The cloisters are very narrow and very long, and let into the cells, which are built like little huts detached from each other. We were carried into one, where lived a middle-aged man not long initiated into the order. He was extremely civil, and called himself Dom Victor. We have promised to visit him often. Their habit is all white: but besides this he was infinitely clean in his person; and his apartment and garden, which he keeps and cultivates without any assistance, was neat to a degree. He has four little rooms, furnished in the prettiest manner, and hung with good prints. One of them is a library, and another a gallery. He has several canary-birds disposed in a pretty manner in breeding-cages. In his garden was a bed of good tulips in bloom, flowers

and fruit-trees, and all neatly kept. They are permitted at certain hours to talk to strangers, but never to one another, or to go out of their convent. But what we chiefly went to see was the small cloister, with the history of St. Bruno, their founder, painted by Le Sœur[4]. It consists of twenty-two pictures, the figures a good deal less than life. But sure they are amazing! I don't know what Raphael may be in Rome, but these pictures excel all I have seen in Paris and England. The figure of the dead man who spoke at his burial, contains all the strongest and horridest ideas, of ghastliness, hypocrisy discovered, and the height of damnation, pain and cursing. A Benedictine monk, who was there at the same time, said to me of this picture: *C'est une fable, mais on la croyoit autrefois.* Another, who showed me relics in one of their churches, expressed as much ridicule for them. The pictures I have been speaking of are ill preserved, and some of the finest heads defaced, which was done at first by a rival of Le Sœur's. Adieu! dear West, take care of your health; and some time or other we will talk over all these things with more pleasure than I have had in seeing them.

Yours ever.

17. To Richard West.

Dear West, Rheims, June 18, 1739. N.S.

How I am to fill up this letter is not easy to divine. I have consented that Gray shall give you an account of our situation and proceedings; and have left myself at the mercy of my own invention—a most terrible resource, and which I shall avoid applying to if I can possibly help it. I had prepared the ingredients for a description of a ball,

[4] Eustache Lesueur (1617–1655). These pictures were purchased from the monks in 1776, and transferred to Versailles, and thence to the Louvre. (See Jameson, *Hist. of the Monastic Orders*, p. 128.)

and was just ready to serve it up to you, but he has plucked it from me. However, I was resolved to give you an account of a particular song and dance in it, and was determined to write the words and sing the tune just as I folded up my letter: but as it would, ten to one, be opened before it gets to you, I am forced to lay aside this thought, though an admirable one. Well, but now I have put it into your head, I suppose you won't rest without it. For that individual one, believe me, 'tis nothing without the tune and the dance; but to stay your stomach, I will send you one of their vaudevilles or ballads[1], which they sing at the comedy after their *petites pièces*.

You must not wonder if all my letters resemble dictionaries, with French on one side and English on t'other; I deal in nothing else at present, and talk a couple of words of each language alternately from morning till night. This has put my mouth a little out of tune at present; but I am trying to recover the use of it by reading the newspapers aloud at breakfast, and by chewing the title-pages of all my English books. Besides this, I have paraphrased half the first act of your new *Gustavus*[2], which was sent us to Paris: a most dainty performance, and just what you say of it. Good night, I am sure you must be tired; if you are not, I am.

Yours ever,
Hor. Walpole.

18. To Richard West.

Rheims, July 20, 1739.

Gray says, Indeed you ought to write to West.—Lord, child, so I would, if I knew what to write about. If I were

Letter 17.—[1] This ballad does not appear.—*Berry.*

[2] *Gustavus Vasa*, a tragedy by Henry Brooke (d. 1783).

in London and he at Rheims, I would send him volumes about peace and war, Spaniards, camps, and conventions[1]; but d'ye think he cares sixpence to know who is gone to Compiègne, and when they come back, or who won and lost four livres at quadrille last night at Mr. Cockbert's?—No, but you may tell him what you have heard of Compiègne[2]; that they have balls twice a week after the play, and that the Count d'Eu[3] gave the king a most flaring entertainment in the camp, where the Polygone was represented in flowering shrubs. Dear West, these are the things I must tell you; I don't know how to make 'em look significant, unless you will be a Rhemois for a little moment. I wonder you can stay out of the city so long, when we are going to have all manner of diversions. The comedians return hither from Compiègne in eight days, for example; and in a very little of time one attends the regiment of the king, three battalions and an hundred of officers; all men of a certain fashion, very amiable, and who know their world. Our women grow more gay, more lively, from day to day, in expecting them; Mademoiselle la Reine is brewing a wash of a finer dye, and brushing up her eyes for their arrival. La Baronne already counts upon fifteen of them: and Madame Lelu, finding her linen robe conceals too many beauties, has bespoke one of gauze.

I won't plague you any longer with people you don't know, I mean French ones; for you must absolutely hear of an Englishman that lately appeared at Rheims. About two days ago, about four o'clock in the afternoon, and about an hour after dinner,—from all which you may conclude we

LETTER 18.—[1] The relations between England and Spain were at this time much disturbed. The Convention referred to was signed in Jan. 1739 with a view to composing the differences between the two nations. This it failed to do, and Sir Robert Walpole was at length obliged to declare war against Spain on Oct. 19, 1739.

[2] A royal residence.

[3] Louis Charles de Bourbon, Comte d'Eu (1701–1775).

dine at two o'clock,—as we were picking our teeth round a littered table and in a crumby room, Gray in an undress, Mr. Conway in a morning grey coat, and I in a trim white night-gown and slippers, very much out of order, with a very little cold, a message discomposed us all of a sudden, with a service to Mr. Walpole from Mr. More, and that, if he pleased, he would wait on him. We scuttle upstairs in great confusion, but with no other damage than the flinging down two or three glasses and the dropping a slipper by the way. Having ordered the room to be cleaned out, and sent a very civil response to Mr. More, we began to consider who Mr. More should be. Is it Mr. More of Paris? No. Oh, 'tis Mr. More[4], my Lady Teynham's husband[5]? No, it can't be he. A Mr. More, then, that lives in the Halifax family? No. In short, after thinking of ten thousand more Mr. Mores, we concluded it could never be a one of 'em. By this time Mr. More arrives; but such a Mr. More! a young gentleman out of the wilds of Ireland, who has never been in England, but has got all the ordinary language of that kingdom; has been two years at Paris, where he dined at an ordinary with the refugee Irish, and learnt fortifications, which he does not understand at all, and which yet is the only thing he knows. In short, he is a young swain of very uncouth phrase, inarticulate speech, and no ideas. This hopeful child is riding post into Lorrain, or anywhere else, he is not certain; for if there is a war he shall go home again: for we must give the Spaniards another drubbing, you know; and if the Dutch do but join us, we shall blow up all the ports in Europe; for our ships are our bastions, and our ravelins, and our hornworks; and there's

[4] Hon. Robert Moore (d. 1728), third son of third Earl of Drogheda.

[5] Anne Lennard (d. 1755), second daughter of Thomas Lennard, Earl of Sussex and Baron Dacre; m. (1) Thomas Barrett Lennard; (2) Henry Roper, eighth Baron Teynham; (3) Hon. Robert Moore, as above. On the death of her elder sister (1741) she became Baroness Dacre.

a devilish wide ditch for 'em to pass, which they can't fill up with things——Here Mr. Conway helped him to fascines. By this time I imagine you have laughed at him as much, and were as tired of him as we were: but he's gone. This is the day that Gray and I intended for the first of a southern circuit; but as Mr. Selwyn[6] and George Montagu design us a visit here, we have put off our journey for some weeks. When we get a little farther, I hope our memoires will brighten: at present they are but dull, dull as

Your humble servant ever,

H. W.

P.S. I thank you ten thousand times for your last letter: when I have as much wit and as much poetry in me, I'll send you as good an one. Good night, child!

19. To Thomas Ashton.

My dear Ashton,

The exceeding slowness and sterility of me and this place, and the vast abundance and volubility of Mr. Walpole and his pen will sufficiently excuse to you the shortness of this little matter. He insists that it is not him but his pen that is so volubility, and so I have borrowed it of him; but I find it is both of 'em that is so volubility, for tho' I am writing as fast, as I can drive, yet he is still chattering in vast

[6] George Augustus Selwyn (1719–1791), second son of Colonel John Selwyn, of Matson, Gloucestershire, by Mary Farrington; educated at Eton and Oxford; in 1751 he became heir to the family estates, to which he succeeded on the death of his father in Nov. of that year. He was Clerk of the Irons and Master of the Meltings at the Mint, 1740; Paymaster of the Board of Works, 1755–82; Surveyor of Crown Lands, 1784–91; he was also Registrar-General of the Court of Chancery in Barbadoes; M.P. for Ludgershall (his family borough), 1747–54, 1780-91; for Gloucester, 1754–80. Selwyn preserved an unbroken friendship with Horace Walpole from their school days at Eton till his death in 1791. He was an occasional correspondent of Walpole, and a frequent guest at Strawberry Hill.

Letter 19.—Not in C.; reprinted from Tovey's *Gray and his Friends*, pp. 45–7.

abundance. I have desired me to hold my tongue, pho, I mean him, and his, but his pen is so used to write in the first person, that I have screwed my finger and thumb off, with forcing it into the third. After all this confusion of persons, and a little stroke of satire upon me the pen returns calmly back again into the old *I* and *me*, as if nothing had happened, to tell you how much I am tired, and how cross I am, that this cursed scheme of Messrs. Selwyn and Montagu should have come across all our measures, and broke in upon the whole year, which, what with the month we have to wait for them, and the month they are to stay here, will be entirely slipt away, at least, the agreeable part of it, and if we journey at all, it will be through dirty roads and falling leaves.

The man whose arguments you have so learnedly stated, and whom you did not think fit to honour with a confutation, we from thence conceive to be one, who does us honour, in thinking us fools, and so you see, I lay my claim to a share of the glory; we are not vastly curious about his name, first because it don't signify, secondly because we know it already; it is either Sr. T. G. himself or your friend Mr. Fenton, if it's them we don't care, and if it is not we don't care neither, but if you care to convince the man, whoever he be, that we are in some points not altogether fools, you might let him know that we are most sincerely

Yours,

Rheims, July. H. W. ℭ.

20. To Richard West.

From a Hamlet among the Mountains of Savoy, Sept. 28, 1739. N.S.

Precipices, mountains, torrents, wolves, rumblings, Salvator Rosa——the pomp of our park and the meekness of our palace! Here we are, the lonely lords of glorious,

desolate prospects. I have kept a sort of resolution which I made, of not writing to you as long as I staid in France: I am now a quarter of an hour out of it, and write to you. Mind, 'tis three months since we heard from you. I begin this letter among the clouds; where I shall finish, my neighbour Heaven probably knows: 'tis an odd wish in a mortal letter, to hope not to finish it on this side the atmosphere. You will have a billet tumble to you from the stars when you least think of it; and that I should write it too! Lord, how potent that sounds! But I am to undergo many transmigrations before I come to 'yours ever.' Yesterday I was a shepherd of Dauphiné; to-day an Alpine savage; to-morrow a Carthusian monk; and Friday a Swiss Calvinist. I have one quality which I find remains with me in all worlds and in all aethers; I brought it with me from your world, and am admired for it in this—'tis my esteem for you: this is a common thought among you, and you will laugh at it, but it is new here: as new to remember one's friends in the world one has left, as for you to remember those you have lost.

Aix in Savoy, Sept. 30th.

We are this minute come in here, and here's an awkward abbé this minute come in to us. I asked him if he would sit down. *Oui, oui, oui.* He has ordered us a radish soup for supper, and has brought a chess-board to play with Mr. Conway. I have left 'em in the act, and am set down to write to you. Did you ever see anything like the prospect we saw yesterday? I never did. We rode three leagues to see the Grande Chartreuse[1]: expected bad roads and the finest convent in the kingdom. We were disappointed pro

Letter 20 —[1] About thirty-seven miles from Grenoble. On revisiting the Chartreuse (in August 1741, after his parting from Horace Walpole) Gray wrote in the visitors' book the Alcaic Ode printed in his Works.

and con. The building is large and plain, and has nothing remarkable but its primitive simplicity; they entertained us in the neatest manner, with eggs, pickled salmon, dried fish, conserves, cheese, butter, grapes, and figs, and pressed us mightily to lie there. We tumbled into the hands of a lay-brother, who, unluckily having the charge of the meal and bran, showed us little besides. They desired us to set down our names in the list of strangers, where, among others, we found two mottos of our countrymen, for whose stupidity and brutality we blushed. The first was of Sir J—— D——, who had wrote down the first stanza of *Justum et tenacem*, altering the last line to *Mente quatit Carthusiana.* The second was of one D——, *Coelum ipsum petimus stultitiâ; et hìc ventri indico bellum.* The Goth!—But the road, West, the road! winding round a prodigious mountain, and surrounded with others, all shagged with hanging woods, obscured with pines, or lost in clouds! Below, a torrent breaking through cliffs, and tumbling through fragments of rocks! Sheets of cascades forcing their silver speed down channelled precipices, and hasting into the roughened river at the bottom! Now and then an old foot-bridge, with a broken rail, a leaning cross, a cottage, or the ruin of an hermitage! This sounds too bombast and too romantic to one that has not seen it, too cold for one that has. If I could send you my letter post between two lovely tempests that echoed each other's wrath, you might have some idea of this noble roaring scene, as you were reading it. Almost on the summit, upon a fine verdure, but without any prospect, stands the Chartreuse. We staid there two hours, rode back through this charming picture, wished for a painter, wished to be poets! Need I tell you we wished for you? Good night!

Geneva, Oct. 2.

By beginning a new date, I should begin a new letter; but I have seen nothing yet, and the post is going out: 'tis a strange tumbled dab, and dirty too, I am sending you; but what can I do? There is no possibility of writing such a long history over again. I find there are many English in the town; Lord Brook[2], Lord Mansel[3], Lord Hervey's[4] eldest son, and a son[5] of——of Mars and Venus, or of Antony and Cleopatra, or, in short, of ————. This is the boy, in the bow of whose hat Mr. Hedges[6] pinned

[2] Francis Greville (1719-1773), eighth Baron Brooke; cr. Earl Brooke, 1746; and Earl of Warwick, 1759.

[3] Thomas Mansell (d. 1744), second Baron Mansell.

[4] John Hervey (1696-1743), eldest surviving son of John Hervey, first Earl of Bristol (n. c.); entered the House of Lords as Baron Hervey of Ickworth, 1733; Vice Chamberlain of the Household, 1730; Lord Privy Seal, 1740-42. He was the author of *Memoirs* of the Reign of George II. His eldest son was the Hon. George William Hervey (1721-1775), who succeeded his father as second Baron Hervey, 1743, and his grandfather as second Earl of Bristol, 1751; Envoy to Turin, 1755-58; Ambassador at Madrid, 1758-61; Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, 1766-67; Lord Privy Seal, 1768-70; Groom of the Stole and First Lord of the Bedchamber, 1770-75.

[5] Probably Charles Churchill junior, natural son of General Charles Churchill by Mrs. Oldfield the actress. The two latter are doubtless referred to here as 'Mars and Venus' and 'Antony and Cleopatra.' Mrs. Oldfield appeared in 1724 in the part of Cleopatra in Cibber's *Caesar in Egypt*.

[6] Charles, youngest son of Sir Charles Hedges, sometime Secretary of State. He was Envoy to Turin, and Secretary to the Prince of Wales. An Epistle addressed to Charles Hedges (by Sir William Yonge) is printed in Nichols' *Select Collection* of poetry (Vol. VI). In a copy, now in the Dyce-Forster Collection in South Kensington Museum, and formerly at Strawberry Hill, Horace Walpole wrote the following notes:—

'Charles Hedges, Secretary to Frederick Prince of Wales, was a man much in fashion, an accomplished scholar, and an elegant writer of Latin verse, in which he had a correspondence with Dr. Bloxholme. He died in the middle age, and left a short will in verse.

Mr. Hedges, who was a very agreeable and galant man, was in love with the celebrated actress Mrs. Oldfield, and appeared to be favoured by her, while kept by General Charles Churchill, a very warm man and a favourite of Sir R. Walpole. Mrs. Oldfield, who was admired in the part of Cleopatra, did not like to have her inclination for Hedges intimated to the General, and was supposed to instigate him to persecute Sir William *. He was afterwards one of the supporters of Mrs. Oldfield's pall.'

* He had mentioned Mrs. Oldfield's performance as Cleopatra in his Epistle to Hedges.

a pretty epigram. I don't know if you ever heard it: I'll suppose you never did, because it will fill up my letter:

> Give but Cupid's dart to me,
> Another Cupid I shall be;
> No more distinguish'd from the other
> Than Venus would be from my mother.

Scandal says, Hedges thought the two last very like; and it says too, that she was not his enemy for thinking so.

Adieu! Gray and I return to Lyons in three days. Harry[7] stays here. Perhaps at our return we may find a letter from you: it ought to be very full of excuses, for you have been a lazy creature; I hope you have, for I would not owe your silence to any other reason.

Yours ever,

Hor. Walpole.

21. To Richard West.

Turin, Nov. 11, 1739. N.S.

So, as the song says, we are in fair Italy! I wonder we are; for on the very highest precipice of Mount Cenis, the devil of discord, in the similitude of sour wine, had got amongst our Alpine savages, and set them a-fighting with Gray and me in the chairs: they rushed him by me on a crag, where there was scarce room for a cloven foot. The least slip had tumbled us into such a fog, and such an eternity, as we should never have found our way out of again. We were eight days in coming hither from Lyons; the four last in crossing the Alps. Such uncouth rocks, and such uncomely inhabitants! My dear West, I hope I shall never see them again! At the foot of Mount Cenis we were obliged to quit our chaise, which was taken all to pieces and loaded on mules; and we were carried in low

[7] Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

arm-chairs on poles, swathed in beaver bonnets, beaver gloves, beaver stockings, muffs, and bear-skins. When we came to the top, behold the snows fallen! and such quantities, and conducted by such heavy clouds that hung glouting, that I thought we could never have waded through them. The descent is two leagues, but steep and rough as O——'s father's face, over which, you know, the devil walked with hobnails in his shoes. But the dexterity and nimbleness of the mountaineers are inconceivable: they run with you down steeps and frozen precipices, where no man, as men are now, could possibly walk. We had twelve men and nine mules to carry us, our servants, and baggage, and were above five hours in this agreeable jaunt! The day before, I had a cruel accident, and so extraordinary an one, that it seems to touch upon the traveller. I had brought with me a little black spaniel of King Charles's breed; but the prettiest, fattest, dearest creature! I had let it out of the chaise for the air, and it was waddling along close to the head of the horses, on the top of the highest Alps, by the side of a wood of firs. There darted out a young wolf, seized poor dear Tory by the throat, and, before we could possibly prevent it, sprung up the side of the rock and carried him off. The postilion jumped off and struck at him with his whip, but in vain. I saw it and screamed, but in vain; for the road was so narrow, that the servants that were behind could not get by the chaise to shoot him. What is the extraordinary part is, that it was but two o'clock, and broad sunshine. It was shocking to see anything one loved run away with to so horrid a death[1].

Just coming out of Chamberri, which is a little nasty old hole, I copied an inscription set up at the end of a great road, which was practised through an immense solid rock

Letter 21.—[1] See Gray's letter to his mother, from Turin, Nov. 7, N. S. 1739.

by bursting it asunder with gunpowder. The Latin is pretty enough, and so I send it you:

Carolus Emanuel II.[2] *Sab. dux, Pedem. princeps, Cypri rex, publicâ felicitate partâ, singulorum commodis intentus, breviorem securioremque viam regiam, naturâ occlusam, Romanis intentatam, cæteris desperatam, dejectis scopulorum repagulis, æquata montium iniquitate, quæ cervicibus imminebant precipitia pedibus substernens, æternis populorum commerciis patefecit.* A.D. 1670.

We passed the Pas de Suze, where is a strong fortress on a rock, between two very neighbouring mountains; and then, through a fine avenue of three leagues, we at last discovered Turin:—

E l'un a l'altro mostra, ed in tanto obblia
La noia, e 'l mal della passata via.

'Tis really by far one of the prettiest cities I have seen; not one of your large straggling ones that can afford to have twenty dirty suburbs, but clean and compact, very new and very regular. The king's[3] palace is not of the proudest without, but of the richest within; painted, gilt, looking-glassed, very costly, but very tawdry; in short, a very popular palace. We were last night at the Italian comedy—the devil of a house and the devil of actors! Besides this, there is a sort of an heroic tragedy, called *La rappresentazione dell' Anima Dannata.* A woman, a sinner, comes in and makes a solemn prayer to the Trinity: enter Jesus Christ and the Virgin: he scolds, and exit: she tells the woman her son is very angry, but she don't know, she will see what she can do. After the play we were introduced to the assembly, which they call the conversazione; there were many people playing at ombre, pharaoh, and a game called

[2] Charles Emmanuel II, Duke of Savoy (1638–1675).

[3] Charles Emmanuel III, King of Sardinia (1730–1773).

taroc[4], with cards so *high*[5], to the number of seventy-eight. There are three or four English here; Lord Lincoln[6], with Spence[7], your Professor of Poetry; a Mr. B——, and a Mr. C——, a man that never utters a syllable. We have tried all stratagems to make him speak. Yesterday he did at last open his mouth, and said *Bec.* We all laughed so at the novelty of the thing that he shut it again, and will never speak more. I think you can't complain now of my not writing to you. What a volume of trifles! I wrote just the fellow to it from Geneva; had it you?

Farewell! Thine,

Hor. Walpole.

22. To Richard West.

From Bologna, 1739.

I don't know why I told Ashton I would send you an account of what I saw: don't believe it, I don't intend it. Only think what a vile employment 'tis, making catalogues! And then one should have that odious Curl[1] get at one's letters, and publish them like Whitfield's *Journal*[2], or for a supplement to the Traveller's Pocket-companion. Dear West, I protest against having seen anything but what all the world has seen; nay, I have not seen half that, not

[4] A contemporary description of the game of taroc or *minchiate* is given by De Brosses (*Lettres Familières*, XLIV).

[5] Miss Berry remarks in a note that in the MS. this word is written in a larger hand than the rest of the letter.

[6] Henry Fiennes Pelham-Clinton (1720–1794), ninth Earl of Lincoln; succeeded his uncle as second Duke of Newcastle, 1768. Lord of the Bedchamber, 1743–62; Cofferer of the Household, 1746–54; Joint Comptroller of the Customs of London, 1749–94; K.G. 1752.

[7] Rev. Joseph Spence (d. 1768), at this time travelling with Lord Lincoln. He was Professor of Poetry at Oxford, 1728–38; Professor of Modern History at Oxford, 1742. In 1758 his *Parallel of Magliabecchi and Mr. Hill* was published at Strawberry Hill. He is best known by his *Anecdotes*, published after his death.

Letter 22. — [1] Edmund Curll (1675–1747).

[2] Portions of the *Journal* of George Whitefield, the celebrated preacher, were published in 1739.

some of the most common things; not so much as a miracle. Well, but you don't expect it, do you? Except pictures and statues, we are not very fond of sights; don't go a staring after crooked towers and conundrum staircases. Don't you hate, too, a jingling epitaph of one Procul and one Proculus that is here[3]? Now and then we drop in at a procession, or a high-mass, hear the music, enjoy a strange attire, and hate the foul monkhood. Last week was the feast of the Immaculate Conception. On the eve we went to the Franciscans' church to hear the academical exercises. There were *moult* and *moult* clergy, about two dozen dames, that treated one another with *illustrissima* and brown kisses, the vice-legate, the gonfalonier, and some senate. The vice-legate, whose conception was not quite so immaculate, is a young personable person, of about twenty, and had on a mighty pretty cardinal-kind of habit; 'twould make a delightful masquerade dress. We asked his name: Spinola. What, a nephew of the cardinal-legate[4]? *Signor, no: ma credo che gli sia qualche cosa.* He sat on the right hand with the gonfalonier in two purple fauteuils. Opposite was a throne of crimson damask, with the device of the Academy, the Gelati; and trimmings of gold. Here sat at a table, in black, the head of the academy, between the orator and the first poet. At two semicircular tables on either hand sat three poets and three; silent among many candles. The chief made a little introduction, the orator a long Italian vile harangue. Then the chief, the poet, the poets,—who were a Franciscan, an Olivetan, an old abbé, and three lay,—read their compositions; and to-day they are pasted up in

[3] Miss Berry gives the following epitaph (from the outside of the wall of the church of San Procolo):—

Si procul à Proculo Proculi campana fuisset,
Jam procul à Proculo Proculus ipse foret.
A. D. 1392.

[4] Cardinal Giorgio Spinola, Nuncio at Vienna; d. 1739.

all parts of the town. As we came out of the church, we found all the convent and neighbouring houses lighted all over with lanthorns of red and yellow paper, and two bonfires. But you are sick of this foolish ceremony; I'll carry you to no more: I will only mention, that we found the Dominicans' church here in mourning for the inquisitor; 'twas all hung with black cloth, furbelowed and festooned with yellow gauze. We have seen a furniture here in a much prettier taste; a gallery of Count Caprara's: in the panels between the windows are pendent trophies of various arms taken by one of his ancestors [5] from the Turks. They are whimsical, romantic, and have a pretty effect. I looked about, but could not perceive the portrait of the lady at whose feet they were indisputably offered. In coming out of Genoa we were more lucky; found the very spot where Horatio and Lothario [6] were to have fought, '*west of the town, a mile among the rocks.*'

My dear West, in return for your epigrams of Prior, I will transcribe some old verses too, but which I fancy I can show you in a sort of a new light. They are no newer than Virgil, and, what is more odd, are in the second Georgic. 'Tis, that I have observed that he not only excels when he is like himself, but even when he is very like inferior poets: you will say that they rather excel by being like him: but mind, they are all near one another.

Si non ingentem foribus domus alta superbis
Mane salutantum totis vomit aedibus undam:

And the four next lines; are they not just like Martial? In the following he is as much Claudian;

Illum non populi fasces, non purpura regum
Flexit, et infidos agitans discordia fratres;
Aut conjurato descendens Dacus ab Istro.

[5] Albert, Count Caprara (d. 1701), who in 1685 took Neuhausel from the Turks.

[6] Characters in Rowe's *Fair Penitent.*

Then who are these like?

Nec ferrea jura,
Insanumque forum, aut populi tabularia vidit.
Sollicitant alii remis freta caeca, ruuntque
In ferrum, penetrant aulas et limina regum.
Hic petit excidiis urbem miserosque Penates,
Ut gemmâ bibat, et Sarrano indormiat ostro.

Don't they seem to be Juvenal's?—There are some more, which to me resemble Horace; but perhaps I think so from his having some on a parallel subject. Tell me if I am mistaken; these are they:

Interea dulces pendent circum oscula nati:
Casta pudicitiam servat domus——

inclusively to the end of these:

Hanc olim veteres vitam coluêre Sabini;
Hanc Remus et frater: sic fortis Etruria crevit,
Scilicet et rerum facta est pulcherrima Roma.

If the imagination is whimsical, why, at least 'tis like me to have imagined it. Adieu, child! We leave Bologna to-morrow. You know 'tis the third city in Italy for pictures: knowing that, you know all. We shall be three days crossing the Apennine to Florence: would it were over!

My dear West, I am yours from St. Peter's to St. Paul's!

Hor. Walpole.

23. To Richard West.

Dear West, Florence, Jan. 24, 1740. N.S.

I don't know what volumes I may send you from Rome; from Florence I have little inclination to send you any. I see several things that please me calmly, but *à force d'en avoir vu* I have left off screaming Lord! this, and Lord! that. To speak sincerely, Calais surprised me more than anything I have seen since. I recollect the joy I used to

propose if I could but once see the Great Duke's[1] gallery; I walk into it now with as little emotion as I should into St. Paul's. The statues are a congregation of good sort of people, that I have a great deal of unruffled regard for. The farther I travel the less I wonder at anything: a few days reconcile one to a new spot, or an unseen custom; and men are so much the same everywhere, that one scarce perceives any change of situation. The same weaknesses, the same passions, that in England plunge men into elections, drinking, whoring, exist here, and show themselves in the shapes of Jesuits, cicisbeos, and Corydon ardebat Alexins. The most remarkable thing I have observed since I came abroad, is, that there are no people so obviously mad as the English. The French, the Italians, have great follies, great faults; but then they are so national, that they cease to be striking. In England, tempers vary so excessively, that almost every one's faults are peculiar to himself. I take this diversity to proceed partly from our climate, partly from our government: the first is changeable, and makes us queer; the latter permits our queernesses to operate as they please. If one could avoid contracting this queerness, it must certainly be the most entertaining to live in England, where such a variety of incidents continually amuse. The incidents of a week in London would furnish all Italy with news for a twelvemonth. The only two circumstances of moment in the life of an Italian, that ever give occasion to their being mentioned, are, being married, and, in a year after, taking a cicisbeo. Ask the name, the husband, the wife, or the cicisbeo of any person, *et voilà qui est fini.* Thus, child, 'tis dull dealing here! Methinks your Spanish war is little more lively. By the gravity of the proceedings, one would think both nations were Spaniard. Adieu! Do you re-

Letter 23.—[1] Francis of Lorraine, Grand Duke of Tuscany, husband of Maria Theresa, Queen of Hungary, elected Emperor, 1745; d. 1765.

member my maxim, that you used to laugh at? *Everybody does everything, and nothing comes on't.* I am more convinced of it now than ever. I don't know whether S——'s was not still better, *Well, 'gad, there is nothing in nothing.* You see how I distil all my speculations and improvements, that they may lie in a small compass. Do you remember the story of the prince, that, after travelling three years, brought home nothing but a nut? They cracked it: in it was wrapped up a piece of silk, painted with all the kings, queens, kingdoms, and everything in the world: after many unfoldings, out stepped a little dog, shook his ears, and fell to dancing a saraband[2]. There is a fairy tale for you. If I had anything as good as your old song, I would send it too; but I can only thank you for it, and bid you good night.

Yours ever,

Hor. Walpole.

P.S. Upon reading my letter, I perceive still plainer the sameness that reigns here; for I find I have said the same things ten times over. I don't care; I have made out a letter, and that was all my affair.

24. To Richard West.

Florence, February 27, 1740. N.S.

Well, West, I have found a little unmasqued moment to write to you; but for this week past I have been so muffled up in my domino, that I have not had the command of my elbows. But what have you been doing all the mornings? Could you not write then?—No, then I was masqued too; I have done nothing but slip out of my domino into bed, and out of bed into my domino. The end of the Carnival is frantic, bacchanalian; all the morn one makes parties in

[2] See the Comtesse d'Aulnoy's fairy-tale, *The White Cat.*

masque to the shops and coffee-houses, and all the evening to the operas and balls. *Then I have danced, good gods! how have I danced!*[1] The Italians are fond to a degree of our country dances: *Cold and raw* they only know by the tune; *Blowzybella* is almost Italian, and *Buttered peas* is *Pizelli al buro.* There are but three days more; but the two last are to have balls all the morning at the fine unfinished palace of the Strozzi; and the Tuesday night a masquerade after supper: they sup first, to eat *gras*, and not encroach upon Ash-Wednesday. What makes masquerading more agreeable here than in England, is the great deference that is showed to the disguised. Here they do not catch at those little dirty opportunities of saying any ill-natured thing they know of you, do not abuse you because they may, or talk gross bawdy to a woman of quality. I found the other day, by a play of Etheridge's, that we have had a sort of Carnival even since the Reformation; 'tis in *She would if She could*, they talk of going a-mumming in Shrove-tide.

After talking so much of diversions, I fear you will attribute to them the fondness I own I contract for Florence; but it has so many other charms, that I shall not want excuses for my taste. The freedom of the Carnival has given me opportunities to make several acquaintances; and if I have not found them refined, learned, polished, like some other cities, yet they are civil, good-natured, and fond of the English. Their little partiality for themselves, opposed to the violent vanity of the French, makes them very amiable in my eyes. I can give you a comical instance of their great prejudice about nobility; it happened yesterday. While we were at dinner at Mr. Mann's[2], word was brought

LETTER 24.—[1] Cunningham notes that this is a parody of a line in Nathaniel Lee's *Alexander the Great.*

[2] Horace (1701–1786), second son of Robert Mann, Deputy-Treasurer of Chelsea Hospital. He was Minister at the Court of Tuscany, 1740–86; cr. a Baronet, 1755; K.B., 1768; d. unmarried at Florence, aged eighty-five, Nov. 1786, having never

by his secretary, that a cavalier demanded audience of him upon an affair of honour. Gray and I flew behind the curtain of the door. An elderly gentleman, whose attire was not certainly correspondent to the greatness of his birth, entered, and informed the British minister, that one Martin, an English painter, had left a challenge for him at his house, for having said Martin was no gentleman. He would by no means have spoke of the duel before the transaction of it, but that his honour, his blood, his &c. would never permit him to fight with one who was no cavalier; which was what he came to inquire of his excellency. We laughed loud laughs, but unheard: his fright or his nobility had closed his ears. But mark the sequel: the instant he was gone, my very English curiosity hurried me out of the gate St. Gallo: 'twas the place and hour appointed. We had not been driving about above ten minutes, but out popped a little figure, pale but cross, with beard unshaved and hair uncombed, a slouched hat, and a considerable red cloak, in which was wrapped, under his arm, the fatal sword that was to revenge the highly injured Mr. Martin, painter and defendant. I darted my head out of the coach, just ready to say, 'Your servant, Mr. Martin,' and talk about the architecture of the triumphal arch that was building there; but he would not know me, and walked off. We left him to wait for an hour, to grow very cold and very valiant the more it grew past the hour of appointment. We were figuring all the poor creature's huddle of thoughts, and confused hopes of victory or fame, of his unfinished pictures, or

revisited England since taking up his appointment, although in 1775, on the death of his brother Edward Louisa Mann, he succeeded to the estate of Linton, in Kent. The Walpole and Mann families were connected, and this probably accounts, in the first instance, for Horace Walpole's residence in Florence with Mann, whose inmate he was at different times during his stay in Italy in 1739 and 1741. Walpole and Mann became intimate friends, and when the former returned to England they began a correspondence which continued uninterruptedly for forty-five years (during which period they never met), until Mann's death.

his situation upon bouncing into the next world. You will think us strange creatures; but 'twas a pleasant sight, as we knew the poor painter was safe. I have thought of it since, and am inclined to believe that nothing but two English could have been capable of such a jaunt. I remember, 'twas reported in London, that the plague was at a house in the city, and all the town went to see it.

I have this instant received your letter. Lord! I am glad I thought of those parallel passages, since it made you translate them. 'Tis excessively near the original; and yet, I don't know, 'tis very easy too.—It snows here a little to-night, but it never lies but on the mountains. Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P.S. What is the history of the theatres this winter?

25. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Florence, March 6, 1740. N.S.

HARRY, my dear, one would tell you what a monster you are, if one were not sure your conscience tells you so every time you think of me. At Genoa, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and thirty-nine, I received the last letter from you; by your not writing to me since, I imagine you propose to make this leap year. I should have sent many a scold after you in this long interval, had I known where to have scolded; but you told me you should leave Geneva immediately. I have dispatched sundry inquiries into England after you, all fruitless. At last drops in a chance letter to Lady Sophy Farmor[1], from a girl at

LETTER 25.—[1] Lady Sophia Fermor, eldest daughter of first Earl of Pomfret; m. (1744), as his second wife, the well-known minister, Lord Carteret (afterwards Earl Granville); d. 1745, after giving birth to a daughter (subsequently Countess of Shelburne).

Paris, that tells her for news, Mr. Henry Conway is here. Is he, indeed? and why was I to know it only by this scrambling way? Well, I hate you for this neglect, but I find I love you well enough to tell you so. But, dear now, don't let one fall into a train of excuses and reproaches; if the god of indolence is a mightier deity with you than the god of caring for one, tell me, and I won't dun you; but will drop your correspondence as silently as if I owed you money.

If my private consistency was of no weight with you, yet, is a man nothing who is within three days' journey of a Conclave[2]? Nay, for what you knew, I might have been in Rome. Harry, art thou so indifferent, as to have a cousin at the election of a Pope without courting him for news? I'll tell you, were I anywhere else, and even Dick Hammond[3] were at Rome, I think verily I should have wrote to him. Popes, cardinals, adorations, coronations, St. Peter's! oh, what costly sounds! and don't you write to one yet? I shall set out in about a fortnight, and pray then think me of consequence.

I have crept on upon time from day to day here; fond of Florence to a degree: 'tis infinitely the most agreeable of all the places I have seen since London: that you know one loves, right or wrong, as one does one's nurse. Our little Arno is not boated and swelling like the Thames, but 'tis vastly pretty, and, I don't know how, being Italian, has something visionary and poetical in its stream. Then one's unwilling to leave the gallery, and—but—in short, one's unwilling to get into a post-chaise. I am as surfeited with mountains and inns, as if I had eat them. I have many to pass before I see England again, and no Tory to

[2] Pope Clement XII d. Feb. 6, 1740.

[3] The Hammonds were a Norfolk family, closely connected with the Walpoles.

entertain me on the road! Well, this thought makes me dull, and that makes me finish. Adieu!

Yours ever,

Hor. Walpole.

P.S. Direct to me, (for to be sure you will not be so outrageous as to leave me quite off,) *recommandé à Mons. Mann, Ministre de sa Majesté Britannique à Florence.*

26. To Richard West.

Dear West, Siena, March 22, 1740. N.S.

Probably now you will hear something of the Conclave: we have left Florence, and are got hither on the way to a Pope. In three hours' time we have seen all the good contents of this city: 'tis old, and very snug, with very few inhabitants. You must not believe Mr. Addison about the wonderful Gothic nicety of the dome: the materials are richer, but the workmanship and taste not near so good as in several I have seen. We saw a college of the Jesuits, where there are taught to draw above fifty boys: they are disposed in long chambers in the manner of Eton, but cleaner. N.B. We were not *bolstered*; so we wished you with us. Our cicerone, who has less classic knowledge, and more superstition than a colleger, upon showing us the she-wolf, the arms of Siena, told us that Romulus and Remus were nursed by a wolf, *per la volontà di Dio, si può dire*; and that one might see by the arms, that the same founders built Rome and Siena. Another dab of Romish superstition, not unworthy of presbyterian divinity, we met with in a book of drawings: 'twas the Virgin standing on a tripod composed of Adam, Eve, and the Devil, to express her immaculate conception.

You can't imagine how pretty the country is between this and Florence; millions of little hills planted with trees, and

tipped with villas or convents. We left unseen the Great Duke's villas and several palaces in Florence, till our return from Rome: the weather has been so cold, how could one go to them? In Italy they seem to have found out how hot their climate is, but not how cold; for there are scarce any chimneys, and most of the apartments painted in fresco; so that one has the additional horror of freezing with imaginary marble. The men hang little earthen pans of coals upon their wrists, and the women have portable stoves under their petticoats to warm their nakedness, and carry silver shovels in their pockets, with which their cicisbeos stir them—Hush! by them, I mean their stoves. I have nothing more to tell you; I'll carry my letter to Rome and finish it there.

Rè di Coffano, March 23,
where lived one of the three kings.

The King of Coffano carried presents of myrrh, gold, and frankincense: I don't know where the devil he found them; for in all his dominions we have not seen the value of a shrub. We have the honour of lodging under his roof to-night. Lord! such a place, such an extent of ugliness! A lone inn upon a black mountain, by the side of an old fortress! no curtains or windows, only shutters! no testers to the beds! no earthly thing to eat but some eggs and a few little fishes! This lovely spot is now known by the name of Radicofani. Coming down a steep hill with two miserable hackneys, one fell under the chaise; and while we were disengaging him, a chaise came by with a person in a red cloak, a white handkerchief on its head, and a black hat: we thought it a fat old woman; but it spoke in a shrill little pipe, and proved itself to be Senesino[1].

I forgot to tell you an inscription I copied from the portal of the dome of Siena:

Letter 26.—[1] Francesco Bernardi, known as Senesino, a celebrated singer.

Annus centenus Romae semper est jubilenus;
Crimina laxantur si poenitet ista donantur;
Sic ordinavit Bonifacius et roboravit.

Rome, March 26.

We are this instant arrived, tired and hungry! O! the charming city—I believe it is—for I have not seen a syllable yet, only the Pons Milvius and an obelisk. The Cassian and Flaminian ways were terrible disappointments; not one Rome tomb left; their very ruins ruined. The English are numberless. My dear West, I know at Rome you will not have a grain of pity for one; but indeed 'tis dreadful, dealing with school-boys just broke loose, or old fools that are come abroad at forty to see the world, like Sir Wilful Witwou'd [2]. I don't know whether you will receive this, or any other I write: but though I shall write often, you and Ashton must not wonder if none come to you; for, though I am harmless in my nature, my name has some mystery in it [3]. Good night! I have no more time or paper. Ashton, child, I'll write to you next post. Write us no treasons, be sure!

27. To Richard West.

Rome, April 16, 1740. N.S.

I'll tell you, West, because one is amongst new things, you think one can always write new things. When I first came abroad, everything struck me, and I wrote its history; but now I am grown so used to be surprised, that I don't perceive any flutter in myself when I meet with any novelties; curiosity and astonishment wear off, and the next thing is, to fancy that other people know as much of places as one's self; or, at least, one does not remember that they

[2] In Congreve's *Way of the World.*
[3] The name of Walpole might be supposed to excite curiosity among the Jacobites in Rome, where the Pretender was living.

do not. It appears to me as odd to write to you of St. Peter's, as it would do to you to write of Westminster Abbey. Besides, as one looks at churches, &c., with a book of travels in one's hand, and sees everything particularised there, it would appear transcribing, to write upon the same subjects. I know you will hate me for this declaration; I remember how ill I used to take it when anybody served me so that was travelling.—Well, I will tell you something, if you will love me: You have seen prints of the ruins of the temple of Minerva Medica; you shall only hear its situation, and then figure what a villa might be laid out there. 'Tis in the middle of a garden: at a little distance are two subterraneous grottos, which were the burial-places of the liberti of Augustus. There are all the niches and covers of the urns with the inscriptions remaining; and in one, very considerable remains of an ancient stucco ceiling with paintings in grotesque. Some of the walks would terminate upon the Castellum Aquae Martiae, St. John Lateran, and St. Maria Maggiore, besides other churches; the walls of the garden would be two aqueducts, and the entrance through one of the old gates of Rome. This glorious spot is neglected, and only serves for a small vineyard and kitchen-garden.

I am very glad that I see Rome while it yet exists; before a great number of years are elapsed, I question whether it will be worth seeing. Between the ignorance and poverty of the present Romans, everything is neglected and falling to decay; the villas are entirely out of repair, and the palaces so ill kept, that half the pictures are spoiled by damp. At the villa Ludovisi is a large oracular head of red marble, colossal, and with vast foramina for the eyes and mouth:—the man that showed the palace said it was *un ritratto della famiglia!* The Cardinal Corsini[1] has so thoroughly pushed

Letter 27.—[1] Thus described by De Brosses (*Lettres Familières*, LI): 'Clerc tonsuré, Florentin, neveu du pape actuel, peu d'esprit, moins de

on the misery of Rome by impoverishing it, that there is no money but paper to be seen. He is reckoned to have amassed three millions of crowns. You may judge of the affluence the nobility live in, when I assure you, that what the chief princes allow for their own eating is a testoon a day, eighteenpence: there are some extend their expense to five pauls, or half a crown: Cardinal Albani[2] is called extravagant for laying out ten pauls for his dinner and supper. You may imagine they never have any entertainments: so far from it, they never have any company. The princesses and duchesses particularly lead the dismallest of lives. Being the posterity of Popes, though of worse families than the ancient nobility, they expect greater respect than my ladies the countesses and marquises will pay them; consequently they consort not, but mope in a vast palace with two miserable tapers, and two or three monsignori, whom they are forced to court and humour, that they may not be entirely deserted. Sundays they do issue forth in a vast unwieldy coach to the Corso.

In short, child, after sunset one passes one's time here very ill; and if I did not wish for you in the mornings, it would be no compliment to tell you that I do in the evening. Lord! how many English I could change for you, and yet buy you wondrous cheap! And then French and Germans I could fling into the bargain by dozens. Nations swarm here. You will have a great fat French cardinal garnished

tête, nulle capacité, courtisé pour sa place et par le grand nombre de créatures qu'a son oncle dans le collége. On verra au conclave ce qu'il sait faire. Le gouvernement est entre ses foibles mains: il a mis les finances surtout en pitoyable état. Le peuple crie hautement de la rareté et du mauvais titre de l'argent, se plaint du transport de l'espèce à Florence, ne veut plus de pape qui ne soit Romain ou de l'état ecclésiastique.'

[2] 'Neveu de Clément XI, camerlingue, extrêmement considéré par sa capacité, haï et redouté à l'excès; sans foi, sans principes, ennemi implacable, même quand il paroît s'être réconcilié; grand génie dans les affaires, inépuisable en ressources dans les intrigues, la première tête du collége et le plus méchant homme de Rome.' (De Brosses.)

with thirty abbés roll into the area of St. Peter's, gape, turn short, and talk of the chapel of Versailles. I heard one of them say t'other day, he had been at the *Capitale*. One asked of course how he liked it—*Ah! il y a assez de belles choses.*

Tell Ashton I have received his letter, and will write next post; but I am in a violent hurry and have no more time; so Gray finishes this delicately——

Not so delicate; nor indeed would his conscience suffer him to write to you, till he received *de vos nouvelles*, if he had not the tail of another person's letter to use by way of evasion. I sha'n't describe, as being in the only place in the world that deserves it; which may seem an odd reason—but they say as how it's fulsome, and everybody does it (and I suppose everybody says the same thing); else I should tell you a vast deal about the Coliseum, and the Conclave, and the Capitol, and these matters. *A-propos du Colisée*, if you don't know what it is, the Prince Borghese will be very capable of giving you some account of it, who told an Englishman that asked what it was built for: 'They say 'twas for Christians to fight with tigers in.' We are just come from adoring a great piece of the true cross, St. Longinus's spear, and St. Veronica's handkerchief; all which have been this evening exposed to view in St. Peter's. In the same place, and on the same occasion last night, Walpole saw a poor creature naked to the waist discipline himself with a scourge filled with iron prickles, till he had made himself a raw doublet, that he took for red satin torn, and showing the skin through. I should tell you, that he fainted away three times at the sight, and I twice and a half at the repetition of it. All this is performed by the light of a vast fiery cross, composed of hundreds of little crystal lamps, which appears through the great altar under the

grand tribuna, as if hanging by itself in the air. All the confraternities of the city resort thither in solemn procession, habited in linen frocks, girt with a cord, and their heads covered with a cowl all over, that has only two holes before to see through. Some of these are all black, others parti-coloured and white: and with these masqueraders that vast church is filled, who are seen thumping their breasts, and kissing the pavement with extreme devotion. But methinks I am describing:—'tis an ill habit; but this, like everything else, will wear off. We have sent you our compliments by a friend of yours, and correspondent in a corner, who seems a very agreeable man; one Mr. Williams: I am sorry he staid so little a while in Rome. I forget Porto Bello[3] all this while; pray let us know where it is, and whether you or Ashton had any hand in the taking of it. Duty to the Admiral. Adieu!

Ever yours,
T. Gray.

28. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Rome, April 23, 1740. N.S.

As I have wrote you two such long letters lately, my dear Hal, I did not hurry myself to answer your last; but chose to write to poor Selwyn[1] upon his illness. I pity you excessively upon finding him in such a situation: what a shock it must have been to you! He deserves so much love from all that know him, and you owe him so much friendship, that I can scarce conceive a greater shock. I am very glad you did not write to me till he was out of danger; for this great distance would have added to my pain, as I must have waited so long for another letter. I charge

[3] On the Isthmus of Panama; taken from the Spaniards by Admiral Vernon, Nov. 20, 1739.

Letter 28.—[1] According to Cunningham, John, elder brother (d. 1751) of George Selwyn.

you, don't let him relapse into balls: he does not love them, and, if you please, your example may keep him out of them. You are extremely pretty people to be dancing and trading with French poulterers and pastry-cooks, when a hard frost is starving half the nation, and the Spanish war ought to be employing the other half. We are much more public-spirited here; we live upon the public news, and triumph abundantly upon the taking Porto Bello. If you are not entirely debauched with your balls, you must be pleased with an answer of Lord Hartington's[2] to the governor of Rome. He asked him what they had determined about the vessel that the Spaniards took under the cannon of Civita Vecchia, whether they had restored it to the English? The governor said, they had done justice. My lord replied, 'If you had not, we should have done it ourselves.' Pray reverence our spirit, Lieutenant Hal.

Sir, Moscovita is not a pretty woman, and she does sing ill; that's all.

My dear Harry, I must now tell you a little about myself, and answer your questions. How I like the inanimate part of Rome you will soon perceive at my arrival in England; I am far gone in medals, lamps, idols, prints, &c., and all the small commodities to the purchase of which I can attain; I would buy the Coliseum if I could: judge. My mornings are spent in the most agreeable manner; my evenings ill enough. Roman conversations are dreadful things! such untoward mawkins as the princesses! and the princes are worse. Then the whole city is littered with French and German abbés, who make up a dismal contrast with the inhabitants. The Conclave is far from enlivening us; its

[2] William Cavendish (1720–1764), Marquis of Hartington; succeeded his father as fourth Duke of Devonshire, 1755; entered the House of Lords as Lord Cavendish of Hardwicke, 1751; Master of the Horse, 1751–55; Viceroy of Ireland, 1755–56; Prime Minister and First Lord of the Treasury, 1756–57; K.G., 1756; Lord Chamberlain, 1757–62.

secrets don't transpire. I could give you names of this cardinal and that, that are talked of, but each is contradicted the next hour. I was there t'other day to visit one of them, and one of the most agreeable, Alexander Albani[3]. I had the opportunity of two cardinals making their entry: upon that occasion the gate is unlocked, and their eminences come to talk to their acquaintance over the threshold. I have received great civilities from him I named to you, and I wish he were out, that I might receive greater: a friend of his does the honours of Rome for him; but you know that it is unpleasant to visit by proxy. Cardinal Delci, the object of the Corsini faction, is dying; the hot weather will probably dispatch half a dozen more. Not that it is hot yet; I am now writing to you by my fireside.

Harry, you saw Lord Deskfoord[4] at Geneva; don't you like him? He is a mighty sensible man. There are few young people have so good understandings. He is mighty grave, and so are you; but you can both be pleasant when you have a mind. Indeed, one can make you pleasant, but his solemn *Scotchery* is a little formidable: before you I can play the fool from morning to night, courageously. Good night. I have other letters to write, and must finish this.

Yours ever,

Hor. Walpole.

29. To Richard West.

Dear West, Rome, May 7, 1740. N.S.

'Twould be quite rude and unpardonable in one not to wish you joy upon the great conquests that you are all com-

[3] 'Celui-ci est chef des Piémontois, homme d'esprit, galant et le plus répandu de tous dans les sociétés de la ville. Il aime le jeu, les femmes, les spectacles, la littérature et les beaux-arts, dans lesquels il est grand connoisseur.' (De Brosses.)

[4] James Ogilvy (circ. 1714–1770), Lord Deskfoord, only son of fifth Earl of Findlater and Seafield, whom he succeeded in 1764.

mitting all over the world. We heard the news last night from Naples, that Admiral Haddock[1] had met the Spanish convoy going to Majorca, and taken it all, all; three thousand men, three colonels, and a Spanish grandee[2]. We conclude it is true, for the Neapolitan Majesty[3] mentioned it at dinner. We are going thither in about a week, to wish him joy of it too. 'Tis with some apprehensions we go too, of having a Pope chosen in the interim: that would be cruel, you know. But, thank our stars, there is no great probability of it. Feuds and contentions run high among the eminences. A notable one happened this week. Cardinal Zinzendorff[4] and two more had given their votes for the general of the Capucins: he is of the Barberini family, not a cardinal, but a worthy man. Not effecting anything, Zinzendorff voted for Coscia[5], and declared it publicly. Cardinal Petra[6] reproved him; but the German replied, he thought Coscia as fit to be Pope as any of them. It seems, his pique to the whole body is, their having denied a daily admission of a pig into the Conclave for his Eminence's use; who, being much troubled with the gout, was ordered by his mother to bathe his leg in pig's blood every morning.

Who should have a vote t'other day but the *Cardinalino* of Toledo[7]? Were he older, the Queen of Spain might possibly procure more than one for him, though scarcely enough.

Letter 29.—[1] Admiral Nicholas Haddock (1686-1746).

[2] An exaggerated report—Admiral Haddock had merely captured two Spanish transports with soldiers from Majorca. (*Gent. Mag.*, 1740, p. 199.)

[3] Charles, King of Naples, succeeded his brother as King of Spain in 1759.

[4] Bishop of Breslau.

[5] 'Ministre sous Benoît XIII, digne de la potence; condamné à une prison perpétuelle au château St. Ange, où il se trouve à merveille, dit-on, parce qu'il ne lui en coûte rien et qu'il amasse de l'argent.' (De Brosses.)

[6] 'Grand pénitencier, vieux radoteur. Il croit qu'il sera pape, et le croit tout seul.' (De Brosses.)

[7] Louis, son of Philip V of Spain by his second wife, Elizabeth Farnese. He was Archbishop of Toledo, and was made a Cardinal (1735) at the age of eight.

Well, but we won't talk politics: shall we talk antiquities? Gray and I discovered a considerable curiosity lately. In an unfrequented quarter of the Colonna garden lie two immense fragments of marble, formerly part of a frieze to some building; 'tis not known of what. They are of Parian marble: which may give one some idea of the magnificence of the rest of the building; for these pieces were at the very top. Upon inquiry, we were told they had been measured by an architect, who declared they were larger than any member of St. Peter's. The length of one of the pieces is above sixteen feet. They were formerly sold to a stone-cutter for five thousand crowns, but Clement XI would not permit them to be sawed, annulled the bargain, and laid a penalty of twelve thousand crowns upon the family if they parted with them. I think it was a right judged thing. Is it not amazing that so vast a structure should not be known of, or that it should be so entirely destroyed? But indeed at Rome this is a common surprise; for, by the remains one sees of the Roman grandeur in their structures, 'tis evident that there must have been more pains taken to destroy those piles than to raise them. They are more demolished than any time or chance could have effected. I am persuaded that in an hundred years Rome will not be worth seeing; 'tis less so now than one would believe. All the public pictures are decayed or decaying; the few ruins cannot last long; and the statues and private collections must be sold, from the great poverty of the families. There are now selling no less than three of the principal collections, the Barberini, the Sacchetti, and Ottoboni: the latter belonged to the cardinal who died in the Conclave [8]. I must give you an instance of his generosity, or rather ostentation.

[8] 'Doyen, neveu d'Alexandre VIII, Vénitien, protecteur de France, fait cardinal à dix-sept ou dix-huit ans; sans mœurs, sans crédit, débauché, ruiné, amateur des arts, grand musicien.' (De Brosses.)

When Lord Carlisle[9] was here last year, who is a great virtuoso, he asked leave to see the cardinal's collection of cameos and intaglios. Ottoboni gave leave, and ordered the person who showed them to observe which my Lord admired most. My Lord admired many: they were all sent him the next morning. He sent the cardinal back a fine gold repeater; who returned him an agate snuff-box, and more cameos of ten times the value. *Voilà qui est fini!* Had my Lord produced more gold repeaters, it would have been begging more cameos.

Adieu, my dear West! You see I write often and much, as you desired it. Do answer one now and then, with any little job that is done in England. Good night.

Yours ever,

Hor. Walpole.

30. To Thomas Ashton.

Rome, May 14, 1740. N.E.

Boileau's Discord dwelt in a College of Monks[1]. At present the lady is in the Conclave. Corsini has been interrogated about certain millions of crowns that are absent from the Apostolic Chamber; he refuses giving an account, but to a Pope. However, he has set several arithmeticians to work, to compose sums, and flourish out expenses, which probably never existed. Cardinal Cibo[2] pretends to have a banker at Genoa, who will prove that he has received three millions on the part of the Eminent Corsini. This Cibo is a madman, but set on by others. He had formerly some great office in the government,

[9] Henry Howard (1684–1758), fourth Earl of Carlisle.

Letter 30.—Not in C.; reprinted from Tovey's *Gray and his Friends*, pp. 49–54.

[1] Cf. *Le Lutrin*, Chant 1:

'Quand la Discorde encor toute noire de crimes,
Sortant des Cordeliers pour aller aux Minimes,' &c.

[2] Camillo Cibo, of the princely house of Massa-Carrara.

from whence they are generally raised to the Cardinalate. After a time, not being promoted as he expected, he resigned his post, and retired to a mountain where he built a most magnificent hermitage. There he inhabited for two years, grew tired, came back and received the hat.

Other feuds have been between Cardinal Portia[3] and the father of Benedict the Thirteenth[4], by whom he was made Cardinal. About a month ago, he was within three votes of being Pope; he did not apply to any party, but went gleaning privately from all, and of a sudden burst out with a number, but too soon, and that threw him quite out. Having been since left out of their meetings, he asked one of the Benedictine Cardinals the reason, who replied that he never had been their friend and never should be of their assemblies, and did not even hesitate to call him apostate. This flung Portia into such a rage that he spit blood, and instantly left the Conclave with all his baggage. But the great cause of their antipathy to him was, his having been one of the four that voted for putting Coscia to death, who now regains his interest, and may prove somewhat disagreeable to his enemies: whose honesty is not abundantly heavier than his own. He met Corsini t'other day, and told him, he heard his Eminence had a mind to his cell: Corsini answered he was very well contented with that he had. Oh! says Coscia, I don't mean here in the Conclave, but in the Castle St. Angelo.

With all these animosities, one is near having a Pope. Cardinal Gotto[5], an old inoffensive Dominican, without any

[3] Leandro, of the family of the Counts Porzia; 'Bénédictin, Vénitien de Frioul, de haute naissance, d'un très grand mérite, et d'une égale considération; l'esprit noble et élevé, ferme, sévère, grand justicier, impitoyable pour la canaille, sujet très-papable et capable de rétablir le bon ordre dans Rome. Il seroit naturel qu'on jetât les yeux sur lui; probablement le fera-t-on; mais il est fort haï du menu peuple, qui l'appelle: *Il nemico del povero.*' (De Brosses.)

[4] Of the Orsini family; d. 1725.

[5] 'Jacobin; il a quelque science monacale, assez de piété et peu de crédit. Cependant on en parle pour le conclave; mais cela ne peut être

relations, wanted yesterday but two voices, and is still most likely to succeed. Cardinal Altieri has been sent for from Albano, whither he was retired on account of his brother's death [6], and his own illness, and where he was to stay till the Election drew nigh. There! there is a sufficient quantity of Conclave news I think.

We have miserable weather for the season. Could you think I was writing to you by my fireside at Rome in the middle of May? the common people say 'tis occasioned by the Pope's soul, which cannot find rest.

How goes your war? We are persuaded here of an additional one with France; Lord! it will be dreadful to return thro' Germany. I don't know who cooks up the news here, but we have some strange piece every day. One that is much in vogue, and would not be disagreeable for us, is, that the Czarine [7] has clapt the Marquis de la Chétardie [8] in prison; one must hope till some months hence, 'tis all contradicted.

I am balancing in great uncertainty, whether to go to Naples, or to stay here. You know 'twould be provoking to have a Pope chosen just as one's back is turned: and if I wait, I fear the heats may arrive. I don't know what to do. We are going to-night to a great *assemblée* at one of the villas just out of the city, whither all the English are invited [9]; amongst the rest Mr. Stuard and his two sons [10].

sérieux, si ce n'est que parce que c'est un sujet médiocre.' (De Brosses.)

[6] 'Les deux Altieri, de haute naissance, neveux de Clément X. Le premier est attentif, exact; le second tout uni: tous deux bonnes gens. Le premier est estimé, l'autre jouit de peu de considération.' (De Brosses.) Giovanni Battista Altieri d. 1740; Lorenzo Altieri d. 1741.

[7] Anne, Empress of Russia (1730–1740).

[8] Joachim Jacques Trotti (1705–1759), Marquis de la Chétardie; Ambassador to Russia, 1739–42. He was the lover of Elizabeth, daughter of Peter the Great. Her accession to the throne (1741) was largely due to his intrigues. The report of his imprisonment was unfounded.

[9] See Gray's letter from Tivoli, May 20, 1740.

[10] James Edward Stuart (the Old Pretender), Charles Edward Stuart (the Young Pretender), and Henry Benedict Stuart (afterwards Cardinal of York).

There is one lives with him called Lord Dunbar[11], Murray's [2] brother, who would be his minister if he had any occasion for one—I meet him frequently in public places and like him. He is very sensible, very agreeable, and well bred.

Good night, child; by the bye I have had no letters from England these two last posts.

Yrs ever——

I am by trade a finisher of letters. Don't you wonder at the Conclave? Instead of being immured, every one in his proper hutch as one used to imagine, they have the liberty of scuttling out of one hole into another, and might breed, if they were young enough. I do assure you, everything one has heard say of Italy is a lie, and am firmly of opinion, that no mortal was ever here before us. I am writing to prove that there never was any such a people as the Romans, that this was anciently a colony of the Jews, and that the Coliseum was built on the model of Solomon's temple. Our people have told so many stories of them, that they don't believe anything we say about ourselves. Porto Bello is still said to be impregnable, and it is reported the Dutch have declared war against us. The English court here, brighten up on the news of our conquests, and conclude all the contrary has happened. You do not know perhaps, that we have our little good fortune in the Mediterranean, where Admiral Haddock has overturned certain little boats carrying troops to Majorca, drowned a few hundred of them, and taken a little Grandee of

[11] Hon. James Murray, second son of fifth Viscount Stormont; titular Earl of Dunbar.

[12] William Murray (1705–1793), fourth son of fifth Viscount Stormont; cr. (Nov. 8, 1756) Baron Mansfield, of Mansfield, Nottinghamshire; cr. (Oct. 31, 1776) Earl of Mansfield. He was M.P. for Boroughbridge, 1742–56; Solicitor-General, 1742–54; Attorney-General, 1754–56; Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench, 1756–88; *ex officio* Chancellor of the Exchequer (having refused the post of Lord Chancellor), April–June 1757, Sept.–Oct. 1767; Speaker of the House of Lords, Oct. 1760, Jan. 1770–Jan. 1771.

Spain, that commanded the expedition, at least so they say at Naples[13]. I'm very sorry, but methinks they seem in a bad condition. Is *West* dead to the world in general, or only so to me? for you I have not the impudence to accuse, but you are to take this as a sort of reproof, and I hope you will demean yourself accordingly. You are hereby authorized to make my particular compliments to my Lord Plymouth[14], and return him my thanks *de l'honneur de son souvenir.* So I finish my postscript with

Yours ever,

T. G.

31. To Thomas Ashton.

Dear Child, Rome, May 28, 1740. N.S.

I have just received your letter of news; I had heard before of Symphony's affair with Lady ——, but they called it a report; but I find like many stories of that kind 'tis true. What? Are we to be to appear before the H. of Lords? are there to be damages? or is it to be blown over, with only a separate maintenance for the fair one? I am sorry he has obviously established such a character. 'Tis too soon to be arrived at one's *ne plus ultra.* I doubt 'tis all the fame he will ever be master of, and 'tis horrid to begin where one must end.

By a considerable volume of charts and pyramids which I saw at Florence, I thought it threatened a publication. His travels have really improved him; I wish they may do the same for any one else.

West has sent me a letter of fragments, which not being antique, I am extremely angry are not complete.

[13] See note on letter to West, May 7, 1740. N.S.

[14] Other Lewis Windsor (1731–1771), fourth Earl of Plymouth, to whom Ashton was tutor.

Letter 31.—Not in C.; reprinted from Tovey's *Gray and his Friends*, pp. 54–8.

Nor cease the Maiden Graces from above
To shower their fragrance on the fields of Love.

I desire you will set him to digging in the same spot, where he found these verses, for the other parts of the poem. I took them for his own; but upon showing them to a great virtuoso here, he assures me they are undoubtedly ancient, by one of the best hands, and in the true Greek taste.

This is the first day we have had, that one can call warm; they say, in England, you have not a leaf yet on the trees.

I have made a vow against politics, or I would wish you joy of your West Indian conquests. One shall not know you again. You will be so martial all. Here one should not know if there had ever been such a thing as war, if it were not now and then from seeing a scrap of a soldier on an old bas-relief. 'Tis comical to see a hundred and twenty thousand inhabitants in a city where you scarce ever see one that has not taken a vow never to propagate; but they say there are larger parsley beds here than in other countries. Don't talk of our coronation; 'tis never likely to happen. The divisions are so great between the Albani and Corsini factions, that the Conclave will probably be drawn out to a great length. With Albani are his uncle's creatures, the Spanish and Neapolitan factions, and the Zelanti; a set of Cardinals, who always declare against any party, and profess being solely in the interest of the Church. With Corsini are the late Pope's creatures, and the dependents of France.

Mrs. G.[1] writes me word how much goodness she met with in Hanover Square. Poor creature! You know how much it obliges me, my dear Ashton, and if that can give you any satisfaction, as I well believe it does, be assured, it touches me in the strongest manner. It obliges me in a point that relates to my mother; and that is all I can

[1] Possibly Mrs. Gray, the poet's mother.

say in this world! You must make my particular [compliments] to Mrs. Lewis[2]; her kindness to Mrs. G. is adding to the several great obligations I have to her. 'Tis a pleasure to receive such from one who acts from no motives, but innate goodness and benevolent virtue. You must not tell that poor woman, what I am now going to mention. I fear we shall not see Naples. We have been setting out for some time; and if we do not to be back[3] by the end of this month, it will be impracticable from the heats, and the bad air, in the Campania. But we are prevented by a great body of banditti, soldiers deserted from the King of Naples, who have taken possession of the roads, and not only murdered several passengers, but some Sbirri who were sent against them. Among others was a poor hermit, who had a few old medals which he had dug up, that they took for money. The poverty of the Roman States and the mutinous humour of the inhabitants, who grow desperate for want of a Pope, through decay of trade, and a total want of specie, are likely to increase the bands, while the Conclave sits, so that I fear we are prisoners at Rome, till the Election. I should not at all dislike my situation, if I were entirely at liberty and had nothing to call me to England. I shall but too soon miss there the peace I enjoy here; I don't mention the pleasures I enjoy here, which are to be found in no other city in the world, but them I could give up to my friends with satisfaction. But I know the causes that drove me out of England, and I don't know that they are remedied. But adieu! when I leave Italy, I shall launch out into a life whose colour, I fear, will have more of black than of white.

Yrs ——

ever.

[2] Ann (d. 1777), eldest daughter of Sir Nathan Wrighte, third Baronet, of Cranham, Essex; m. Thomas Lewis, of Harpton Court, Radnor.

[3] *Sic.*

32. To Richard West.

Dear West, Naples, June 14, 1740. N.S.

One hates writing descriptions that are to be found in every book of travels; but we have seen something to-day that I am sure you never read of, and perhaps never heard of. Have you ever heard of a subterraneous town? a whole Roman town, with all its edifices, remaining under ground? Don't fancy the inhabitants buried it there to save it from the Goths: they were buried with it themselves; which is a caution we are not told that they ever took. You remember in Titus's time there were several cities destroyed by an eruption of Vesuvius, attended with an earthquake. Well, this was one of them, not very considerable, and then called Herculaneum. Above it has since been built Portici, about three miles from Naples, where the King has a villa. This underground city is perhaps one of the noblest curiosities that ever has been discovered. It was found out by chance, about a year and half ago. They began digging, they found statues; they dug further, they found more. Since that they have made a very considerable progress, and find continually. You may walk the compass of a mile; but by the misfortune of the modern town being overhead, they are obliged to proceed with great caution, lest they destroy both one and t'other. By this occasion the path is very narrow, just wide enough and high enough for one man to walk upright. They have hollowed, as they found it easiest to work, and have carried their streets not exactly where were the ancient ones, but sometimes before houses, sometimes through them. You would imagine that all the fabrics were crushed together; on the contrary, except some columns, they have found all the edifices standing upright in their proper situation. There is one inside of a temple

quite perfect, with the middle arch, two columns, and two pilasters. It is built of brick plastered over, and painted with architecture: almost all the insides of the houses are in the same manner; and, what is very particular, the general ground of all the painting is red. Besides this temple, they make out very plainly an amphitheatre: the stairs, of white marble, and the seats are very perfect; the inside was painted in the same colour with the private houses, and great part cased with white marble. They have found among other things some fine statues, some human bones, some rice, medals, and a few paintings extremely fine. These latter are preferred to all the ancient paintings that have ever been discovered. We have not seen them yet, as they are kept in the King's apartment, whither all these curiosities are transplanted; and 'tis difficult to see them—but we shall. I forgot to tell you, that in several places the beams of the houses remain, but burnt to charcoal; so little damaged that they retain visibly the grain of the wood, but upon touching crumble to ashes. What is remarkable, there are no other marks or appearance of fire, but what are visible on these beams.

There might certainly be collected great light from this reservoir of antiquities, if a man of learning had the inspection of it; if he directed the working, and would make a journal of the discoveries. But I believe there is no judicious choice made of directors. There is nothing of the kind known in the world; I mean a Roman city entire of that age, and that has not been corrupted with modern repairs. Besides scrutinising this very carefully, I should be inclined to search for the remains of the other towns that were partners with this in the general ruin. 'Tis certainly an advantage to the learned world, that this has been laid up so long. Most of the discoveries in Rome were made in a barbarous age, where they only ransacked the

ruins in quest of treasure, and had no regard to the form and being of the building; or to any circumstances that might give light into its use and history. I shall finish this long account with a passage which Gray has observed in Statius, and which directly pictures out this latent city:—

> *Haec ego Chalcidicis ad te, Marcelle, sonabam*
> *Littoribus, fractas ubi Vestius egerit iras,*
> *Aemula Trinacriis volvens incendia flammis.*
> *Mira fides! credetne virûm ventura propago,*
> *Cum seyetes iterum, cum jam haec deserta virebunt,*
> *Infra urbes populosque premi?*
>
> Sylv. lib. iv. epist. 4.

Adieu, my dear West! and believe me yours ever,

Hor. Walpole.

33. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Rè di Coffano, *vulg.* Radicofani, July 5, 1740. N.S.

You will wonder, my dear Hal, to find me on my road from Rome: why, intend I did to stay for a new popedom, but the old eminences are cross and obstinate, and will not choose one, the Holy Ghost does not know when. There is a horrid thing called the *mal' aria*, that comes to Rome every summer, and kills one, and I did not care for being killed so far from Christian burial. We have been jolted to death; my servants let us come without springs to the chaise, and we are wore threadbare: to add to our disasters, I have sprained my ancle, and have brought it along, laid upon a little box of baubles that I have bought for presents in England. Perhaps I may pick you out some little trifle there, but don't depend upon it; you are a disagreeable creature, and may be I shall not care for you. Though I am so tired in this devil of a place, yet I have taken it

into my head, that it is like Hamilton's Bawn[1], and I must write to you. 'Tis the top of a black barren mountain, a vile little town at the foot of an old citadel: yet this, know you, was the residence of one of the three kings that went to Christ's birth-day; his name was Alabaster, Abarassar, or some such thing; the other two were kings, one of the East, the other of Cologne. 'Tis this of Coffano, who was represented in an ancient painting, found in the Palatine Mount, now in the possession of Dr. Mead[2]; he was crowned by Augustus. Well, but about writing—what do you think I write with? Nay, with a pen; there was never a one to be found in the whole circumference *but one*, and that was in the possession of the governor, and had been used time out of mind to write the parole with: I was forced to send to borrow it. It was sent me under the conduct of a serjeant and two Swiss, with desire to return it when I should have done with it. 'Tis a curiosity, and worthy to be laid up with the relics which we have just been seeing in a small hovel of Capucins on the side of the hill, and which were all brought by his Majesty from Jerusalem. Among other things of great sanctity there is a set of gnashing of teeth, the grinders very entire; a bit of the worm that never dies, preserved in spirits; a crow of St. Peter's cock, very useful against Easter; the crisping and curling, frizzling and frowncing of Mary Magdalen, which she cut off on growing devout. The good man that showed us all these commodities was got into such a train of calling them the blessed this, and the blessed that, that at last he showed us a bit of the blessed fig-tree that Christ cursed.

LETTER 33.—[1] The subject of Swift's poem, *The Grand Question debated whether Hamilton's Bawn should be turned into a Barrack or a Malt-House* (1729).

[2] Richard Mead (1673–1754), a well-known physician and *connoisseur*.

My dear Harry, Florence, July 9.

We are come hither, and I have received another letter from you with *Hosier's Ghost*[3]. Your last put me in pain for you, when you talked of going to Ireland; but now I find your brother and sister go with you, I am not much concerned. Should I be? You have but to say, for my feelings are extremely at your service to dispose as you please. Let us see: you are to come back to stand for some place; that will be about April. 'Tis a sort of thing I should do, too; and then we should see one another, and that would be charming: but it is a sort of thing I have no mind to do; and then we shall not see one another, unless you would come hither—but that you cannot do: nay, I would not have you, for then I shall be gone.—So, there are many *ifs* that just signify nothing at all. Return I must sooner than I shall like. I am happy here to a degree. I'll tell you my situation. I am lodged with Mr. Mann[4], the best of creatures. I have a *terreno* all to myself, with an open gallery on the Arno, where I am now writing to you. Over against me is the famous Gallery; and, on the other hand, two fair bridges[5]. Is not this charming and cool? The air is so serene, and so secure, that one sleeps with all the windows and door thrown open to the river, and only covered with a slight gauze to keep away the gnats. Lady Pomfret[6] has a charming

[3] A ballad by Richard Glover, published this year. In 1726 Admiral Sir Francis Hosier was ordered to blockade the Spanish galleons in Porto Bello, but was forbidden to act on the offensive. During the blockade hundreds of sailors died from fever, and the ships rotted. The Admiral is said to have died of a broken heart (1727).

[4] 'In Casa Manetti in Via de' Santi Apostoli, by the Ponte di Trinità.' (See letter to Agnes Berry, Nov. 29, 1790.)

[5] The Ponte S. Trinità, and the Ponte alla Carraja.

[6] Henrietta Louisa Jeffreys (d. 1761), daughter and heiress of second Baron Jeffreys; m. (1720) Thomas Fermor, first Earl of Pomfret. Her affectation of learning is frequently ridiculed by Horace Walpole. Her *Correspondence with the Countess of Hertford* (afterwards Duchess of Somerset) was published in 1805.

conversation once a week. She has taken a vast palace and a vast garden, which is vastly commode, especially to the cicisbeo-part of mankind, who have free indulgence to wander in pairs about the arbours. You know her daughters: Lady Sophia is still, nay she must be, the beauty she was: Lady Charlotte[7] is much improved, and is the cleverest girl in the world; speaks the purest Tuscan, like any Florentine. The Princess Craon[8] has a constant pharaoh and supper every night, where one is quite at one's ease. I am going into the country with her and the prince[9] for a little while, to a villa of the Great Duke's. The people are good-humoured here and easy; and what makes me pleased with them, they are pleased with me. One loves to find people care for one, when they can have no view in it.

You see how glad I am to have reasons for not returning; I wish I had no better.

As to *Hosier's Ghost* I think it very easy, and consequently pretty; but, from the ease, should never have guessed it Glover's. I delight in your, *the Patriots cry it up, and the courtiers cry it down, and the hawkers cry it up and down,* and your laconic history of the King[10] and Sir Robert[11], on

[7] Lady Charlotte Fermor (d. 1813), second daughter of first Earl of Pomfret; m. (1746), as his second wife, Hon. William Finch, second son of sixth Earl of Winchelsea. She was governess to the children of George III.

[8] The Princess Craon was the favourite mistress of Leopold, the last Duke of Lorraine, who married her to M. de Beauvau, and prevailed on the Emperor to make him a Prince of the Empire. They at this time resided at Florence, where Prince Craon was at the head of the council of regency. *Walpole.*

[9] Marc de Beauvau, Prince de Craon. His position subsequently became unbearable, owing to the intrigues of his fellow-countryman, Richecourt, and he retired to Lorraine, where he died in great poverty. (See Orrery, *Letters from Italy*, xx.)

[10] King George II (1727–1760). He left England on May 6, returning on Oct. 8.

[11] Robert Walpole (1676–1745), eldest surviving son of Robert Walpole, of Houghton, Norfolk, by Mary, daughter and heiress of Sir Geoffrey Burwell, Knight, of Rougham, Suffolk; educated at Eton and King's College, Cambridge; succeeded to his father's estates, 1700; M.P. for Castle Rising, 1700–2; for King's Lynn, 1702-42; Secretary at War, 1708–10; Treasurer

going to Hanover, and turning out the Duke of Argyll[12]. The epigram, too, you sent me on the same occasion is charming.

Unless I sent you back news that you and others send me, I can send you none. I have left the Conclave, which is the only stirring thing in this part of the world, except the child that the Queen of Naples[13] is to be delivered of in August. There is no likelihood the Conclave will end,

of the Navy, Jan.–Aug. 1710; committed to the Tower, Dec. 1712, on a charge of 'notorious corruption' during his tenure of these offices, and expelled from the House of Commons till the prorogation of Parliament in July, 1713; Paymaster of the Forces, 1714–17, 1720–21; Chancellor of the Exchequer and First Lord of the Treasury (Prime Minister), 1715–17, 1721–42; K.B., 1725; K.G. (as a commoner), 1726; cr. (1742) Earl of Orford. He married (1) Catherine, daughter of John Shorter, of Bybrook, Kent (d. 1737), by whom he had:—1. Robert, cr. (1723) Baron Walpole of Walpole; m. (1724) Margaret Rolle (by whom he was father of the third Earl of Orford); succeeded his father (1745) as second Earl of Orford; d. 1751. 2. Edward, K.B., 1753; d. 1784. 3. William, died young. 4. Horace, the letter-writer, who succeeded his nephew as fourth Earl of Orford, 1791; d. 1797. 5. Catherine, died unmarried, aged 19. 6. Mary, m. (1723) George Cholmondeley, third Earl of Cholmondeley; d. 1731. On the death of Horace Walpole, fourth Earl of Orford, Houghton Hall passed to Mary Lady Cholmondeley's descendants, in consequence of a decree of the Court of Chancery, and the title of Orford became extinct. It was revived in 1806 in favour of Horatio Walpole, Lord Walpole of Wolterton, son of Sir Robert Walpole's younger brother, Horatio Walpole, who had been created a peer by that title in 1756. Sir Robert Walpole married (2) Maria Skerret (d. 1738); by her he had a daughter Mary (born before marriage), to whom George II granted the rank of an earl's daughter, and who, as Lady Mary Walpole, m. (1746) Charles, natural son of General Charles Churchill by Mrs. Oldfield, the actress.

[12] John Campbell (1678–1743), second Duke of Argyll, and first Duke of Greenwich; K.T., 1704; K.G., 1710; Commander-in-Chief in Spain, Feb.–Nov. 1711; Commander-in-Chief in Scotland, 1712–16; Governor of Minorca, 1712–14; Groom of the Stole to Prince of Wales, 1714–16; Lord Steward of the Household, 1719–25; Master-General of the Ordnance, 1725–30, Feb.–Mar. 1742; Field-Marshal, 1737. Argyll fought in several of Marlborough's campaigns; and commanded the English forces at the indecisive battle of Sheriffmuir (1715). During his political career he several times changed sides, and in 1739 violently attacked Sir Robert Walpole's administration, which he had until then supported. Walpole, being taunted by Pulteney in the House of Commons on his manifest unwillingness to break with Argyll, prevailed upon George II (1740) to dismiss the Duke from all his employments (the circumstance alluded to by Horace Walpole above). In 1742 Argyll was reinstated in his military command. He was latterly suspected of dealings with the Pretender, a suspicion which, whether founded or not, preyed upon his mind, and is said to have hastened his death. He is the Duke of Argyll who figures in Scott's *Heart of Midlothian*.

[13] Maria Amelia, daughter of Frederick Augustus II of Saxony.

unless the messages take effect which 'tis said the Imperial and French ministers have sent to their respective courts for leave to quit the Corsini for the Albani faction: otherwise there will never be a Pope. Corsini has lost the only one he could have ventured to make Pope, and him he designed; 'twas Cenci [14], a relation of the Corsini's mistress. The last morning Corsini made him rise, stuffed a dish of chocolate down his throat, and would carry him to the scrutiny. The poor old creature went, came back, and died. I am sorry to have lost the sight of the Pope's coronation [15], but I might have staid for seeing it till I had been old enough to be Pope myself.

Harry, what luck the Chancellor [16] has! first, indeed, to be in himself so great a man; but then in accidents: he is made Chief Justice and peer, when Talbot [17] is made Chancellor and peer. Talbot dies in a twelvemonth, and leaves him the seals at an age when others are scarce made Solicitors:—then marries his son [18] into one of the first families of Britain, obtains a patent for a Marquisate and eight thousand pounds a year after the Duke of Kent's death: the Duke dies in a fortnight, and leaves them all [19]! People talk of Fortune's wheel, that is always rolling:

[14] 'Romain, sujet ni bon ni mauvais; par ces deux raisons peut-être *il papegera*.' (De Brosses.)

[15] The coronation of Pope Benedict XIV. *Walpole.*—Prospero Lambertini, d. 1758.

[16] Philip Yorke (1690–1764), cr. Baron Hardwicke 1733; and Earl of Hardwicke, 1754; Solicitor-General, 1720–24; knighted, 1720; Attorney-General, 1724–33; Chief Justice of the King's Bench, 1733–37; Speaker of the House of Lords, Feb. 1734, and again Feb. 1736; Lord Chancellor, 1737–56; presided as Lord High Steward at the trial of the Earls of Cromartie and Kilmarnock, and of Lord Balmerino, 1746; and of Lord Lovat, 1747; High Steward of the University of Cambridge, 1749.

[17] Charles Talbot (1685–1737), first Baron Talbot; Lord Chancellor, 1733–37.

[18] Hon. Philip Yorke (1730–1790), styled Viscount Royston, 1754–64; succeeded his father as second Earl of Hardwicke, 1764.

[19] Mr. Yorke m. (May 22, 1740) Lady Jemima Campbell (1722–1797), only surviving child of John Campbell, third Earl of Breadalbane, by his first wife Lady Amabel Grey, daughter of Henry Grey, Duke of Kent; she succeeded her grandfather as Marchioness Grey and Baroness Lucas, June 5, 1740.

troth, my Lord Hardwicke has overtaken her wheel, and rolled along with it.

I perceive Miss Jenny[20] would not venture to Ireland, nor stray so far from London; I am glad I shall always know where to find her within threescore miles. I must say a word to my Lord[21], which, Harry, be sure you don't read. (My dear Lord, I don't love troubling you with letters, because I know you don't love the trouble of answering them; not that I should insist on that ceremony, but I hate to burthen any one's conscience. Your brother tells me he is to stand member of Parliament[22]: without telling me so, I am sure he owes it to you. I am sure you will not repent setting him up; nor will he be ungrateful to a brother who deserves so much, and whose least merit is not the knowing how to employ so great a fortune.)

There, Harry, I have done. Don't suspect me: I have said no ill of you behind your back. Make my best compliments to Miss Conway[23].

I thought I had done, and lo, I had forgot to tell you, that who d'ye think is here?—Even Mr. More! our Rheims Mr. More! the fortification, hornwork, ravelin, bastion Mr. More! *which is very pleasant sure.* At the end of the eighth side, I think I need make no excuse for leaving off; but I am going to write to Selwyn, and to the lady of the mountain; from whom I have had a very kind letter. She has at last received the Chantilly brass. Good night: write to me from one end of the world to t'other.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

[20] Hon. Jane Conway (d. unmarried, 1749), only surviving child of the first Baron Conway, by his second wife, Jane Bowden.

[21] Lord Conway.

[22] Conway did not enter Parliament till 1741.

[23] Hon. Anne Conway (d. 1774), sister of Lord Conway and Henry Conway; daughter of first Baron Conway, by his third wife Charlotte Shorter, sister of Catherine, Lady Walpole; Housekeeper at Somerset House; m. (1755) John Harris.

34. To Richard West.

Dear West, Florence, July 31, 1740. N.S.

I have advised with the most notable antiquarians of this city on the meaning of *Thur gut Luetis*. I can get no satisfactory interpretation. In my opinion 'tis Welsh. I don't love offering conjectures on a language in which I have hitherto made little proficiency, but I will trust you with my explication. You know the famous Aglaughlan, mother of Cadwalladhor, was renowned for her conjugal virtues, and grief on the death of her royal spouse. I conclude this medal was struck in her regency, by her express order, to the memory of her lord, and that the inscription *Thur gut Luetis* means no more than *her dear Llewis* or *Llewellin*.

In return for your coins I send you two or three of different kinds. The first is a money of one of the kings of Naples; the device, a horse; the motto, *Equitas regni*. This curious pun is on a coin in the Great Duke's collection, and by great chance I have met with a second. Another is a satirical medal struck on Lewis XIV.; 'tis a bomb, covered with flower-de-luces, bursting; the motto, *Se ipsissimo*. The last, and almost the only one I ever saw with a text well applied, is a German medal with a rebellious town besieged and blocked up; the inscription, *This kind is not expelled but by fasting*.

Now I mention medals, have they yet struck the intended one on the taking of Porto Bello? Admiral Vernon[1] will shine in our medallic history. We have just received the news of the bombarding Carthagena[2], and the taking

Letter 34.—[1] Admiral Edward Vernon (1684–1757), for some years after this event highly popular with the mob. He displayed great ability during the rebellion of 1745, when he was charged with the defence of the coasts of Kent and Sussex. Subsequently (owing to a dispute with the Admiralty) he was dismissed from the navy.

[2] Unsuccessfully bombarded by Admiral Vernon, March 6–9, 1740.

Chagre[3]. We are in great expectation of some important victory obtained by the squadron under Sir John Norris[4]: we are told the Duke[5] is to be of the expedition: is it true[6]? All the letters, too, talk of France's suddenly declaring war; I hope they will defer it for a season, or one shall be obliged to return through Germany.

The Conclave still subsists, and the divisions still increase; it was very near separating last week, but by breaking into two Popes; they were on the dawn of a schism. Aldovrandi[7] had thirty-three voices for three days, but could not procure the requisite two more; the Camerlingo[8] having engaged his faction to sign a protestation against him, and each party were inclined to elect. I don't know whether one should wish for a schism or not; it might probably rekindle the zeal for the church in the powers of Europe, which has been so far decaying.

On Wednesday we expect a third she-meteor. Those learned luminaries the Ladies Pomfret and Walpole[9] are

[3] A small fort, on the Isthmus of Panama, taken by Admiral Vernon, March 24, 1740.

[4] Admiral Sir John Norris (1660–1749), Lord of the Admiralty, 1718–29.

[5] Prince William Augustus (1721–1765), second son of King George II; cr. Duke of Cumberland, 1726; K. B., 1725; K. G., 1730; wounded at battle of Dettingen, 1743; Captain-General of the Army, 1747–57; Commander-in-Chief at Fontenoy, 1745; at Culloden, 1746; resigned all his military commands after the signature of the Convention of Klosterzeven (1757).

[6] '*Monday*, July 14. Sir John Norris in the "Victory," on board of which was also the Duke of Cumberland, sailed from St. Helen's with his squadron of 20 men of war.' (*Gent. Mag.*, 1740, p. 356.)

[7] Cardinal Pompeo Aldovrandi, 'Bolonais, de bonne maison, estimé, tête bien faite; sujet papable.' (De Brosses.)

[8] Cardinal Annibale Albani, the Pope's Chamberlain.

[9] Margaret Rolle, Baroness Walpole, afterwards Countess of Orford; only daughter and heiress of Samuel Rolle, of Heanton Satchville, Devonshire, by Margaret Tuckfield; married 1. (1724), Robert Walpole, Lord Walpole, eldest son of the Prime Minister (whom he succeeded in 1745 as second Earl of Orford); 2. (1751), Hon. Sewallis Shirley, son of first Earl Ferrers, from both of whom she was separated; succeeded as Baroness Clinton and Say (as descendant of Arabella Clinton, eldest daughter of Theophilus Clinton, fifth Earl of Lincoln and seventeenth Lord Clinton), 1760. Her misconduct, and her inveterate dislike of all the members of the Walpole family (including her husband), are frequently mentioned in Horace Walpole's

to be joined by the Lady Mary Wortley Montague[10]. You have not been witness to the rhapsody of mystic nonsense which these two fair ones debate incessantly, and consequently cannot figure what must be the issue of this triple alliance: we have some idea of it. Only figure the coalition of prudery, debauchery, sentiment, history, Greek, Latin, French, Italian, and metaphysics; all, except the second, understood by halves, by quarters, or not at all. You shall have the journals of this notable academy. Adieu, my dear West!

Yours ever,
HOR. WALPOLE.

Though far unworthy to enter into so learned and political a correspondence, I am employed *pour barbouiller une page de 7 pouces et demie en hauteur, et 5 en largeur*; and to inform you that we are at Florence, a city of Italy, and the capital of Tuscany: the latitude I cannot justly tell, but it is governed by a prince called Great Duke; an excellent place to employ all one's animal sensations in, but utterly contrary to one's rational powers. I have struck a medal upon myself: the device is thus—*O*, and the motto *Nihilissimo*, which I take in the most concise manner to contain a full account of my person, sentiments, occupations, and late glorious successes. If you choose to be annihilated too, you cannot do better than undertake this journey. Here you shall get up at twelve o'clock, breakfast till three, dine till five, sleep till six, drink cooling liquors till eight, go to the bridge till ten, sup till two, and so sleep till twelve again.

Labore fessi venimus ad larem nostrum,
Desideratoque acquiescimus lecto:

letters. Towards the end of her life she lived entirely in Italy with her cicisbeo, Cavaliere Mozzi; she died at Pisa, 1781.

[10] Lady Mary Pierrepont, daughter of Evelyn Pierrepont, Duke of Kingston, by his first wife, Lady Mary Fielding; m. (1712) Edward Wortley-Montagu; d. 1762.

Hoc est, quod unum est, pro laboribus tantis.
O quid solutis est beatius curis?

We shall never come home again; a universal war is just upon the point of breaking out; all outlets will be shut up. I shall be secure in my nothingness, while you, that will be so absurd as to exist, will envy me. You don't tell me what proficiency you make in the noble science of defence[11]. Don't you start still at the sound of a gun? Have you learned to say Ha! ha! and is your neck clothed with thunder? Are your whiskers of a tolerable length? And have you got drunk yet with brandy and gunpowder? Adieu, noble captain!

T. Gray.

35. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

My dear Hal, Florence, September 25, 1740. N.S.

I begin to answer your letter the moment I have read it, because you bid me; but I grow so unfit for a correspondence with anybody in England, that I have almost left it off. 'Tis so long since I was there, and I am so utterly a stranger to everything that passes there, that I must talk vastly in the dark to those I write; and having in a manner settled myself here, where there can be no news, I am void of all matter for filling up a letter. As, by the absence of the Great Duke, Florence is become in a manner a country town, you may imagine that we are not without *démêlés*; but for a country town I believe there never were a set of people so peaceable, and such strangers to scandal. 'Tis the family of love, where everybody is paired, and go as constantly together as paroquets. Here nobody hangs or drowns themselves; they are not ready to cut one another's throats about elections or parties; don't think that wit

[11] West thought of entering the army. See his letter to Horace Walpole, June 22, 1741 (*Gray and his Friends*, pp. 150–3).

consists in saying bold truths, or humour in getting drunk. But I shall give you no more of their characters, because I am so unfortunate as to think that their encomium consists in being the reverse of the English, who in general are either mad, or enough to make other people so. After telling you so fairly my sentiments, you may believe, my dear Harry, that I had rather see you here than in England. 'Tis an evil wish for you, who should not be lost in so obscure a place as this. I will not make you compliments, or else here is a charming opportunity for saying what I think of you. As I am convinced you love me, and as I am conscious you have one strong reason for it, I will own to you, that for my own peace you should wish me to remain here. I am so well within and without, that you would scarce know me: I am younger than ever, think of nothing but diverting myself, and live in a round of pleasures. We have operas, concerts, and balls, mornings and evenings. I dare not tell you all one's idlenesses: you would look so grave and senatorial, at hearing that one rises at eleven in the morning, goes to the opera at nine at night, to supper at one, and to bed at three! But literally here the evenings and nights are so charming and so warm, one can't avoid 'em.

Did I tell you Lady Mary Wortley is here? She laughs at my Lady Walpole, scolds my Lady Pomfret, and is laughed at by the whole town. Her dress, her avarice, and her impudence must amaze any one that never heard her name. She wears a foul mob, that does not cover her greasy black locks, that hang loose, never combed or curled; an old mazarine blue wrapper, that gapes open and discovers a canvas petticoat. Her face swelled violently on one side with the remains of a ———, partly covered with a plaister, and partly with white paint, which for cheapness she has bought so coarse, that you would not use it to wash a

chimney.—In three words I will give you her picture as we drew it in the *Sortes Virgilianae*—

Insanam vatem aspicies.

I give you my honour we did not choose it; but Gray, Mr. Coke[1], Sir Francis Dashwood[2], and I, and several others, drew it fairly amongst a thousand for different people, most of which did not hit as you may imagine: those that did I will tell you.

For our most religious and gracious ——[3]

— Dii, talem terris avertite pestem.

For one that would be our most religious and gracious ——[4]

Purpureus veluti cum flos succisus aratro
Languescit moriens, lassove papavera collo
Demisêre caput, pluviâ cum fortè gravantur.

For his Son[5].

Regis Romani; primus qui legibus urbem
Fundabit, Curibus parvis et paupere terrâ,
Missus in imperium magnum.

For Sir Robert.

Res dura et regni novitas me talia cogunt
Moliri, et late fines custode tueri.

I will show you the rest when I see you.

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER 35.—[1] Hon. Edward Coke (1720–1753), only son of Thomas Coke, first Viscount Lovel; styled Viscount Coke on the promotion of his father (whom he predeceased) to the earldom of Leicester (1744).

[2] Sir Francis Dashwood (1708–1781), second Baronet; summoned to the House of Lords as Baron Le Despencer, 1763; Chancellor of the Exchequer, 1762-63; Keeper of the Wardrobe, 1763; Joint Postmaster-General, 1771–81. He obtained an unenviable notoriety as President of the Hell-Fire Club, which met at Medmenham Abbey.

[3] George II.

[4] The Prince of Wales.

[5] Prince George William Frederick (1738–1820), eldest son of the Prince of Wales; cr. Prince of Wales on his father's death in 1751. On his grandfather's death in 1760 he became King as George III.

36. To Richard West.

Dear West, Florence, Oct. 2, 1740. N.S.

T'other night as we (you know who *we* are) were walking on the charming bridge, just before going to a wedding assembly, we said, 'Lord, I wish, just as we are got into the room, they would call us out, and say, West is arrived! We would make him dress instantly, and carry him back to the entertainment. How he would stare and wonder at a thousand things, that no longer strike us as odd!' Would not you? One agreed that you should have come directly by sea from Dover, and be set down at Leghorn, without setting foot in any other foreign town, and so land at *Us*, in all your first full amaze; for you are to know, that astonishment rubs off violently; we did not cry out Lord! half so much at Rome as at Calais, which to this hour I look upon as one of the most surprising cities in the universe. My dear child, what if you were to take this little sea-jaunt? One would recommend Sir John Norris's convoy to you, but one should be laughed at now for supposing that he is ever to sail beyond Torbay[1]. The Italians take Torbay for

Letter 36.—[1] *Extract of a letter from on board the Suffolk in Torbay, Sept.* 5, 1740. 'After another ineffectual attempt to get out of the Channel, we are a third time driven back, and obliged to return to this harbour. Our departure from St. Helen's (after the Lyon and Victory had ran foul) was the 23rd of July; we had a wind tolerably fair, but it being that afternoon and next day westerly, we got but a little west of this place, when the wind blowing very hard in our teeth, obliged us to put in here. We arrived the 26th, at 6 in the afternoon. The wind continuing W. & S.W. we remained till the 4th of August, when we weighed and sailed. Wind at N.E. as far as the Bolt Head, next day within 6 leagues of the Lizard, tho' the wind had changed to the W. The 6th it blew so violently S.W. that there was no standing against it, so we returned again to Torbay. The wind continuing between S. and W. we lay till the 22nd, and then sailed with an easy breeze from the East for two days, but did not get up with the Lizard till the 25th at 8 in the morning, when suddenly there blew so rank a storm from the S. that we wondered the Admiral did not give the signal for returning; but at 8 next day, the storm increasing, he was obliged to give way to necessity, and we put in here a third time

an English town in the hands of the Spaniards, after the fashion of Gibraltar, and imagine 'tis a wonderful strong place, by our fleet's having retired from before it so often, and so often returned.

We went to this wedding that I told you of; 'twas a charming feast: a large palace finely illuminated; there were all the beauties, all the jewels, and all the sugar-plums of Florence. Servants loaded with great chargers full of comfits heap the tables with them, the women fall on with both hands, and stuff their pockets and every creek and corner about them. You would be as much amazed at us as at anything you saw: instead of being deep in the liberal arts, and being in the Gallery every morning, as I thought of course to be sure I would be, we are in all the idleness and amusements of the town. For me, I am grown so lazy, and so tired of seeing sights, that, though I have been at Florence six months, I have not seen Leghorn, Pisa, Lucca, or Pistoia; nay, not so much as one of the Great Duke's villas. I have contracted so great an aversion to inns and postchaises, and have so absolutely lost all curiosity, that, except the towns in the straight road to Great Britain, I shall scarce see a jot more of a foreign land; and trust me, when I return, I will not visit Welsh mountains, like Mr. Williams. After Mount Cenis, the Boccheto[2], the Giogo[2], Radicofani, and the Appian Way, one has mighty little hunger after travelling. I shall be mighty apt to set up my staff at Hyde Park Corner: the alehouseman there at Hercules's Pillars[3] was certainly returned from his travels into foreign parts.

Now I'll answer your questions.

I have made no discoveries in ancient or modern arts.

on the 26th.' (*Gent. Mag.*, 1740, p. 466.)

[2] Passes in the Ligurian and Etruscan Apennines.

[3] A public-house at Hyde Park Corner.

Mr. Addison travelled through the poets, and not through Italy; for all his ideas are borrowed from the descriptions, and not from the reality. He saw places as they were, not as they are. I am very well acquainted with Doctor Cocchi[4]; he is a good sort of man, rather than a great man; he is a plain honest creature, with quiet knowledge, but I dare say all the English have told you, he has a very particular understanding: I really don't believe they meant to impose on you, for they thought so. As to Bondelmonti[5], he is much less; he is a low mimic; the brightest cast of his parts attains to the composition of a sonnet: he talks irreligion with English boys, sentiment with my sister[6], and bad French with any one that will hear him. I will transcribe you a little song that he made t'other day; 'tis pretty enough; Gray turned it into Latin, and I into English; you will honour him highly by putting it into French, and Ashton into Greek. Here 'tis.

Spesso Amor sotto la forma
D'amistà ride, e s'asconde;
Poi si mischia, e si confonde
Con lo sdegno e col rancor.

In pietade ei si trasforma,
Par trastullo e par dispetto;
Ma nel suo diverso aspetto,
Sempre egli è l'istesso Amor.

Risit amicitiae interdùm velatus amictu,
Et benè compositâ veste fefellit Amor:
Mox irae assumpsit cultus faciemque minantem,
Inque odium versus, versus et in lacrymas:
Sudantem fuge, nec lacrymanti aut crede furenti;
Idem est dissimili semper in ore Deus.

[4] Antonio Cocchi, a Florentine physician and *littérateur*; d. 1758.

[5] Giuseppe Maria Bondelmonti (1713–1757), of the ancient family of that name. He was a good linguist, and made an Italian prose translation of *The Rape of the Lock*.

[6] Lady Walpole.

Love often in the comely mien
Of friendship fancies to be seen;
Soon again he shifts his dress,
And wears disdain and rancour's face.

To gentle pity then he changes;
Thro' wantonness, thro' piques he ranges;
But in whatever shape he move,
He 's still himself, and still is Love.

See how we trifle! but one can't pass one's youth too amusingly; for one must grow old, and that in England; two most serious circumstances, either of which makes people grey in the twinkling of a bedstaff; for know you, there is not a country upon earth where there are so many old fools and so few young ones.

Now I proceed in my answers.

I made but small collections, and have only bought some bronzes and medals, a few busts, and two or three pictures; one of my busts is to be mentioned; 'tis the famous Vespasian in touchstone, reckoned the best in Rome, except the Caracalla of the Farnese: I gave but twenty-two pounds for it at Cardinal Ottoboni's sale. One of my medals is as great a curiosity: 'tis of Alexander Severus, with the amphitheatre in brass; this reverse is extant on medals of his, but mine is a *medagliuncino*, or small medallion, and the only one with this reverse known in the world: 'twas found by a peasant while I was in Rome, and sold by him for sixpence to an antiquarian, to whom I paid for it seven guineas and an half: but to virtuosi 'tis worth any sum.

As to Tartini's[7] musical compositions, ask Gray[8]; I know but little in music.

But for the Academy, I am not of it, but frequently in

[7] Giuseppe Tartini (1692–1770).

[8] Gray's knowledge of music is mentioned by Mason (*Memoir of Thomas Gray*):—'His taste in this art was equal to his skill in any more important science. Of Pergolesi's and of Leo's, Bononcini's, Vinci's, and Hasse's works, he made a valuable collection while abroad, chiefly of such of their vocal compositions as he had himself heard and admired, . . . vocal music, and

company with it: 'tis all disjointed. Madame ——, who though a learned lady, has not lost her modesty and character, is extremely scandalised with the other two dames, especially with Moll Worthless[9], who knows no bounds. She is at rivalry with Lady W.[10] for a certain Mr. ——, whom perhaps you knew at Oxford. If you did not, I'll tell you: he is a grave young man by temper, and a rich one by constitution; a shallow creature by nature, but a wit by the grace of our women here, whom he deals with as of old with the Oxford toasts. He fell into sentiments with my Lady W. and was happy to catch her at Platonic love; but as she seldom stops there, the poor man will be frightened out of his senses when she shall break the matter to him; for he never dreamt that her purposes were so naught. Lady Mary is so far gone, that to get him from the mouth of her antagonist she literally took him out to dance country dances last night at a formal ball, where there was no measure kept in laughing at her old, foul, tawdry, painted, plastered personage. She played at pharaoh two or three times at Princess Craon's, where she cheats horse and foot. She is really entertaining: I have been reading her works, which she lends out in manuscript, but they are too womanish: I like few of her performances. I forgot to tell you a good answer of Lady Pomfret to Mr. ——, who asked her if she did not approve Platonic love? 'Lord, sir,' says she, 'I am sure any one that knows me never heard that I had any love but one, and there sit two proofs of it,' pointing to her two daughters.

So I have given you a sketch of our employments, and answered your questions, and will with pleasure as many more as you have about you.

that only (excepting perhaps the lessons of the younger Scarlatti), was what he chiefly regarded.'

[9] Lady Mary Wortley-Montagu. [10] Lady Walpole.

Adieu! Was ever such a long letter? But 'tis nothing to what I shall have to say to you. I shall scold you for never telling us any news, public or private, no deaths, marriages, or mishaps; no account of new books: Oh, you are abominable! I could find it in my heart to hate you, if I did not love you so well; but we will quarrel now, that we may be the better friends when we meet: there is no danger of that, is there? Good night, whether friend or foe!

I am most sincerely yours,
Hor. Walpole.

37. To Richard West.

From Florence, Nov. 1740.

Child, I am going to let you see your shocking proceedings with us. On my conscience, I believe 'tis three months since you wrote to either Gray or me. If you had been ill, Ashton would have said so; and if you had been dead, the gazettes would have said it. If you had been angry,—but that's impossible; how can one quarrel with folks three thousand miles off? We are neither divines nor commentators, and consequently have not hated you on paper. 'Tis to show that my charity for you cannot be interrupted at this distance that I write to you, though I have nothing to say, for 'tis a bad time for small news; and when Emperors[1] and Czarinas[2] are dying all up and down Europe, one can't pretend to tell you of anything that happens within our sphere. Not but that we have our accidents too. If you have had a great wind in England, we have had a great water at Florence. We have been trying to set out every day, and pop upon you[3]. . . . It is fortunate that we

Letter 37. — [1] The Emperor Charles VI, d. Oct. 9, 1740.
[2] Anne, Empress of Russia, d. Oct. 1740.
[3] A line of the MS. is missing here.

staid, for I don't know what had become of us! Yesterday, with violent rains, there came flouncing down from the mountains such a flood that it floated the whole city. The jewellers on the Old Bridge removed their commodities, and in two hours after the bridge was cracked. The torrent broke down the quays and drowned several coach-horses, which are kept here in stables under ground. We were moated into our house all day, which is near the Arno, and had the miserable spectacles of the ruins that were washed along with the hurricane. There was a cart with two oxen not quite dead, and four men in it drowned: but what was ridiculous, there came tiding along a fat hay-cock, with a hen and her eggs, and a cat. The torrent is considerably abated; but we expect terrible news from the country, especially from Pisa, which stands so much lower, and nearer the sea. There is a stone here, which when the water overflows, Pisa is entirely flooded. The water rose two ells yesterday above that stone. Judge!

For this last month we have passed our time but dully; all diversions silenced on the Emperor's death, and everybody out of town. I have seen nothing but cards and dull pairs of cicisbeos. I have literally seen so much love and pharaoh since being here, that I believe I shall never love either again as long as I live. Then I am got into a horrid lazy way of a morning. I don't believe I should know seven o'clock in the morning again if I was to see it. But I am returning to England, and shall grow very solemn and wise! Are you wise? Dear West, have pity on one who has done nothing of gravity for these two years, and do laugh sometimes. We do nothing else, and have contracted such formidable ideas of the good people of England that we are already nourishing great black eyebrows and great black beards, and teasing our countenances into wrinkles. Then for the common talk of the times we are quite at a loss, and

for the dress. You would oblige us extremely by forwarding to us the votes of the Houses, the King's Speech[4], and the Magazines; or if you had any such thing as a little book called the Foreigner's Guide through the City of London and the Liberties of Westminster; or a Letter to a Freeholder; or the Political Companion: then 'twould be an infinite obligation if you would neatly band-box up a baby dressed after the newest Temple fashion now in use at both play-houses. Alack-a-day! We shall just arrive in the tempest of elections!

As our departure depends entirely upon the weather, we cannot tell you to a day when we shall say, Dear West, how glad I am to see you! and all the many questions and answers that we shall give and take. Would the day were come! Do but figure to yourself the journey we are to pass through first! But you can't conceive Alps, Apennines, Italian inns and postchaises. I tremble at the thoughts. They were just sufferable while new and unknown, and as we met them by the way in coming to Florence, Rome, and Naples; but they are passed; and the mountains remain! Well, write to one in the interim; direct to me addressed to Monsieur Selwyn, *chez Monsieur Alexandre, rue St. Apolline, à Paris.* If Mr. Alexandre is not there, the street is, and I believe that will be sufficient. Adieu, my dear child!

Yours ever,

Hor. Walpole.

38. To the Rev. Joseph Spence.

Sir, Florence, Feb. 21, 1741. N.S.

Not having time last post, I begged Mr. Mann to thank you for the obliging paragraph for me in your letter to him. But as I desire a nearer correspondence with you than by

[4] Parliament met Nov. 18, 1740.

third hands, I assure you in my own proper person that I shall have great pleasure, on our meeting in England, to renew an acquaintance that I began with so much pleasure in Italy [1]. I will not reckon you among my modern friends, but in the first article of virtù: you have given me so many new lights into a science that I love so much, that I shall always be proud to own you as my master in the antique, and will never let anything break in upon my reverence for you, but a warmth and freedom that will flow from my friendship, and which will not be contained within the circle of a severe awe.

As I shall always be attentive to give you any satisfaction that lies in my power, I take the first opportunity of sending you two little poems, both by a hand that I know you esteem the most: if you have not seen them, you will thank me for lines of Mr. Pope: if you have, why I did not know it [2].

I don't know whether Lord Lincoln has received any orders to return home: I had a letter from one of my brothers last post to tell me from Sir Robert that he would have me leave Italy as soon as possible, lest I should be

Letter 38.—[1] This acquaintance proved of infinite service to Walpole, shortly after the date of this letter, when he was laid up with a quinsy at Reggio. Spence thus describes the circumstance:—'About three or four in the morning, I was surprised with a message, saying, that Mr. Walpole was very much worse, and desired to see me: I went, and found him scarce able to speak. I soon learned from his servants that he had been all the while without a physician, and had doctored himself; so I immediately sent for the best aid the place would afford, and dispatched a messenger to the minister at Florence, desiring him to send my friend Dr. Cocchi. In about twenty-four hours I had the satisfaction to find Mr. Walpole better: we left him in a fair way of recovery, and we hope to see him next week at Venice. I had obtained leave of Lord Lincoln to stay behind some days if he had been worse. You see what luck one has sometimes in going out of one's way. If Lord Lincoln had not wandered to Reggio, Mr. Walpole (who is one of the best natured and most sensible young gentlemen England affords) would have, in all probability, fallen a sacrifice to his disorder.' *Wright.*

[2] 'These were Pope's Verses on his Grotto, and Epitaph on himself.' (Singer's note in Spence's *Anecdotes*, p. 406).

shut up unawares by the arrival of the Spanish troops; and that I might pass some time in France if I had a mind. I own I don't conceive how it is possible these troops should arrive without its being known some time before. And as to the Great Duke's dominions, one can always be out of them in ten hours or less. If Lord Lincoln has not received the same orders, I shall believe what I now think, that I am wanted for some other reason. I beg my kind love to Lord Lincoln, and that Mr. Spence will believe me his sincere humble servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

39. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

DEAR HAL, Florence, March 25, 1741. N.S.

You must judge by what you feel yourself of what I feel for Selwyn's recovery, with the addition of what I have suffered from post to post. But as I find the whole town have had the same sentiments about him (though I am sure few so strong as myself), I will not repeat what you have heard so much. I shall write to him to-night, though he knows without my telling him how very much I love him. To you, my dear Harry, I am infinitely obliged for the three successive letters you wrote me about him, which gave me double pleasure, as they showed your attention for me at a time that you knew I must be so unhappy, and your friendship for him.

Your account of Sir Robert's victory[1] was so extremely well told, that I made Gray translate it into French, and have showed it to all that could taste it, or were inquisitive

LETTER 39.—[1] On Feb. 13, 1741 a motion was introduced in both Houses of Parliament (by Mr. Sandys in the Commons, and by Lord Carteret in the Lords) to request the King 'to remove Sir Robert Walpole from his Majesty's presence and councils for ever.' It was defeated in both Houses, a result due partly to Walpole's powerful speech in his own defence, and partly to the disunion of his enemies.

on the occasion. I have received a print by this post that diverts me extremely; *the Motion*[2]. Tell me, dear now, who made the design, and who took the likenesses; they are admirable: the lines are as good as one sees on such occasions. I wrote last post to Sir Robert, to wish him joy; I hope he received my letter.

I was to have set out last Tuesday, but on Sunday came the news of the Queen of Hungary[3] being brought to bed of a son[4]; on which occasion here will be great triumphs, operas and masquerades, which detain me for a short time.

I won't make you any excuse for sending you the following lines; you have prejudice enough for me to read with patience any of my idlenesses.

My dear Harry, you enrage me with talking of another journey to Ireland; it will shock me if I don't find you at my return: pray take care and be in England.

I wait with some patience to see Dr. Middleton's Tully[5], as I read the greatest part of it in manuscript; though indeed that is rather a reason for my being impatient to read the rest. If Tully can receive any additional honour, Dr. Middleton[6] is most capable of conferring it.

I receive with great pleasure any remembrances of my lord and your sisters; I long to see all of you. Patapan[7] is so handsome that he has been named the silver fleece; and there is a new order of knighthood to be erected to his honour, in opposition to the golden. Precedents are searching, and plans drawing up for that purpose. I hear that the

[2] Reproduced in Wright's *Caricature History of the Georges.*

[3] Maria Theresa (b. 1717), daughter of the Emperor Charles VI, m. (1736) Francis, Duke of Lorraine, afterwards Grand Duke of Tuscany, and Emperor. On her father's death (Oct. 1740) she succeeded as Queen of Hungary, but her claim to the Empire was immediately disputed.

[4] Afterwards the Emperor Joseph II.

[5] Conyers Middleton's *History of the Life of M. Tullius Cicero*, published this year.

[6] Conyers Middleton (1683–1750), divine and controversialist.

[7] Horace Walpole's dog.

natives pretend to be companions, upon the authority of their dog-skin waistcoats; but a council that has been held on purpose has declared their pretensions impertinent. Patapan has lately taken wife unto him, as ugly as he is genteel, but of a very great family, being the direct heiress of Canis Scaliger, Lord of Verona: which principality we design to seize *à la Prussienne*; that is, as soon as ever we shall have persuaded the republic of Venice that we are the best friends they have in the world[8]. Adieu, dear child!

Yours ever,

Hor. Walpole.

P.S. I left my subscriptions for Middleton's Tully with Mr. Selwyn; I won't trouble him, but I wish you would take care and get the books, if Mr. S. has kept the list.

40. To Richard West.

Dear West, Reggio, May 10, 1741. N.S.

I have received the end of your first act[1], and now will tell you sincerely what I think of it. If I was not so pleased with the beginning as I usually am with your compositions, believe me the part of Pausanias has charmed me. There is all imaginable art joined with all requisite simplicity; and a simplicity, I think, much preferable to that in the scenes of Cleodora and Argilius. Forgive me, if I say they do not talk laconic but low English; in her, who is Persian too, there would admit more heroic. But for the whole part of Pausanias, 'tis great and well worked up, and the art that is seen seems to proceed from his head, not from the author's. As I am very desirous you should con-

[8] Frederick II, King of Prussia, having duped the Queen of Hungary by professions of warm friendship and support, suddenly advanced into Silesia at the head of 30,000 men.

Letter 40.—[1] The first act of West's tragedy *Pausanias*.

tinue, so I own I wish you would improve or change the beginning: those who know you not so well as I do, would not wait with so much patience for the entrance of Pausanias. You see I am frank; and if I tell you I do not approve of the first part, you may believe me as sincere when I tell you I admire the latter extremely.

My letter has an odd date. You would not expect I should be writing in such a dirty little place as Reggio; but the fair is charming; and here come all the nobility of Lombardy, and all the broken dialects of Genoa, Milan, Venice, Bologna, &c. You never heard such a ridiculous confusion of tongues. All the morning one goes to the fair undressed, as to the walks of Tunbridge; 'tis just in that manner, with lotteries, raffles, &c. After dinner all the company return in their coaches, and make a kind of *corso*, with the Ducal family, who go to shops, where you talk to 'em, from thence to the Opera, in mask if you will, and afterwards to the Ridotto. This five nights in the week. Fridays there are masquerades, and Tuesdays balls at the Rivalta, a villa of the Duke's[2]. In short, one diverts oneself. I pass most part of the Opera in the Duchess's[3] box, who is extremely civil to me and extremely agreeable. A daughter of the Regent's[4], that could please him, must be so. She is not young, though still handsome, but fat; but has given up her gallantries cheerfully, and in time, and lives easily with a dull husband, two dull sisters of his, and a dull court. These two princesses are wofully ugly, old maids and rich. They might have been married often; but the old Duke[5] was whimsical and proud, and never would consent to any match for them, but left them much money, and pensions of three thousand pounds a year a-piece. There was a design

[2] Francis III of Este, Duke of Modena (1737–1780).

[3] Charlotte Aglaé of Orléans, Duchess of Modena; d. 1761.

[4] Philip, Duke of Orléans, Regent of France; d. 1723.

[5] Rinaldo of Este, Duke of Modena (1694–1737).

to have given the eldest to this King of Spain[6], and the Duke[7] was to have had the Parmesan princess[8]; so that now he would have had Parma and Placentia, joined to Modena, Reggio, Mirandola, and Massa. But there being a Prince of Asturias[9], the old Duke Rinaldo broke off the match, and said his daughter's children should not be younger brothers: and so they mope old virgins.

I am going from hence to Venice, in a fright lest there be a war with France, and then I must drag myself through Germany. We have had an imperfect account of a sea-fight in America[10]; but we are so out of the way, that one can't be sure of it. Which way soever I return, I shall be soon in England, and there you will find me again

As much as ever yours,

HOR. WALPOLE.

41. To HORACE MANN[1].

Calais, and Friday, and here I have been these two days, 1741.

Is the wind laid? Shall I never get aboard? I came here on Wednesday night, but found a tempest that has

[6] Philip V.

[7] Francis, Duke of Modena.

[8] Elizabeth Farnese (d. 1766), only child of Odoardo Farnese, Prince of Parma; m. (1714), as his second wife, Philip V, King of Spain.

[9] Louis, eldest son of Philip V of Spain, by his first wife; reigned as Louis I from 1724 (his father abdicating in his favour) until his death (1725), when his father resumed the crown.

[10] Admiral Vernon and General Wentworth attacked Carthagena on March 4, but were obliged to withdraw in April with great loss, having only demolished some outlying fortifications.

LETTER 41.—[1] The *Advertisement* prefixed by Horace Walpole to his letters to Sir Horace Mann runs thus:—

'The following collection of letters, written very carelessly by a young man, had been preserved by the person to whom they were addressed. The Author, some years after the date of the first, borrowed them, on account of some anecdotes interspersed. On the perusal, among many trifling relations and stories, which were only of consequence or amusing to the two persons concerned in the correspondence, he found some facts, characters, and news, which, though below the dignity of History, might prove entertaining to many other people: and knowing how much pleasure, not only himself, but many other

never ceased since. At Boulogne I left Lord Shrewsbury[2] and his mother[3], and brothers and sisters, waiting too: Bulstrode[4] passes his winter at the court of Boulogne, and then is to travel with two young Shrewsburys. I was overtaken by Amorevoli and Monticelli[5], who are here with me and the Viscontina[6], and Barberina[7], and Abbate Vanneschi[8]

persons have often found in a series of private and familiar Letters, he thought it worth his while to preserve these, as they contain something of the customs, fashions, politics, diversions, and private history of several years; which, if worthy of any existence, can be properly transmitted to posterity only in this manner.

The reader will find a few pieces of intelligence which did not prove true; but which are retained here as the Author heard and related them, lest correction should spoil the simple air of the narrative. When the Letters were written, they were never intended for public inspection; and now they are far from being thought correct, or more authentic than the general turn of epistolary correspondence admits. The Author would sooner have burnt them, than have taken the trouble to correct such errant trifles, which are here presented to the reader, with scarce any variation or omissions, but what private friendships and private history, or the great haste with which the letters were written, made indispensably necessary, as will plainly appear, not only by the unavoidable chasms, where the originals were worn out or torn away, but by many idle relations and injudicious remarks and prejudices of a young man; for which the only excuse the Author can pretend to make, is, that as some future reader may possibly be as young as he was when he first wrote, he hopes they may be amused with what graver people (if into such hands they should fall) will very justly despise. Whoever has patience to peruse the series, will find, perhaps, that as the Author grew older some of his faults grew less striking.'

[2] Charles Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, d. 1787. *Walpole.* — George (not Charles) Talbot (1719–1787), fourteenth Earl of Shrewsbury. His assumption of the title (to which he did not in fact succeed until 1743) was probably due to the refusal of it by his uncle and predecessor, who was a Jesuit priest.

[3] Mary, daughter of Thomas Fitzwilliam, fourth Viscount Fitzwilliam of Merrion; m. Hon. George Talbot, who '(owing to the non-assumption thereof by his eldest brother) did pretend to the title, and his widow is so silly as to pretend to it, and suffers her three daughters to be called *Ladies*, and puts the Earl's coronet over glasses, and upon plate, but durst not put it on the achievement nor coach, tho' in writings she signs *Mary Talbot*. Mr. George Talbot left six sons and three daughters; the eldest son, George, is at Paris for his education, 1735.' (*Harley's Memoranda on the Peerage* quoted in the *Complete Peerage*.)

[4] Tutor to the young Earl of Shrewsbury. *Walpole.*

[5] Italian singers. *Walpole.*—Angelo Maria Monticelli (1715–1764).

[6] A singer.

[7] 'A celebrated opera-dancer, known and admired throughout Europe, of decent manners and uncommon attractions.' (Lady Louisa Stuart, *Memoir of John Duke of Argyll*, p. 51.)

[8] An Italian abbé who directed and wrote the operas under the protection of Lord Middlesex. *Walpole.*

—what a coxcomb! I would have talked to him about the Opera, but he preferred politics. I have wearied Amorevoli with questions about you. If he was not just come from you, and could talk to me about you, I should hate him; for, to flatter me, he told me that I talked Italian better than you. He did not know how little I think it a compliment to have anything preferred to you—besides, you know the consistence of my Italian! They are all frightened out of their senses about going on the sea, and are not a little afraid of the English. They went aboard the *William and Mary* yacht yesterday, which waits here for Lady Cardigan [9] from Spa. The captain clapped the door, and swore in broad English that the Viscontina should not stir till she gave him a song, he did not care whether it was a catch or a moving ballad; but she would not submit. I wonder he did! When she came home and told me, I begged her not to judge of all the English from this specimen; but, by the way, she will find many sea-captains that grow on dry land.

Sittinburn, Sept. 13. O.S.

Saturday morning, or yesterday, we did set out, and after a good passage of four hours and a half, landed at Dover. I begin to count my comforts, for I find their contraries thicken on my apprehension. I have, at least, done for awhile with postchaises. My trunks were a little opened at Calais, and they would have stopped my medals, but with much ado and much three louis's they let them pass. At Dover I found the benefit of the *motions* [10] having miscarried last year, for they respected Sir Robert's son even in the person of his trunks. I came over in a yacht with East India captains' widows, a Catholic girl coming from a convent

[9] Lady Mary Montagu (d. 1775), daughter and co-heir of first Duke of Montagu; m. (1730) George Brudenell, fourth Earl of Cardigan, cr. Duke of Montagu, 1766.

[10] The motion in both Houses of Parliament, 1740, for removing Sir Robert Walpole from the King's councils. *Walpole.*

to be married, with an Irish priest to guard her, who says he studied *medicines* for two years, and after that *he studied learning* for two years more. I have not brought over a word of French or Italian for common use; I have so taken pains to avoid affectation in this point, that I have failed only now and then in a *chi è là?* to the servants, who I can scarce persuade myself yet are English. The country-town (and you will believe me, who, you know, am not prejudiced) delights me: the populousness, the ease, the gaiety, and well-dressed everybody amaze me. Canterbury, which on my setting out I thought deplorable, is a paradise to Modena, Reggio, Parma, &c. I had before discovered that there was nowhere but in England the distinction of *middling people*; I perceive now, that there is peculiar to us *middling houses*: how snug they are! I write to-night because I have time; to-morrow I get to London just as the post goes. Sir R. is at Houghton. . . .[11]

Good night till another post. You are quite well, I trust, but tell me so always. My loves to the Chutes[12] and all the &c's.

Oh! a story of Mr. Pope and the Prince[13]:—'Mr. Pope,

[11] Passage omitted.

[12] John Chute and Francis Whithed Esqrs., two great friends of Mr. W.'s, whom he had left at Florence, where he had been himself thirteen months in the house of Mr. Mann, his relation and particular friend. *Walpole.*—The connexion between the Mann and Walpole families, referred to by Horace Walpole, has not been traced.—John Chute (1701–1776), the last descendant in the male line of Chaloner Chute, Speaker of the House of Commons (1659), was the tenth and youngest child of Edward Chute, of the Vine in Hampshire. He was educated at Eton and was much abroad until 1746, when he returned to England. On the death of his brother Anthony, in 1754 he succeeded to the family estates. John Chute became acquainted with Horace Walpole in Florence in 1740, and they continued, until Chute's death, on terms of the most intimate friendship. He was Horace Walpole's occasional correspondent, and was a frequent guest at Strawberry Hill, where his antiquarian tastes made him particularly welcome.

Francis Whithed (b. 1719) was of Southwick Park, Hampshire. After spending some time on the Continent, he returned to England (1746), and in 1747 entered Parliament as member for Hampshire. He died in 1751 of a chill caught out hunting, to the great grief of John Chute, who regarded him almost as a son.

[13] Frederick, Prince of Wales.

you don't love princes.' 'Sir, I beg your pardon.' 'Well, you don't love kings then!' 'Sir, I own I love the lion best before his claws are grown.' Was it possible to make a better answer to such simple questions?

Adieu! my dearest child!

Yours, ten thousand times over.

P.S. Patapan[14] does not seem to regret his own country.

42. To Horace Mann.

[The beginning of this letter is lost[1].]

. . . I had written and sealed my letter, but have since received another from you, dated Sept. 24. I read Sir Robert your account of Corsica; he seems to like hearing any account sent this way—indeed, they seem to have more superficial relations in general than I could have believed! You will oblige me, too, with any farther account of Bianca Colonna[2]: it is romantic, her history!

I am infinitely obliged to Mr. Chute for his kindness to me, and still more for his friendship to you. You cannot think how happy I am to hear that you are to keep him longer. You do not mention his having received my letter from Paris: I directed it to him, recommended to you. I would not have him think me capable of neglecting to answer his letter, which obliged me so much. I will deliver Amorevoli his letter the first time I see him.

Lord Islay[3] dined here; I mentioned Stosch's[4] Maltese

[14] Mr. W.'s dog. *Walpole.*

Letter 42.—[1] Note in Horace Walpole's handwriting.

[2] A kind of Joan of Arc, who headed the Corsican rebels against the Genoese. *Walpole.*

[3] Archibald Campbell, Earl of Islay, and, on his brother's death, in 1743, Duke of Argyll. *Walpole.*—Second son of first Duke of Argyll; cr. Earl of Islay, 1706; succeeded his brother as third Duke of Argyll, 1743. He was Commissioner for settling the Union of England and Scotland, 1706; headed a loyal regiment, and was wounded at the battle of Sheriffmuir, 1715; Lord Privy Seal of Scotland, 1721–33; Lord Keeper of the Great Seal of Scotland, 1734–61; d. 1761.

[4] Baron Stosch, a Prussian virtuoso, and spy for the court of England on

cats. Lord Islay begged I would write to Florence to have the largest male and female that can be got. If you will speak to Stosch, you will oblige me: they may come by sea.

You cannot imagine my amazement at your not being invited to Riccardi's ball; do tell me, when you know what can be the meaning of it; it could not be inadvertence—nay, that were as bad! Adieu! my dear child, once more!

43. To Horace Mann.

Downing Street, Oct. 8, 1741. O.S.

I have been very near sealing this letter with black wax; Sir Robert came from Richmond[1] on Sunday night extremely ill, and on Monday was in great danger. It was an ague and looseness; but they have stopped the latter, and converted the other into a fever, which they are curing with the bark. He came out of his chamber to-day for the first time, and is quite out of danger. One of the newspapers says Sir R. W. is so *bad* that there are no *hopes* of him.

The Pomfrets[2] are arrived; I went this morning to visit my Lord, but did not find him. Lady Sophia is ill, and my Earl[3] still at Paris, not coming.

There is no news, nor a soul in town. One talks of nothing but distempers, like Sir Robert's. My Lady Townsend[4] was reckoning up t'other day the several things

the Pretender. He had been driven from Rome, though it was suspected that he was a spy on both sides: he was a man of a most infamous character in every respect. *Walpole.*

Letter 43.—[1] From his lodge in New Park, Richmond, Surrey.

[2] Thomas, Earl of Pomfret, and Henrietta Louisa, his Countess, and their two eldest daughters, Sophia and Charlotte, had been in Italy at the same time with Mr. Walpole. The Earl had been Master of the Horse to Queen Caroline, and the Countess Lady of the Bedchamber. *Walpole.*

[3] Henry, Earl of Lincoln, was at that time in love with Lady Sophia Fermor. *Walpole.*

[4] Ethelreda Harrison, wife of Charles Lord Viscount Townsend, but parted from him. *Walpole.*—Daughter of Edward Harrison, of Balls Park, Hertfordshire, sometime Governor of Fort St. George in India; m. (1723) Charles Townshend, third Viscount Townshend, by whom she was the mother of the first Marquis

that have cured them; such a doctor so many, such a medicine so many; but of all, the greatest number have found relief from the sudden deaths of their husbands. . . .[5]

The Opera begins the day after the King's birthday: the singers are not permitted to sing till on the stage, so no one has heard them, nor have I seen Amorevoli to give him the letter. The Opera is to be on the French system of dancers, scenes, and dresses. The directors have already laid out great sums. They talk of a mob to silence the operas, as they did the French players[6]; but it will be more difficult, for here half the young noblemen in town are engaged, and they will not be so easily persuaded to humour the taste of the mobility: in short, they have already retained several eminent lawyers from the Bear Garden to plead their defence. I have had a long visit this morning from *Don Benjamin*[7]: he is one of the best kind of agreeable men I ever saw: quite fat and easy, with universal knowledge: he is in the greatest esteem at my court.

I am going to trouble you with some commissions. Miss Rich[8], who is the finest singer, except your sister[9], in the world, has begged me to get her some music, particularly the office of the *Virgin of the Seven Sorrows*, by Pergolesi, the *Serva Padrona*[10], *Il Pastor se torna Aprile*, and *Semplicetta Pastorella*. If you can send these easily, you will much oblige me. Do, too, let me know by your brother,

Townshend, and of Charles Townshend the statesman. She died in 1788.

[5] Passage omitted.

[6] At the Haymarket Theatre in October, 1738.

[7] Benjamin Keene, Ambassador at Madrid. *Walpole.*—Twice Ambassador in Spain, 1727–39, 1748–57; Lord of Trade, 1742–44; Paymaster of the Pensions, 1744; Envoy Extraordinary to Lisbon, 1746–48; K. B., 1754. He died at Madrid in 1757, when on the point of returning home to receive a pension and a peerage.

[8] Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Sir Robert Rich, since married to Sir George Lyttelton. *Walpole.* — She married in 1749, but soon separated from her husband (who became Lord Lyttelton in 1756). She survived him, and died in 1795.

[9] Mary, daughter of R. Mann Esq., since married to Mr. Foote. *Walpole.*

[10] An opera by Pergolesi.

what you have already laid out for me, that I may pay him.

I was mentioning to Sir Robert some pictures in Italy, which I wished him to buy; two particularly, if they can be got, would make him delight in you beyond measure. They are, a Madonna and Child, by Dominichino, in the palace Zambeccari, at Bologna, or *Caliambec*[11], as they call it; Mr. Chute knows the picture. The other is by Correggio, in a convent at Parma, and reckoned the second best of that hand in the world. There are the Madonna and Child, St. Catherine, St. Matthew, and other figures: it is a most known picture, and has been engraved by Augustin Carracci. If you can employ anybody privately to inquire about these pictures, be so good to let me know: Sir R. would not scruple almost at any price, for he has of neither hand. The convent is poor: the Zambeccari collection is to be sold, though, when I inquired after this picture, they would not set a price.

Here is a new epigram that you will not dislike: it is made by Dr. Munro[12] on two of his brethren, a physician and a surgeon—

When Hulse[13] for some trifling unorthodox jests
As unchristian was censured by bigots and priests,
He wisely resolv'd to wipe off the reproach,
And was seen with a parson six months in his coach.
When Cheselden[14] saw that the scheme had success,
He conceiv'd in some sort it might suit his own case;
So to take an unlucky damn'd censure away,
He contriv'd to be seen with a wit every day:
And with Pope by his side in the pride of his soul,
'Now damn ye,' says he; 'now d'ye think I'm a fool?'

[11] A corrupted pronunciation of the Bolognese. *Walpole.*

[12] James Monro (1680–1752), physician to Bethlehem Hospital for lunatics.

[13] Sir Edward Hulse (1682–1759), first Baronet.

[14] William Cheselden (1688–1752), a well-known surgeon and anatomist. He was on friendly terms with Pope.

Lord Euston[15] is to be married to Lady Dorothy Boyle to-morrow, after so many delays.

I have received your long letter, and Mr. Chute's too, which I will answer next post. I wish I had the least politics to tell you; but all is silent. The Opposition say not a syllable, because they don't know what the Court will think of public affairs; and they will not take their part till they are sure of contradicting. The Court will not be very ready to declare themselves, as their present situation is every way disagreeable. All they say, is to throw the blame entirely on the obstinacy of the Austrian Court, who would never stir or soften for themselves, while they thought any one obliged to defend them. All I know of news is, that Poland is leaning towards the acquisition side, like her neighbours, and proposes to get a lock of the Golden Fleece too. Is this any part of Gregory's[16] negociation? I delight in his *scappata*—'Scappato, no; egli solamente ha preso la posta.' My service to Seristori; he is charming.

How excessively obliging to go to Madame Grifoni's[17] *festino!* but believe me, I shall be angry, if, for my sake, you do things that are out of your character: don't you know that I am infinitely fonder of that than of her?

I read your story of the Sposa Panciatici at table, to the great entertainment of the company, and Prince Craon's epitaph, which Lord Cholmley[18] says he has heard before,

[15] George Fitzroy (1715–1747), Earl of Euston, eldest surviving son of second Duke of Grafton; m. (Oct. 9, 1741) Lady Dorothy Boyle, eldest daughter and co-heir of third Earl of Burlington. Lord Euston, whose character seems to have been odious in every respect, died during his father's lifetime.

[16] Gregorio Agdollo, an Asiatic, from being a prisoner at Leghorn, raised himself to be employed to the Great Duke by the King of Poland. *Walpole.*

[17] Elisabetta Capponi, wife of Signor Grifoni, a great beauty. *Walpole.*

[18] George Cholmondeley (1703–1770), third Earl of Cholmondeley, brother-in-law of Horace Walpole, by his marriage with Mary (d. 1731), daughter of Sir Robert Walpole; he served in the army and became Major-General; Lord Privy Seal, 1743–44; Joint Vice-Treasurer of Ireland, 1744; Lord of the Bedchamber, 1753. 'A vain empty man, shoved up too high by his father-in-law,

and does not think it is the Prince's own; no more do I, it is too good: but make my compliments of thanks to him; he shall have his buckles the first opportunity I find of sending them.

Say a thousand things for me to dear Mr. Chute, till I can say them next post for myself; till then, adieu.

Yours ever.

44. To Horace Mann.

London, Oct. 13, 1741.

[The greatest part of this letter is wanting[1].]

. . . The Town will come to town, and then one shall know something. Sir Robert is quite recovered.

Lady Pomfret I saw last night: Lady Sophia has been ill with a cold; her head is to be dressed French, and her body English, for which I am sorry, her figure is so fine in a robe: she is full as sorry as I am. Their trunks are not arrived yet, so they have not made their appearance. My Lady told me, a little out of humour, that Uguccioni[2] wrote her word, that you said her things could not be sent away yet: I understood from you, that very wisely, you would have nothing to do about them, so made no answer.

The Parliament meets the fifteenth of November.

. . . Amorevoli has been with me two hours this evening; he is in panics about the first night, which is the next after the birthday.

I have taken a master, not to forget my Italian—don't it look like returning to Florence?—some time or other! Good night.

Yours ever and ever,

my dear child.

Sir Robert Walpole, and fallen into contempt and obscurity by his own extravagance and insufficiency.' (*Memoirs of George II.*, ed. 1822, vol. i. p. 150.)

Letter 44.—[1] In Horace Walpole's handwriting.

[2] A Florentine nobleman.

45. To Horace Mann.

London, Oct. 19, 1741. O.S.

[Great part wanting[1].]

I write to you up to my head and ears in dirt, straw, and unpacking. I have been opening all my cases from the Custom House the whole morning; and—are not you glad? —every individual safe and undamaged. I am fitting up an apartment in Downing Street. . . .[2]

. . .[2] was called in the morning, and was asleep as soon as his head touched the pillow, for I have frequently known him snore ere they had drawn his curtains, now never sleeps above an hour without waking; and he, who at dinner always forgot he was Minister, and was more gay and thoughtless than all his company, now sits without speaking, and with his eyes fixed for an hour together. Judge if this is the Sir R. you knew.

The politics of the age are entirely suspended; nothing is mentioned; but this bottling them up, will make them fly out with the greater violence the moment Parliament meets; till . . .[2] a word to you about this affair.

I am sorry to hear the Venetian journey of the Suares family; it does not look as if the Teresina was to marry Pandolfini; do you know, I have set my heart upon that match?

You are very good to the Pucci, to give her that advice, though I don't suppose she will follow it. The Bolognese scheme . . .[2]

In return for Amorevoli's letter, he has given me two. I fancy it will be troublesome to you; so put his wife into some other method of correspondence with him.

Do you love puns? A pretty man of the age came into

Letter 45.—[1] In Horace Walpole's handwriting.
[2] These omissions occur in MS.

the play-house the other night, booted and spurred: says he, 'I am come to see Orpheus'—'And—*You rid I see,*' replied another gentleman.

46. To Horace Mann.

London, October 22, 1741. O.S.

Your brother[1] has been with me this morning, and we have talked over your whole affair. He thinks it will be impossible to find any servant of the capacities you require, that will live with you under twenty, if not thirty pounds a year, especially as he is not to have your clothes. Then the expense of the journey to Florence, and of back again, in case you should not like him, will be considerable. He is for your taking one from Leghorn; but I, who know a little more of Leghorn than he does, should be apprehensive of any person from thence being in the interest of Goldsworthy[2], or too attached to the merchants: in short, I mean, he would be liable to prove a spy upon you. We have agreed that I shall endeavour to find out a proper man, if such a one will go to you for twenty pounds a year, and then you shall hear from me. I am very sensible that Palombo[3] is not fit for you, and shall be extremely diligent in equipping you with such a one as you want. You know how much I wish to be of any service to you, even in trifles.

I have been much diverted privately, for it is a secret that not an hundred persons know yet, and is not to be spoken of. Do but think on a duel between Winnington[4]

Letter 46.—[1] Galfridus Mann (d. 1756), sometime M.P. for Maidstone; third son of Robert Mann, Deputy Treasurer of Chelsea Hospital, and younger brother of Horace (afterwards Sir Horace) Mann. He was in business with his elder brother Edward as an army clothier.

[2] Consul at Leghorn, who was endeavouring to supplant Mr. Mann. *Walpole.*

[3] An Italian, secretary to Mr. Mann. *Walpole.*

[4] Th. Winnington, Cofferer, and afterwards Paymaster of the Forces. *Walpole.*—Of Stanford Court, Wor-

and Augustus Townshend[5]. The latter a pert boy, captain of an Indiaman; the former declared cicisbeo to my Lady Townshend. The quarrel was something that Augustus had said of them; for since she was parted from her husband, she has broke with all his family. Winnington challenged; they walked into Hyde Park last Sunday morning, scratched one another's fingers, tumbled into two ditches—that is, Augustus did,—kissed, and walked home together! The other night, at Mrs. Boothby's[6]——

Well, I did believe I should never find time to write to you again; I was interrupted in my letter last post, and could not finish it; to-day I came home from the King's levee, where I kissed his hand, without going to the drawing-room, on purpose to finish my letter, and the moment I sat down they let somebody in. That somebody is gone, and I go on—at Mrs. Boothby's, Lady Townshend was coquetting with Lord Baltimore[7]: he told her, if she meant anything with him, he was not for her purpose; if only to make any one jealous, he would throw away an hour with her with all his heart. . . .[8]

The whole town is to be to-morrow night at Sir Thomas Robinson's[9] ball, which he gives to a little girl of the Duke of Richmond's[10]. There are already two hundred invited,

cestershire; M.P. for Worcester, Lord of the Admiralty, 1730–36; Lord of the Treasury, 1736–42; Paymaster of the Forces, 1743–46. He died in 1746. His epitaph was written by Sir Charles Hanbury Williams.

[5] Hon. Augustus Townshend, first cousin of Horace Walpole; second son of second Viscount Townshend by Dorothy Walpole, sister of the Prime Minister. He was a captain in the service of the East India Company, and died unmarried at Batavia in 1746.

[6] Anne, daughter of Hugh Clopton, Counsellor of the Middle Temple, and wife of Thomas Boothby, of Tooley Park, Leicestershire.

[7] Charles Calvert (1699–1751), sixth Baron Baltimore, proprietor of the province of Maryland. He was attached to the Prince of Wales' party.

[8] Passage omitted.

[9] Sir Thomas Robinson (circ. 1700–1777), first Baronet, of Rokeby, Yorkshire; Governor of Barbados, 1742–47. He was tall and thin, and was called 'Long Sir Thomas' to distinguish him from his namesake the diplomatist (who was afterwards Lord Grantham).

[10] Charles Lenox (1701–1750), second Duke of Richmond, Duke of Aubigny in France; served in the army, and

from miss in bib and apron, to my Lord Chancellor[11] in bib and mace. You shall hear about it next post.

I wrote you word that Lord Euston is married: in a week more I believe I shall write you word that he is divorced. He is brutal enough; and has forbad Lady Burlington[12] his house, and that in very ungentle terms. The whole family is in confusion; the Duke of Grafton[13] half dead, and Lord Burlington[14] half mad. The latter has challenged Lord Euston, who accepted the challenge, but they were prevented. There are different stories: some say that the duel would have been no breach of consanguinity[15]; others, that there is a contract of marriage come out in another place, which has had more consanguinity than ceremony in it[16]: in short, one cannot go into a room but you hear something of it. Do you not pity the poor girl? of the softest temper, vast beauty, birth, and fortune! to be so sacrificed!

The letters from the West Indies are not the most agree-

became Lieutenant-General; K.G., 1726; Master of the Horse, 1735–50.

[11] Lord Hardwicke.

[12] Lady Dorothy Saville (d. 1758), daughter and co-heir of second Marquis of Halifax; m. (1721) Richard Boyle, third Earl of Burlington. She was Lord Euston's mother-in-law.

[13] Charles Fitzroy (1683–1757), second Duke of Grafton; Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, 1720–24; K.G., 1721; Lord Chamberlain, 1724–57.

[14] Richard Boyle (1694–1753), third Earl of Burlington, a well-known amateur architect.

[15] See Sir C. H. Williams' lines *On Lady Dorothy Boyle enamoured with Lord Euston* (Works, vol. i. p. 252).

[16] Doubtless a reference to a rumoured project of marriage between Lord Euston and his sister-in-law Lady Augustus Fitzroy (whose husband had died in the preceding May). Lord Euston had at this date been married less than a fortnight to Lord Burlington's daughter, Lady Dorothy Boyle. She died a few months later, aged eighteen, in consequence, it is alleged, of his ill-treatment. Lord Euston's intention is alluded to by Mrs. Pendarves (Mrs. Delany):—'Now I talk of worthlessness, I must tell you the present discourse of the town is that Lord Euston is certainly going to be married to his sister-in-law, Lady Augustus Fitzroy; and that he has made inquiry what the expense will be to keep out of the spiritual court. What a monster he will shew himself to be, and his co-partner in wickedness no less so! If this be true it will confirm every villainous action he has been suspected of. How happy was it for poor Lady Euston to be removed from such a villain!' (To Mrs. Dewes, *Corr.*, vol. ii. pp. 205–6.)

able. You have heard of the fine river and little town which Vernon took, and named, the former *Augusta*, the latter *Cumberland*. Since that, they have found out that it is impracticable to take St. Iago by sea: on which Admiral Vernon and Ogle[17] insisted that Wentworth[18], with the land forces should march to it by land, which he, by advice of all the land officers, has refused; for their march would have been of eighty miles, through a mountainous, unknown country, full of defiles, where not two men could march abreast; and they have but four thousand five hundred men, and twenty-four horses. Quires of paper from both sides are come over to the Council, who are to determine from hence what is to be done. They have taken a Spanish man-of-war and a register ship, going to Spain, immensely valuable.

The Parliament does not meet till the first of December, which relieves me into a little happiness, and gives me a little time to settle myself. I have unpacked all my things, and have not had the least thing suffer. I am now only in a fright about my birthday clothes, which I bespoke at Paris: Friday is the day, and this is Monday, without any news of them!

I have been two or three times at the play, very unwillingly; for nothing was ever so bad as the actors, except the company. There is much in vogue a Mrs. Woffington[19], a bad actress; but she has life. . . .[20]

Lord Hartington dines here: it is said (and from his father's[21] partiality to another person's father[22], I don't think

[17] Admiral Sir Chaloner Ogle, Knight; d. 1750.

[18] Lieutenant-General Thomas Wentworth.

[19] Margaret Woffington (circ. 1718–1760). She first appeared in London in 1740.

[20] Passage omitted.

[21] William Cavendish (1698–1755), third Duke of Devonshire; Lord Privy Seal, 1731–33; Lord Steward of the Household, 1733–37, 1744–49; Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, 1737–45.

[22] Sir Robert Walpole.

it impossible) that he is to marry a certain miss[23]: Lord Fitzwilliam[24] is supposed another candidate.

Here is a new thing, which has been much about town, and liked; your brother Gal gave me the copy of it:

LES COURS DE L'EUROPE.

L'Allemagne craint tout;
L'Autriche risque tout;
La Bavière espère tout;
La Prusse entreprend tout;
La Mayence vend tout;
Le Portugal regarde tout;
L'Angleterre veut faire tout;
L'Espagne embrouille tout;
La Savoye se défie de tout;
Le Mercure se mêle de tout;
La France achète tout;
Les Jésuites se trouvent par tout;
Rome bénit tout;
Si Dieu ne pourvoye à tout,
Le Diable emportera tout.

Good night! my dear child: you never say a word of your own health; are not you quite recovered? a thousand services to Mr. Chute and Mr. Whithed, and to all my friends: do they begin to forget me? I don't them.

Yours ever.

47. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

My dearest Harry, London, October 31, 1741.

You have made me infinitely happy, but infinitely impatient for Monday se'nnight. I have wished for you more particularly this week, and wanted you all at Sir Thomas

[23] Mary, natural daughter of Sir Robert Walpole by Maria Skerrett (whom he married in 1738). On her father's promotion to the peerage, George II granted her the rank of an Earl's daughter. She married (1746) Charles, natural son of General Charles Churchill, by Mrs. Oldfield, the actress, by whom she had a large family.

[24] William Fitzwilliam (1719–1756), third Earl Fitzwilliam.

Robinson's and the birthday. You have already had accounts, I suppose, of the former from Lady Caroline[1] and Mr. Selwyn, but I will say my bit about it too; I told Lady Caroline I would; besides, I made a list of most of the people, and will tell you some of the company, which was all extremely good; there were none but people of the first fashion, except Mr. Kent[2], Mr. Cibber[3], Mr. Swiny, and the Parsons family, and you know all these have an alloy. Kent came as governess to Lady Charlotte Boyle[4], Cibber and Swiny have long had their freedom given them of this end of the town, and the Parsons's took out theirs at Paris. There were an hundred and ninety-seven people, yet no confusion; he had taken off all the doors of his house, and, in short, distributed everybody quite to their well-being. The dancers were the two Lady Lenox's[5] (Lady Emily queen of the ball, and appeared in great majesty from behind a vast bouquet), Lady Lucy Manners[6], Lady Ancram[7], Lady Lucy Clinton[8], Ladies Harriot and

Letter 47.—Not in C.; printed from original in possession of Sir T. V. Lister.

[1] Lady Caroline Fitzroy (d. 1784), eldest daughter of second Duke of Grafton; m. (1746) William Stanhope, Viscount Petersham, who succeeded his father as second Earl of Harrington in 1756.

[2] William Kent, architect (1684–1748).

[3] Colley Cibber, actor and dramatist (1671–1757).

[4] Lady Charlotte Elizabeth Boyle, daughter and eventually heir of third Earl of Burlington; m. (1748) William Cavendish, Marquis of Hartington (afterwards fourth Duke of Devonshire); succeeded her father as Baroness Clifford (1753), when the Clifford estates in Yorkshire and co. Cork passed to the Cavendish family; d. (as Marchioness of Hartington) 1754.

[5] Lady Georgiana Caroline Lennox (d. 1774), eldest daughter of second Duke of Richmond; cr. Baroness Holland, of Holland, Lincolnshire, 1762; m. (1744) Henry Fox (afterwards Lord Holland), by whom she was the mother of the second Lord Holland and of Charles James Fox.

Lady Emilia Mary Lennox (d. 1814), second daughter of second Duke of Richmond; m. 1. (1747) James Fitzgerald, twentieth Earl of Kildare (afterwards Duke of Leinster); 2. (1774) William Ogilvie.

[6] Youngest daughter of second Duke of Rutland; m. (1742) William Graham, second Duke of Montrose; d. 1788.

[7] Lady Caroline Darcy (d. 1778), daughter of third Earl of Holdernesse; m. (1735) William Henry Kerr, Earl of Ancram, afterwards fourth Marquis of Lothian.

[8] Eldest daughter of seventh Earl of Lincoln; d. unmarried in 1763.

Anne Wentworth[9], Sophia and Charlotte Fermor, and Camilla Bennet[10]; Miss Pelham[11] (Lord! how ugly she is!); Misses Walpole, Leneve[12], Churchill[13], Parsons, Maccartny, Pultney[14], Mary Townshend[15], Newton, and Brown. The men, Lord John Sackville[16], Lord Ancram[17], Holderness, Ashburnham[18], Howard[19], Hartington and Castlehaven[20]; Mr. Colebrook, Poulett, Churchill[21], two Townshends[22], Parsons, Vernon, Carteret[23], Colonel Maguire, and a Sir William Boothby[24]. For the rest of the company you shall see the list when you come to town. Lord and Lady Euston

[9] Lady Henrietta Alicia Wentworth, fourth daughter of first Marquis of Rockingham; m. (1764) William Sturgeon, her footman. Lady Anne Wentworth (d. 1769), eldest daughter of first Marquis of Rockingham; m. (1744) William Fitzwilliam, third Earl Fitzwilliam in Ireland, afterwards created an English earl.

[10] Only daughter of second Earl of Tankerville; m. 1. Gilbert Fane Fleming; 2. Mr. Wake.

[11] Catherine, eldest daughter of Hon. Henry Pelham (afterwards Prime Minister); m. (1744) her cousin, Henry Fiennes-Clinton, ninth Earl of Lincoln, who succeeded his uncle (1768) as second Duke of Newcastle; d. (as Countess of Lincoln) 1760.

[12] Elizabeth, daughter of Peter Le Neve; m. Vice-Admiral Hugh Pigott.

[13] See note on letter to Mann, Nov. 2, 1741.

[14] Probably the only daughter of William Pulteney, afterwards Earl of Bath.

[15] Third daughter of second Viscount Townshend; m. (1753) Hon. Edward Cornwallis, sixth son of fourth Baron Cornwallis; d. 1776.

[16] Second son of first Duke of Dorset; d. 1765. He preceded Horace Walpole as tenant of Strawberry Hill.

[17] William Henry Kerr (1710–1775), Earl of Ancram, eldest son of third Marquis of Lothian, whom he succeeded in 1767. He served in the army, and was present at the battles of Fontenoy and Culloden.

[18] John Ashburnham (1725–1812), second Earl of Ashburnham; Ranger of St. James's and Hyde Parks, 1753–62; Keeper of the Great Wardrobe, 1765–75; Groom of the Stole and First Lord of the Bedchamber to George III, 1775–82.

[19] Thomas Howard (circ. 1714–1763), Lord Howard, eldest son of first Earl of Effingham, whom he succeeded in 1743. He became Deputy Earl Marshal in 1743.

[20] James Tuchet (1723–1769), seventh Earl of Castlehaven.

[21] Charles (1720–1812), natural son of General Charles Churchill; by Mrs. Oldfield, the actress; sometime M.P. for Stockbridge; m. (1746) Lady Mary Walpole, natural daughter of the Prime Minister.

[22] Probably Hon. George and Hon. Charles Townshend. See note on letter to Mann, Jan. 14, 1745, and note on letter to Montagu, May 18, 1749.

[23] Hon. Robert Carteret (1721–1776), styled Lord Carteret, 1744–63, only surviving son of second Baron Carteret (afterwards second Earl Granville), whom he succeeded in 1763.

[24] Sir William Boothby, fourth Baronet; d. 1787.

and Lady Caroline did not dance. A supper for the lady dancers was served at twelve, their partners and waiting tables with other supper stood behind. Oh! I danced country dances, I had forgot myself. The ball ended at four.

Now for the birthday. There were loads of men, not many ladies, nor much finery. Lord Fitzwilliams and myself were the only two very fine; I was in a great taking about my clothes, they came from Paris, and did not arrive till nine o'clock of the birthday morning. I was obliged to send one of the King's messengers for them and Lord Holderness's suit to Dover. There were nineteen suits came with them. Do you know I was in such a fright lest they should get into the news, and took up the *Craftsman*[25] with fear and trembling. There was the greatest crowd at the ball I ever saw. Lady Euston danced country dances with the Duke[26]. My aunt Horace[27] had adapted her gown to her complexion, and chose a silk all broke out in pink blotches. By the way, was ever anything so terrible as Lord Holderness's face? Poor Lady Ancram's will be as bad in a twelvemonth. She, the Duke of Kingston[28], Lord Middlesex[29], and Lady Albemarle[30], are dreadfully altered. You can't think what an alteration towards old I find among my acquaintance.

Harry, you must come and be in love with Lady Sophia

[25] The organ of the Opposition.

[26] The Duke of Cumberland.

[27] Marie Madeleine Lombard (d. 1783), a Frenchwoman; m. (1720) Horatio, younger brother of Sir Robert Walpole, who was created (1756) Baron Walpole of Wolterton.

[28] Evelyn Pierrepont (1711–1773), second Duke of Kingston. He married (1769) the notorious Elizabeth Chudleigh, who was convicted of bigamy in 1776.

[29] Charles Sackville (1711–1769), Earl of Middlesex, eldest son of first Duke of Dorset, whom he succeeded in 1765. He was Lord of the Treasury, 1743–47; Master of the Horse to Prince of Wales, 1747–51.

[30] Lady Anne Lennox (d. 1789), daughter of first Duke of Richmond; m. (1723) William Anne Keppel, second Earl of Albemarle. Her portrait by Reynolds (painted between 1753 and 1760) is in the National Gallery.

Fermor; all the world is or should be. But I had cried her up so much before she appeared that she does not answer everybody's expectation. No more will the Opera to-night, for Amorevoli is ill and does not sing; his part is to be read. They had certainly much better have staid till Tuesday; but for fear of disappointing people, I fear they will disappoint them. I am not to be there, for Dodd has got a fever with the heat of the ball last night, so I shall not leave him. Indeed, my dear Harry, I will not scold you about the Opera, but I should have been glad, I own, that you were not in the direction. I doubt much of the success; and even should it succeed, gentlemen—and they very young gentlemen—are mighty apt not to understand economy and management. Do get out of it, if possible.

Good night! I have nothing more to tell you now, but I shall have a quantity to say to you. My loves to all your family.

Yours ever,
H. W.

48. To Horace Mann.

London, Nov. 2, 1741.

You shall not hear a word but of balls and public places: this one week has seen Sir T. Robinson's ball, my Lord Mayor's, the birthday, and the Opera. There were an hundred and ninety-seven persons at Sir Thomas's, and yet was it so well conducted that nobody felt a crowd. He had taken off all his doors, and so separated the old and the young, that neither were inconvenienced with the other. The ball began at eight; each man danced one minuet with his partner, and then began country dances. There were four-and-twenty couple, divided into twelve and twelve: each set danced two dances, and then retired into another room,

while the other set took their two; and so alternately. Except Lady Ancram, no married woman danced; so, you see, in England, we do not foot it till five-and-fifty. The beauties were the Duke of Richmond's two daughters [1], and their mother [2], still handsomer than they: the Duke sat by his wife all night, kissing her hand: how this must sound in the ears of Florentine *cicisbè's*, cock or hen! Then there was Lady Euston, Lady Caroline Fitzroy [3], Lady Lucy Manners [4], Lady Camilla Bennet, and Lady Sophia [5], handsomer than all, but a little out of humour at the scarcity of minuets; however, as usual, she danced more than anybody, and, as usual too, took out what men she liked or thought the best dancers. *Mem.* Lord Holderness is a little what Lord Lincoln will be to-morrow; for he is expected. There was Churchill's [6] daughter [7], who is prettyish, and dances well; and the Parsons [8] family from Paris, who are admired too; but indeed it is *à force des muscles.* Two other pretty women were Mrs. Colebroke (did you know the he-Colebroke in Italy?) and a Lady Schaub, a foreigner, who, as Sir Luke [9] says, *would* have him: as the town says, Lord Chomley *will* have her. Sir R. was afraid of the heat, and did not go. The supper was served at twelve; a large table of hot for

Letter 48.—[1] Lady Caroline and Lady Emily Lenox, since married to H. Fox and the Earl of Kildare. *Walpole.*

[2] Lady Sarah Cadogan (d. 1751), eldest daughter and co-heir of first Earl Cadogan; m. (1719), Charles Lennox, second Duke of Richmond.

[3] Eldest daughter to Charles, Duke of Grafton, since married to Lord Petersham. *Walpole.*

[4] Sister to John, Duke of Rutland, since married to the Duke of Montrose. *Walpole.*

[5] Lady Sophia Fermor. *Walpole.*

[6] Lieutenant-General Charles Churchill, natural son of Charles Churchill (younger brother of the Duke of Marlborough); Colonel of Dragoons; Governor of Plymouth; Groom of the Bedchamber; Deputy Ranger of St. James's Park; M.P. for Castle Rising, 1715–45; d. 1745.

[7] Harriet, natural daughter of General Churchill; afterwards married to Sir Everard Fawkener. *Walpole.*—M. (2) Governor Thomas Pownall.

[8] The son and daughters of Alderman Parsons, a Jacobite brewer, who lived much in France, and had, somehow or other, been taken notice of by the King. *Walpole.*

[9] Sir Luke Schaub (d. 1758), a native of Basle, formerly private secretary to Lord Stanhope, Envoy to Madrid, and Minister in Paris.

the lady dancers; their partners and other tables stood round. We danced (for I country-danced) till four, then had tea and coffee, and came home.

Finis Balli.

. . .[10] Friday was the birthday; it was vastly full, the ball immoderately so, for there came all the second edition of my Lord Mayor's, but not much finery: Lord Fitzwilliam and myself were far the most superb. I did not get mine till nine that morning.

The Opera will not tell so well as the two other shows, for they were obliged to omit the part of Amorevoli, who has a fever. The audience was excessive, without the least disturbance, and almost as little applause; I cannot conceive why, for Monticelli . . .[11] be able to sing to-morrow.

At court I met the Shadwells[12]; Mademoiselle Misse Molli, &c. I love them, for they asked vastly after you, and kindly. Do you know, I have had a mind to visit Pucci, the Florentine minister, but he is so black, and looks so like a murderer in a play, that I have never brought it about yet? I know none of the foreign ministers, but Ossorio[13] a little; he is still vastly in fashion, though extremely altered. Scandal, who, I believe, is not mistaken, lays a Miss McCartney to his charge; she is a companion to the Duchess of Richmond, as Madame Goldsworthy[14] was; but Ossorio will rather be Wachtendonck[15] than Goldsworthy: what a lamentable story is that of the hundred sequins per month! I have mentioned Mr. Jackson, as you desired, to Sir R., who says he has a very good opinion of him. In

[10] So in MS.

[11] So in MS.

[12] Sir John Shadwell, a physician, his wife and daughters, the youngest of whom was pretty, and by the foreigners generally called *Mademoiselle Misse Molli*, had been in Italy when Mr. W. was there. *Walpole.*

[13] The Chevalier Ossorio, minister from the King of Sardinia. *Walpole.*

[14] Daughter of Captain Vanbrugh, R.N.

[15] General Wachtendonck, commander of the Great Duke's troops at Leghorn, was cicisbeo to the Consul's wife there. *Walpole.*

case of any change at Leghorn, you will let me know. He will not lose his patron, Lord Hervey, so soon as I imagined; he begins to recover.

I believe the Euston embroil is adjusted; I was with Lady Caroline Fitzroy on Friday evening; there were her brother and the bride, and quite bridal together, quite honey-moonish.

I forgot to tell you that the Prince was not at the Opera; I believe it has been settled that he should go thither on Tuesdays, and Majesty on Saturdays, that they may not meet.

The Neutrality[16] begins to break out, and threatens to be an *excise* or *convention*[17]. The newspapers are full of it, and the press teems. It has already produced three pieces: *The Groans of Germany*, which I will send you by the first opportunity; *Bedlam, a poem on His Majesty's happy escape from his German dominions, and all the wisdom of his conduct there.* The title of this is all that is remarkable in it. The third piece is a Ballad, which, not for the goodness, but for the excessive abuse of it, I shall transcribe:

THE LATE GALLANT EXPLOITS OF A FAMOUS BALANCING CAPTAIN[18].

A NEW SONG. TO THE TUNE OF THE KING AND THE MILLER.

Mene tekel. The handwriting on the wall.

I.

I'll tell you a story as strange as 'tis new,
Which all, who're concern'd, will allow to be true,
Of a Balancing Captain, well known hereabouts,
Return'd home, God save him! a mere King of Clouts.

[16] The Neutrality for the electorate of Hanover. *Walpole.*

[17] An allusion to the excitement caused by the Excise scheme of 1733, and the Spanish Convention of 1739.

[18] George II.

II.

This Captain he takes, in a *gold*-ballast'd ship,
Each summer to *Terra damnosa* a trip,
For which he begs, borrows, scrapes all he can get,
And runs his poor *Owners* most vilely in debt.

III.

The last time he set out for this blessed place,
He met them, and told them a most piteous case,
Of a Sister of his[19], who, though bred up at court,
Was ready to perish for want of support.

IV.

This *Hun-gry* Sister, he then did pretend,
Would be to his *Owners* a notable friend,
If they would at that critical juncture supply her—
They did—but alas! all the fat 's in the fire!

V.

This our Captain no sooner had finger'd the *cole*,
But he hies him abroad with his good Madame *Vole*—
Where, like a true tinker, he manag'd this metal,
And while he stopp'd *one hole*, made ten in the kettle.

VI.

His *Sister*, whom he to his *Owners* had sworn
To see duly settl'd before his return,
He gulls with bad messages sent to and fro,
Whilst he underhand claps up a *peace* with her foe.

VII.

He then turns this Sister adrift, and declares
Her most mortal foes were her Father's right heirs—
'G—d z—ds!' cries the world, 'such a step was ne'er taken!'
'O, ho!' says Nol Bluff, 'I have sav'd my own bacon.

VIII.

'Let France damn the Germans, and undamn the Dutch,
And Spain on Old England pish ever so much,
Let Russia bang Sweden, or Sweden bang that,
I care not, by *Robert!* one *kick of my hat.*

[19] Maria Theresa, Queen of Hungary.

IX.

'So I by myself can noun substantive stand,
Impose on my Owners, and save my own land;
You call me masculine, feminine, neuter, or block,
Be what will the genders, sirs, hic, hæc, or hoc.

X.

'Or should my chous'd Owners begin to look sour,
I'll trust to *Mate Bob* to exert his old power,
Regit animos dictis, or *nummis*, with ease,
So, spite of your growling, I'll act as I please.'

XI.

Yet worse in this treacherous contract, 'tis said,
Such terms are agreed to, such promises made,
That his Owners must soon feeble beggars become—
'Hold!' cries the Crown office, 'ware scandal—so, mum!'

XII.

This secret, however, must out on the day
When he meets his poor Owners to ask for more pay!
And I fear when they come to adjust the account,
A —— for a balance, will prove their amount.

One or two of the stanzas are tolerable; some, especially the ninth, most nonsensically bad. However, this is a specimen of what we shall have amply commented upon in Parliament.

I have already found out a person, who, I believe, will please you in Palombo's place: I am to see your brother about it to-morrow morning, and next post you shall hear more particularly.

I am quite in concern for the poor Princess[20], and her conjugal and amorous distresses: I really pity them; were

[20] The Prince de Craon, and the Princess his wife, who had been favourite mistress to Leopold, the last Duke of Lorraine, resided at this time in Florence, where the Prince was head of the council of regency; but they were extremely ill-treated and mortified by the Count de Richcourt, a low Lorrainer, who, being a creature of the Great Duke's favourite minister, had the chief ascendant and power there. *Walpole.*

they in England, we should have all the old prudes dealing out judgements on her, and mumbling toothless ditties, to the tune of *Pride will have a fall.* I am buying some fans and trifles for her, *si mignons!* Good night.

Yours ever.

49. To Horace Mann.

Downing Street, Nov. 5, 1741. O.S.

I just mentioned to you in my letter on Monday, that I had found such a person as you wanted; I have since seen your brother, who is so satisfied with him, that he was for sending him directly away to you, without staying six weeks for an answer from you; but I chose to have your consent. He is the son of a tradesman in the city, so not yet a fine gentleman. He is between fifteen and sixteen, but very tall of his age. He was disappointed in not going to a merchant at Genoa, as was intended; but was so far provided for it, as to have learned Italian three months: he speaks French very well, writes a good hand, and casts accounts; so, you see, there will not be much trouble in forming him to your purpose. He will go to you for twenty pounds a year and his lodging. If you like this, write me word by the first post, and he shall set out directly.

We hear to-day that the Toulon squadron is arrived at Barcelona; I don't like it of all things, for it has a look towards Tuscany. If it is suffered to go thither quietly, it will be no small addition to the present discontents.

Here is another letter, which I am entreated to send you, from poor Amorevoli; he has a continued fever, though not a high one. Yesterday, Monticelli was taken ill, so there will be no Opera on Saturday; nor was on Tuesday. Monticelli is infinitely admired; next to Farinelli[1]. The Viscontina

Letter 49.—[1] Carlo Broschi (1705–1782), called Farinelli, a famous singer.

is admired more than liked. The music displeases everybody, and the dances. I am quite uneasy about the Opera, for Mr. Conway is one of the directors, and I fear they will lose considerably, which he cannot afford. There are eight, Lord Middlesex, Lord Holderness, Mr. Frederick[2], Lord Conway, Mr. Conway, Mr. Damer[3], Lord Brook, and Mr. Brand. The five last are directed by the three first; they by the first, and he by the Abbé Vanneschi, who will make a pretty sum. I will give you some instances; not to mention the improbability of eight young thoughtless men of fashion understanding economy: it is usual to give the poet fifty guineas for composing the books—Vanneschi and Rolli[4] are allowed three hundred. Three hundred more Vanneschi had for his journey to Italy to pick up dancers and performers, which was always as well transacted by bankers there. He has additionally brought over an Italian tailor—because there are none here! They have already given this *Taylorini* four hundred pounds, and he has already taken a house of thirty pounds a-year. Monticelli and the Visconti are to have a thousand guineas a-piece; Amorevoli eight hundred and fifty: this, at the rate of the great singers, is not so extravagant; but to the Muscovita (though the second woman never had above four hundred) they give six; that is for secret services[5]. By this you may judge of their frugality! I am quite uneasy for poor Harry[6], who will thus be to pay for Lord Middlesex's pleasures! Good night! I have not time now to write more.

Yours ever.

[2] According to Lord Dover, John, second son of Sir John Frederick, Knight; succeeded his cousin as fourth Baronet in 1770; Commissioner of Customs, and M. P. for West Looe; d. 1783.

[3] Joseph Damer (1718–1798), cr. (June 3, 1753) Baron Milton of Shronehill, co. Tipperary, (May 10, 1762) Baron Milton of Milton Abbey, Dorsetshire, and (1792) Earl of Dorchester.

[4] Paolo Rolli (1687–1767), Italian poet and man of letters.

[5] She was kept by Lord Middlesex. *Walpole.*

[6] Mr. Conway.

50. To Horace Mann.

Downing Street, Nov. 12, 1741.

Nothing is equal to my uneasiness about you. I hear or think of nothing but Spanish embarkations for Tuscany[1]: before you receive this, perhaps, they will be at Leghorn. Then, your brother tells me you have received none of my letters. He knows I have never failed writing once a week, if not twice. We have had no letters from you this post. I shall not have the least respite from my anxiety, till I hear about you, and what you design to do. It is impossible but the Great Duke must lose Tuscany; and I suppose it is as certain (I speak on probabilities, for, upon honour, I know nothing of the matter), that as soon as there is a peace, we shall acknowledge Don Philip[2], and then you may return to Florence again. In the meanwhile I will ask Sir R. if it is possible to get your appointments continued, while you stay in readiness at Bologna, Rome, Lucca, or where you choose. I talk at random; but as I think so much of you, I am trying to find out something that may be of service to you. I write in infinite hurry, and am called away, so scarce know what I say. Lord Conway and his family are this instant come to town, and have sent for me.

It is Admiral Vernon's birthday, and the city shops are full of favours, the streets of marrowbones and cleavers, and the night will be full of mobbing, bonfires, and lights!

The Opera does not succeed; Amorevoli has not sung yet; here is a letter to his wife: mind, while he is ill, he sends

Letter 50.—[1] 15,000 Spanish troops had left Barcelona to invade Italy.

[2] Claimant to the duchies of Tuscany and Parma, second son of Philip V of Spain, by his second wife, Elizabeth Farnese; recognized as Duke of Parma at the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle (1748); d. 1765.

none to the Chiaretta! The dances are infamous and ordinary. Lord Chesterfield[3] was told that the Viscontina said she was but four-and-twenty: he answered, 'I suppose she means four-and-twenty stone!'

There is a mad parson goes about; he called to a sentinel the other day in the Park, 'Did you ever see the Leviathan?'—'No.'—'Well, he is as like Sir R. W. as ever two devils were like one another.'

Never was such unwholesome weather! I have a great cold, and have not been well this fortnight: even immortal Majesty has had a looseness!

The Duke of Ancaster[4] and Lord James Cavendish[5] are dead. This is all the news I know: I would I had time to write more; but I know you will excuse me now. If I wrote more, it would be still about the Italian expedition, I am so disturbed about it!

Yours ever.

51. To Horace Mann.

Downing Street, Nov. 23, 1741.

Your letter has comforted me much, if it can be called comfort to have one's uncertainty fluctuate to the better side. You make me hope that the Spaniards design on Lombardy; my passion for Tuscany, and anxiety for you, make me eager to believe it; but alas! while I am in the belief of this, they may be in the act of conquest in Florence, and poor you retiring politically! How delightful is Mr. Chute for cleaving unto you like Ruth! *Whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge!* As

[3] Philip Dormer Stanhope (1694–1773), fourth Earl of Chesterfield, the wit and letter-writer. He was Ambassador to the Hague, 1728–32; K. G., 1730; Viceroy of Ireland, 1745–46; Secretary of State, 1746–48.

[4] Peregrine Bertie (1686–1742), second Duke of Ancaster. The report of his death was unfounded.

[5] Second son of second Duke of Devonshire; served in the army, and was M.P. for Malton.

to the merchants at Leghorn and their concerns, Sir R. thinks you are mistaken, and that if the Spaniards come thither, they will by no means be safe. I own I write to you under a great dilemma; I flatter myself, all is well with you; but if not, how disagreeable to have one's letters fall into strange hands.—I write, however.

A brother of mine[1], Edward by name, has lately had a call to matrimony: the virgin's name was Howe[2]. He had agreed to take her with no fortune, she him with his four children[3]. The father of him, to get rid of his importunities, at last acquiesced. The very moment he had obtained this consent, he repented; and, instead of flying on the wings of love to notify it, he went to his fair one, owned his father had mollified, but hoped she would be so good as to excuse him[4]. . . .

You cannot imagine what an entertaining fourth act of the opera we had the other night. Lord Vane[5], in the middle of the pit, making love to my lady. The Duke of Newcastle[6] has lately given him threescore thousand pounds,

LETTER 51.—[1] Second son of Sir Robert Walpole. He was Clerk of the Pells, and afterwards Knight of the Bath. *Walpole.*

[2] Eldest sister of the Lord Viscount Howe. She was soon after this married to a relation of her own name. *Walpole.*

[3] Natural children by Mary (or Dorothy) Clements, a milliner:—Edward (d. 1771), served in the army; Laura (d. 1813), m. (1758) Hon. and Rev. Frederick Keppel (afterwards Bishop of Exeter), fourth son of second Earl of Albemarle; Maria (d. 1807), m. 1. (1759) James Waldegrave, second Earl Waldegrave; 2. (1766) William Henry, Duke of Gloucester, brother of George III; Charlotte (d. 1789), m. (1760) Lionel Tollemache, Lord Huntingtower (afterwards fifth Earl of Dysart).

[4] Passage obliterated in MS.

[5] William Vane, second Viscount Vane; d. 1789. His wife, Frances Hawes (d. 1788), was the daughter of a South Sea Director. She first married Lord William Hamilton. Her adventures (under the title of *Memoirs of a Lady of Quality*) were interpolated in Smollett's novel *Peregrine Pickle.*

[6] Uncle of Lord Vane, whose father, Lord Barnard, had married Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Gilbert Holles, Earl of Clare, and sister and co-heir of John, Duke of Newcastle. *Walpole.*—Thomas Pelham-Holles (1693–1768), Duke of Newcastle; Lord Chamberlain, 1717–24; K.G., 1718; Secretary of State for the Southern Province, 1724–54; High Steward of Cambridge University, 1737–48; Chancellor of Cambridge University, 1748; First Lord of the Treasury (Prime Minister), 1754–56, 1757–62.

to consent to cut off the entail of the Newcastle estate. The fool immediately wrote to his wife, to beg she would return to him from Lord Berkeley[7]; that he had got so much money, and now they might live *comfortably*; but she will not live *comfortably*: she is at Lord Berkeley's house, whither go divers after her. Lady Townshend told me . . .[8] an admirable history; it is of *our friend* Lady Pomfret. Somebody that belonged to the Prince of Wales said, they were going to *Court*; it was objected that they ought to say, going to Carlton House; that the only *Court* is where the King resides. Lady P. with her paltry air of significant learning and absurdity, said, 'Oh Lord! is there no *Court* in England, but the King's? sure, there are many more! There is the *Court* of Chancery, the *Court* of Exchequer, the *Court* of King's Bench, &c.' Don't you love her? Lord Lincoln does her daughter: he is come over, and met her the other night: he turned pale, spoke to her several times in the evening, but not long, and sighed to me at going away. He came over all alive; and not only his Uncle-Duke[9], but even Majesty is fallen in love with him. He talked to the King at his levee, without being spoken to. That was always thought high treason; but I don't know how, the gruff gentleman liked it; and then he had been told that Lord Lincoln designed to have made the campaign, if we had gone to war; in short, he says, *Lord Lincoln is the handsomest man in England.*

I believe I told you that Vernon's birthday passed quietly, but it was not designed to be pacific; for at twelve at night, eight gentlemen, dressed like sailors, and masked, went round Covent Garden with a drum, beating up for a volunteer mob; but it did not take; and they retired to a great supper that was prepared for them at the Bedford

[7] Augustus Berkeley (1716–1755), fourth Earl of Berkeley.

[8] Passage omitted.

[9] The Duke of Newcastle.

Head[10], and ordered by Whitehead[11], the author of *Manners*. It has been written into the country that Sir R. has had two fits of an apoplexy, and cannot live till Christmas; but I think he is recovered to be as well as ever. To-morrow se'nnight is the *Day*[12]! It is critical. You shall hear faithfully.

The Opera takes: Monticelli pleases almost equal to Farinelli: Amorevoli is much liked; but the poor, fine Viscontina scarce at all. . . .[13] I carry the two former to-night to my Lady Townshend's.

Lord Coventry[14] has had his son[15] thrown out by the party: he went to Carlton House; the Prince asked him about the election: 'Sir,' said he, 'the Tories have betrayed me, as they will you, the first time you have occasion for them.'

The merchants have petitioned the King for more guardships. My Lord President[16] referred them to the Admiralty; but they bluntly refused to go, and said they would have redress from the King himself.

I am called down to dinner, and cannot write more now. I will thank dear Mr. Chute and the Grifona next post. I hope she and you liked your things.

Good night, my dearest child! Your brother and I sit upon your affairs every morning.

Yours ever.

[10] A well-known tavern in Covent Garden.

[11] Paul Whitehead, satirical poet; d. 1774.

[12] The day the Parliament was to meet. *Walpole.*

[13] Passage omitted.

[14] William Coventry (circ. 1688–1751), fifth Earl of Coventry.

[15] Thomas Henry Coventry (1721–1744), Viscount Deerhurst. He died before his father.

[16] Spencer Compton (circ. 1674–1743), Earl of Wilmington; Speaker of the House of Commons, 1715–27; Paymaster of the Forces, 1722–30; Lord Keeper of the Privy Seal, 1730; Lord President of the Council, 1730–42; K.G., 1733; First Lord of the Treasury, 1742.

52. To Horace Mann.

Nov. 26.

I don't write you a very long letter, because you will see the inclosed to Mr. Chute. I forgot to thank you last post for the songs, and your design on the Maltese cats.

It is terrible to be in this uncertainty about you! We have not had the least news about the Spaniards, more than what you told us, of a few vessels being seen off Leghorn. I send about the post, and ask Sir R. a thousand times a day.

I beg to know if you have never heard anything from Parker about my statue[1]: it was to have been finished last June. What is the meaning he does not mention it? If it is done, I beg it may not stir from Rome till there is no more danger of Spaniards.

If you get out of your hurry, I will trouble you with a new commission: I find I cannot live without Stosch's[2] intaglia of the Gladiator, with the vase, upon a granite. You know I offered him fifty pounds: I think, rather than not have it, I would give a hundred. What will he do if the Spaniards should come to Florence? Should he be driven to straits, perhaps he would part with his Meleager too. You see I am as eager about baubles as if I were going to Louis[3] at the Palazzo Vecchio! You can't think what a closet I have fitted up; such a mixture of French gaiety and Roman virtù! you would be in love with it: I have not rested till it was finished: I long to have you see it. Now I am angry that I did not buy the Hermaphrodite; the man would have sold it for twenty-five sequins: do buy it for me; it was a friend of Bianchi. Can you forgive me?

Letter 52.—[1] A copy of the Livia Mattei, which Mr. W. designed for a tomb of his mother: it was erected in Harry VII's chapel, in Westminster Abbey, in 1754. *Walpole.*—Parker was no doubt John Parker, a painter resident in Rome, who was employed by many English amateurs in buying and copying works of art.

[2] He gave it afterwards to Lord Duncannon, for procuring him the arrears of his pension. *Walpole.*

[3] Louis Siriez, a jeweller.

I write all this upon the hope and presumption that the Spaniards go to Lombardy. Good night.

Yours ever.

53. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

My dearest Harry, [London, 1741.]

Before I thank you for myself, I must thank you for that excessive good nature you showed in writing to poor Gray[1]. I am less impatient to see you, as I find you are not the least altered, but have the same tender friendly temper you always had. I wanted much to see if you were still the same—but you are.

Don't think of coming before your brother; he is too good to be left for any one living: besides, if it is possible, I will see you in the country. Don't reproach me, and think nothing could draw me into the country: impatience to see a few friends has drawn me out of Italy; and Italy, Harry, is pleasanter than London. As I do not love living *en famille* so much as you (but then indeed my family is not like yours), I am hurried about getting myself a house; for I have so long lived single, that I do not much take to being confined with my own family.

You won't find me much altered, I believe; at least, outwardly. I am not grown a bit shorter, or a bit fatter, but am just the same long lean creature as usual. Then I talk no French, but to my footman; nor Italian, but to myself. What inward alterations may have happened to me, you will discover best; for you know 'tis said, one never knows that one's self. I will answer, that that part of it that belongs to you, has not suffered the least change—I took care of that.

For virtù, I have a little to entertain you: it is my sole

Letter 53.—Wrongly placed by C. amongst letters of Oct. 1741. (See *Notes and Queries*, Dec. 18, 1897.)

[1] Gray's father died on Nov. 6, 1741.

Thomas Gray

from bust attributed to John Bacon, R.A.

pleasure.—I am neither young enough nor old enough to be in love.

My dear Harry, will you take care and make my compliments to that charming Lady Conway[2], who I hear is so charming, and to Miss Jenny, who I know is so? As for Miss Anne, and her love *as far as it is decent*: tell her, decency is out of the question between us, that I love her without any restriction. I settled it yesterday with Miss Conway, that you three are brothers and sister to me, and that if you had been so, I could not love you better. I have so many cousins, and uncles and aunts, and bloods that grow in Norfolk, that if I had portioned out my affections to them, as they say I should, what a modicum would have fallen to each!—So, to avoid fractions, I love my family in you three, their representatives. Adieu, my dear Harry! Direct to me at Downing Street. Good-bye!

Yours ever,

Hor. Walpole.

54. To Horace Mann.

Downing Street, Dec. 3, O.S. 1741.

Here I have two letters from you to answer. You cannot conceive my joy on the prospect of the Spaniards going to Lombardy: all advices seem to confirm it. There is no telling you what I have felt, and shall feel, till I am certain you are secure. You ask me about Admiral Haddock: you must not wonder that I have told you nothing of him; they know nothing of him here. He had discretionary powers to act as he should judge proper from his notices. He has been keeping in the Spanish fleet at Cales. Sir R. says, if he had let that go out, to prevent the embarkation, the

[2] Lady Isabella Fitzroy (d. 1782), second daughter of second Duke of Grafton; m. (May 29, 1741) Francis Seymour Conway, second Baron Conway (afterwards Earl and Marquis of Hertford).

Tories would have complained, and said he had favoured the Spanish trade, under pretence of hindering an expedition which was never designed. It was strongly reported last week that Haddock had shot himself; a satire on his having been neutral, as they call it.

The Parliament met the day before yesterday, and there were four hundred and eighty-seven members present. They did no business, only proceeded to choose a Speaker, which was, unanimously, Mr. Onslow[1], moved for by Mr. Pelham[2], and seconded by Mr. Clutterbuck[3]. But the Opposition, to flatter his pretence to popularity and impartiality, call him their own Speaker. They intend to oppose Mr. Earle's[4] being Chairman of the Committee, and to set up a Dr. Lee[5], a civilian. To-morrow the King makes his Speech. Well, I won't keep you any longer in suspense. The Court will have a majority of forty—a vast number for the outset: a good majority, like a good sum of money, soon makes itself bigger. The first great point will be the Westminster election; another, Mr. Pulteney's[6] election at Heydon;

Letter 54.—[1] Arthur Onslow (1691–1768), son of Foot Onslow, Commissioner of Excise; Speaker of the House of Commons in the five Parliaments (1727, 1734, 1741, 1747, 1754) of the reign of George II.

[2] Hon. Henry Pelham (1696–1754), second son of first Lord Pelham, and brother of the Duke of Newcastle; Treasurer of the Chamber, 1720; Lord of the Treasury, 1721; Secretary at War, 1724; First Lord of the Treasury (Prime Minister), 1743–54.

[3] Thomas Clutterbuck, Lord of the Admiralty, 1732; Lord of the Treasury, 1741; Treasurer of the Navy, 1742.

[4] Giles Earle (d. 1758), Comptroller of the King's Household, 1720; Commissioner of the Irish Revenue, 1728; Lord of the Treasury, 1738. He was Chairman of Committees of Elections in two Parliaments (from 1727 to 1741). His covetousness and wit are alluded to by Horace Walpole in a note on Sir C. H. Williams' *Dialogue between Giles Earle and Bubb Doddington*, published in Hanbury Williams' *Works* (1822).

[5] George (1700–1758), fifth son of Sir Thomas Lee, second Baronet, of Hartwell; M.P. for Brackley. See also note on letter to Mann, Dec. 16, 1741.

[6] William Pulteney (1682–1764), cr. (July 13, 1742) Earl of Bath; M.P. for Middlesex; Secretary at War, 1714–17; Cofferer of the Household, 1723–24. He had been a close friend of Sir Robert Walpole, but in 1724 they quarrelled, and Pulteney went into violent opposition. In conjunction with Bolingbroke he inspired the *Craftsman*, a periodical which contained the

Mr. Chute's brother[7] is one of the petitioners. It will be an ugly affair for the Court, for Pulteney has asked votes of the courtiers, and said Sir R. was indifferent about it; but he is warmer than I almost ever saw him, and declared to Churchill[8], of whom Pulteney claims a promise, that he must take Walpole or Pulteney. The Sackville family were engaged too, by means of George Berkeley[9], brother to Lady Betty Germain[10], whose influence with the Dorset[11] I suppose you know; but the King was so hot with his grace about his sons, that I believe they will not venture to follow their inclinations . . .[12] to vote for Pulteney, though he has expressed great concern about it to Sir R.

So much for politics! for I suppose you know that Prague is taken by storm, in a night's time[13]. I forgot to tell you that Commodore Lestock[14], with twelve ships, has been waiting for a wind this fortnight, to join Haddock.

I write to you in defiance of a violent headache, which I got last night at another of Sir T. Robinson's balls. There were six hundred invited, and I believe above two

most bitter and able attacks on Walpole's administration. He was at this time Walpole's most violent opponent in the House of Commons, and contributed more than any other individual to bring about the Spanish War. 'He was a country gentleman of good character, old family, and large property, a scholar, a writer, and a wit, and probably the most graceful and brilliant speaker in the House of Commons in the interval between the withdrawal of St. John and the appearance of Pitt.' (Lecky, *Hist. Cent.* XVIII, vol. i. p. 438.)

[7] Francis Chute, a lawyer; d. 1745.

[8] General Charles Churchill, Groom of the Bedchamber to the King. *Walpole.*

[9] Hon. George Berkeley, youngest son of second Earl of Berkeley; d. 1746.

[10] Lady Elizabeth Berkeley (d. 1769), second daughter of second Earl of Berkeley, and widow of Sir John Germain, first Baronet, from whom she inherited the estate of Drayton in Northamptonshire. She bequeathed it on her death to the notorious Lord George Sackville, who, in consequence, took the name of Germain.

[11] Lionel Cranfield Sackville (1688–1765), seventh Earl and first Duke of Dorset; Lord Steward of the Household, 1725–30, 1738–45; Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, 1730–37, 1751–55; Lord President of the Council, 1741–51.

[12] So in MS.

[13] Taken Nov. 25 (N.S.), 1741, by the French and Saxons under Counts de Saxe and Rutowsky.

[14] Commodore Richard Lestock (afterwards Admiral of the Blue), d. 1746.

hundred there. Lord Lincoln, out of prudence, danced with Lady Caroline Fitzroy, and Mr. Conway with Lady Sophia[15]; the two couple were just mismatched, as everybody soon perceived, by the attentions of each man to the woman he did *not* dance with, and the emulation of either lady: it was an admirable scene. The ball broke up at three; but Lincoln, Lord Holderness, Lord Robert Sutton[16], young Churchill, and a dozen more, grew jolly, stayed till seven in the morning, and drank thirty-two bottles. . . .[17]

I will take great care to send the knee-buckles and pocket-book; I have got them, and Madame Pucci's silks, and only wait to hear that Tuscany is quiet, and then I will convey them by the first ship. I would write to them to-night, but have not time now; old Cibber plays to-night, and all the world will be there.

Here is another letter from Amorevoli, who is out of his wits at not hearing from his wife.

Adieu! my dearest child. How happy shall I be when I know you are in peace.

Yours ever.

55. To Horace Mann.

Somerset House, (for I write to you wherever I find myself,) Dec. 10, 1741.

I have got no letter from you yet, the post should have brought it yesterday. The Gazette says, that the Cardinal[1] has declared that they will suffer no expedition against Tuscany. I wish he had told me so! if they preserve this guarantee, personally, I can forgive their breaking the rest. But I long for your letter; every letter now from each of us

[15] Lady Sophia Fermor.

[16] Second son of third Duke of Rutland; he took the name of Sutton on succeeding to the estate of his maternal grandfather, Robert Sutton, Lord Lexington; d. 1762.

[17] So in MS.

Letter 55.—[1] Cardinal Fleury, first minister of France. *Walpole.*

is material. You will be almost as impatient to hear of the Parliament, as I of Florence. The Lords on Friday went upon the King's Speech; Lord Chesterfield made a very fine speech against the Address, all levelled at the house of Hanover. Lord Cholmley, they say, answered him well. Lord Halifax[2] spoke very ill, and was answered by little Lord Raymond[3], who always will answer him. Your friend Lord Sandwich[4] affronted his Grace of Grafton[5] extremely, who was ill, and sat out of his place, by calling him to order; it was indecent in such a boy to a man of his age and rank: the blood of Fitzroy will not easily pardon it. The Court had a majority of forty-one, with some converts.

On Tuesday we had the Speech; there were great differences among the party; the Jacobites, with Shippen[6] and Lord Noel Somerset[7] at their head, were for a division, Pulteney and the Patriots against one[8]; the ill-success in the House of Lords had frightened them: we had no division, but a very warm battle between Sir R. and Pulteney. The latter made a fine speech, very personal,

[2] George Montagu-Dunk (1716–1771), second Earl of Halifax; Master of the Buckhounds, 1744–46; Chief-Justice in Eyre south of Trent, 1746–48; President of the Board of Trade, 1748–61; Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, 1761–63; First Lord of the Admiralty, 1762; Secretary of State for the Northern Province, 1762–65, 1771; K.G., 1764; Lord Privy Seal, 1770; served in the army, and became Lieutenant-General. He was the opponent of Wilkes on the subject of General Warrants.

[3] Robert Raymond (circ. 1717–1756), second Baron Raymond.

[4] John Montagu (1718–1792), fourth Earl of Sandwich; Lord of the Admiralty, 1744–48; First Lord of the Admiralty, 1748–51, 1763, 1771–82. He was also Plenipotentiary at the Conference at Breda, and Ambassador at the Hague, 1746–48; Joint Vice-Treasurer of Ireland, 1755–63; Secretary of State for the Southern Province, 1763–65; Joint Postmaster-General, 1768–70; Secretary of State for the Northern Province, 1770–71.

[5] Charles Fitzroy, second Duke of Grafton, and grandson of Charles II, was a person of considerable weight and influence at the court of George II, where he long held the post of Chamberlain of the Household. *Walpole.*

[6] William Shippen (1672–1743), M.P. for Newton; a parliamentary leader of the Jacobites.

[7] Lord Charles Noel Somerset (1709–1756), second son of second Duke of Beaufort; succeeded his brother as fourth Duke of Beaufort, 1746.

[8] Mr. Pulteney declared against dividing; observing with a witticism, that 'dividing was not the way to multiply.' *Walpole.*

on the state of affairs. Sir R. with as much health, as much spirits, as much force and command as ever, answered him for an hour; said, 'He had long been taxed with all our misfortunes; but did he raise the war in Germany? or advise the war with Spain? did he kill the late Emperor[9] or King of Prussia[10]? did he counsel this King[11]? or was he first minister to the King of Poland[12]? did he kindle the war betwixt Muscovy and Sweden?' For our troubles at home, he said, 'all the grievances of this nation were owing to the Patriots.' They laughed much at this; but does he want proofs of it? He said, 'They talked much of an equilibrium in this Parliament, and of what they designed against him; if it was so, the sooner he knew it the better; and therefore if any man would move for a day to examine the state of the nation, he would second it.' Mr. Pulteney did move for it; Sir R. did second it, and it is fixed for the twenty-first of January. Sir R. repeated some words of Lord Chesterfield's, in the House of Lords, that this was *a time for truth, for plain truth, for English truth*, and hinted at the reception[13] his lordship had met in France. After these speeches of such consequence, and from such men, Mr. Lyttelton[14] got up to justify, or rather to flatter Lord Chesterfield, though everybody then had forgot that he had been mentioned. Danvers[15], who is

[9] Charles VI; d. 1740.

[10] Frederick William I; d. 1740.

[11] Frederick II (the Great) (1740–1786).

[12] Frederick Augustus II (1734–1763).

[13] Lord Chesterfield had been sent by the party, in the preceding September, to France, to request the Duke of Ormond (at Avignon) to obtain the Pretender's order to the Jacobites, to vote against Sir R. W. upon any question whatever; many of them having either voted for him, or retired, on the famous motion the last year for removing him from the King's councils. *Walpole.*

[14] George Lyttelton (1709–1773), son of Sir Thomas Lyttelton, fourth Baronet, of Hagley Park, Worcestershire, whom he succeeded in 1751; cr. (Nov. 18, 1756) Baron Lyttelton of Frankley, Worcestershire; M.P. for Okehampton; Principal Secretary to the Prince of Wales, 1737; Lord of the Treasury, 1744–54; Cofferer of the Household, 1754–55; Chancellor of the Exchequer and Lord of the Treasury, 1755–56.

[15] Joseph Danvers, afterwards

a rough, rude beast, but now and then mouths out some humour, said, 'that Mr. P. and Sir R. were like two old bawds, debauching young members.'

That day was a day of triumph, but yesterday (Wednesday) the streamers of victory did not fly so gallantly. It was the day of receiving petitions; Mr. Pulteney presented an immense piece of parchment, which he said he could but just lift; it was the Westminster petition, and is to be heard next Tuesday, when we shall all have our brains knocked out by the mob; so if you don't hear from me next post, you will conclude my head was a little out of order. After this we went upon a Cornish petition, presented by Sir William Yonge[16], which drew on a debate and a division, when lo! we were but 222 to 215—how do you like a majority of seven? The Opposition triumphs highly, and with reason; one or two such victories, as Pyrrhus, the member for Macedon, said, will be the ruin of us. I look upon it now, that the question is, Downing Street or the Tower; will you come and see a body, if one should happen to lodge at the latter? There are a thousand pretty things to amuse you; the lions, the armoury, the crown, King Harry's cod-piece, and the axe that beheaded Anna Bullen. I design to make interest for the room where the two princes were smothered; in long winter evenings, when one wants company, (for I don't suppose that many people will frequent me then,) one may sit and scribble verses against Crouch-back'd Richard, and dirges on the sweet babes. If I die there, and have my body thrown into a wood, I am too old to be buried by robin redbreasts, am not I?

made a knight. *Walpole.*—Of Swithland, Leicestershire; cr. a Baronet, 1746; M.P. for Totnes; d. 1763.

[16] Sir William Yonge, fourth Baronet, of Colyton, Devonshire; M.P. for Honiton; Secretary at War, 1735; Joint Vice Treasurer of Ireland, 1746; d. 1755.

Bootle[17], the Prince's chancellor, made a most long and stupid speech; afterwards Sir Robert called to him, 'Brother Bootle, take care you don't get my old name.' 'What's that?' 'Blunderer.'

You can't conceive how I was pleased with the vast and deserved applause that Mr. Chute's brother, the lawyer, got: I never heard a clearer or a finer speech. When I went home, 'Dear Sir,' said I to Sir R., 'I hope Mr. Chute will carry his election for Heydon; he would be a great loss to you.' He replied, 'We will not lose him.' I, who meddle with nothing, especially elections, and go to no committees, interest myself extremely for Mr. Chute.

Old Marlborough[18] is dying—but who can tell! last year she had lain a great while ill, without speaking; her physicians said, 'She must be blistered, or she will die.' She called out, 'I won't be blistered, and I won't die.' If she takes the same resolution now, I don't believe she will.

Adieu! my dear child: I have but room to say,

Yours ever.

56. To Horace Mann.

Wednesday night, eleven o'clock, Dec. 16, 1741.
Remember this day.

Nous voilà de la Minorité! entens-tu cela? hé? My dear child, since you will have these ugly words explained, they just mean that we are metamorphosed into the minority. This was the night of choosing a Chairman of the Committee of Elections. Gyles Earle[1] (as in the two last Parliaments) was named by the Court; Dr. Lee[2], a civilian, by the

[17] Sir Thomas Bootle, Chancellor to the Prince of Wales.

[18] Sarah, Duchess Dowager of Marlborough. *Walpole.*—Widow of the great Duke of Marlborough; d. 1744.

Letter 56.—[1] Gyles Earle, one of the Lords of the Treasury. *Walpole.*

[2] George Lee, brother to the Lord Chief Justice; he was appointed one of the Lords of the Admiralty on the following change, which post he re-

Opposition, a man of a fair character. Earle was formerly a dependent on the Duke of Argyll, is of remarkable covetousness and wit, which he has dealt out largely against the Scotch and the Patriots. It was a day of much expectation, and both sides had raked together all probabilities: I except near twenty, who are in town, but stay to vote on a second question, when the majority may be decided to either party. Have you not read of such in story? Men, who would not care to find themselves on the weaker side, contrary to their intent. In short, the determined sick were dragged out of their beds: zeal came in a great-coat. There were two vast dinners at two taverns, for either party; at six we met in the House. Sir William Yonge, seconded by my uncle Horace[3], moved for Mr. Earle: Sir Paul Methuen[4] and Sir Watkyn Williams Wynne[5] proposed Dr. Lee—and carried him, by a majority of four: 242 against 238—the greatest number, I believe, that ever *lost* a question. You have no idea of their huzza! unless you can conceive how people must triumph after defeats for twenty years together. We had one vote shut out, by coming a moment too late; one that quitted us, for having been ill-used by the Duke of Newcastle but yesterday—for which, in all probability, he will use him well to-morrow—I mean, for quitting us. Sir Thomas Lowther[6], Lord Hartington's uncle, was fetched down by him, and voted against us. Young Ross[7],

signed on the disgrace of his patron, Lord Granville. He was afterwards designed by the Prince of Wales for his first minister, and immediately on the Prince's death, was appointed Treasurer to the Princess Dowager, and soon after made Dean of the Arches, a Knight and Privy Counsellor. *Walpole.*

[3] Horatio Walpole (1698–1757), younger brother of the Prime Minister; cr. (June 4, 1756) Baron Walpole of Wolterton, Norfolk; sometime Ambassador at Paris and at the Hague; Cofferer of the Household, 1730–41; M.P. for Norwich.

[4] Sir Paul Methuen, K.B., sometime Secretary of State; d. 1757.

[5] Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, third Baronet (d. 1749), a leader of the Jacobites in the House of Commons.

[6] Second Baronet, of Holker, Lancashire; m. Lady Elizabeth Cavendish, second daughter of second Duke of Devonshire; d. 1745.

[7] Charles Ross, killed in Flanders, at the battle of Fontenoy, 1745. *Wal-*

son to a Commissioner of the Customs, and saved from the dishonour of not liking to go to the West Indies when it was his turn, by Sir R.'s giving him a lieutenancy, voted against us; and Tom Hervey[8], who is always with us, but is quite mad; and being asked why he left us, replied, 'Jesus knows my thoughts; one day I blaspheme, and pray the next.' So, you see what accidents were against us, or we had carried our point. They cry, Sir R. miscalculated: how should he calculate, when there are men like Ross, and fifty others he could name! It was not very pleasant to be stared in the face, to see how one bore it—you can guess at my bearing it, who interest myself so little about anything. I have had a taste of what I am to meet from all sorts of people. The moment we had lost the question, I went from the heat of the House into the Speaker's chamber, and there were some fifteen others of us—an under door-keeper thought a question was new put, when it was not, and, without giving us notice, clapped the door to. I asked him how he dared lock us out without calling us; he replied insolently, 'It was his duty, and he would do it again': one of the party went to him, commended him, and told him he should be punished if he acted otherwise. Sir R. is in great spirits, and still sanguine. I have so little experience, that I shall not be amazed at whatever scenes follow. My dear child, we have triumphed twenty years; is it strange that fortune should at last forsake us; or ought we not always to expect it, especially in this kingdom? They talk loudly of the year *forty-one*, and promise themselves all the confusions that began a hundred years ago from the same date. I hope they prognosticate wrong; but should it be so, I can be

pole.—Hon. Charles Ross of Balnagown, second son of thirteenth Baron Ross.

[8] Hon. Thomas Hervey, second son of first Earl of Bristol; d. 1775. He was at this time writing his famous letter to Sir Thomas Hanmer. *Walpole.*—He eloped with Sir Thomas Hanmer's second wife.

happy in other places. One reflection I shall have, very sweet, though very melancholy; that if our family is to be the sacrifice that shall first pamper discord, at least *the one*[9], *the part* of it that interested all my concerns, and must have suffered from our ruin, is safe, secure, and above the rage of confusion: nothing in this world can touch her peace now!

To-morrow and Friday we go upon the Westminster election—you will not wonder, shall you, if you hear next post that we have lost that too? Good night.

Yours ever.

57. To Horace Mann.

Thursday, six o'clock.

You will hardly divine where I am writing to you—in the Speaker's chamber. The House is examining witnesses on the Westminster election, which will not be determined to-day; I am not in haste it should, for I believe we shall lose it. A great fat fellow, a constable, on their side, has just deposed, that Lord Sundon[1] and the high constable took him by the collar at the election, and threw him downstairs. Do you know the figure of Lord Sundon? if you do, only think of that little old creature throwing any man downstairs!

As I was coming down this morning, your brother brought me a long letter from you, in answer to mine of the 12th of November. You try to make me mistrust the designs of Spain against Tuscany, but I will hope yet: hopes are all I have for anything now!

As to the young man, I will see his mother the first

[9] His mother, Catherine Lady Walpole, who died August 20, 1737. *Walpole.*

Letter 57.—[1] William Clayton (circ. 1672–1752), first Baron Sundon; Lord of the Treasury, 1727–41. He was at this time candidate for Westminster.

minute I can; and by next post, hope to give you a definitive answer whether he will submit to be a servant or not: in every other respect, I am sure he will please you.

Your friend, Mr. Fane [2], would not come for us last night, nor will vote till after the Westminster election: he is brought into Parliament by the Duke of Bedford [3], and is unwilling to disoblige him in this. We flattered ourselves with better success; for last Friday, after sitting till two in the morning, we carried a Cornish election in four divisions —the first by a majority of six, then of twelve, then of fourteen, and lastly by thirty-six. You can't imagine the zeal of the young men on both sides: Lord Fitzwilliam, Lord Hartington, and my friend Coke [4] on ours, are warm as possible; Lord Quarendon [5] and Sir Francis Dashwood are as violent on theirs: the former speaks often and well. But I am talking to you of nothing but Parliament; why, really, all one's ideas are stuffed with it, and you yourself will not dislike to hear things so material. The Opposition, who invent every method of killing Sir R., intend to make us sit on Saturdays; but how mean and dirty is it, how scandalous! when they cannot ruin him by the least plausible means, to murder him by denying him air and exercise [6].

[2] Charles Fane, only son of Lord Viscount Fane, whom he succeeded, had been Minister at Florence. *Walpole.*—He had also been Minister at Turin and Constantinople. He was M.P. for Tavistock, 1734–54; for Reading, 1754–61; d. 1766.

[3] John Russell (1710–1771), fourth Duke of Bedford; First Lord of the Admiralty, 1744; Secretary of State for the Southern Province, 1748–51; K.G., 1749; Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, 1756–61; Ambassador Extraordinary at Paris, 1762; Lord President of the Council, 1763–65.

[4] Edward, Lord Viscount Coke, only son of the Earl of Leicester. He died in 1753. *Walpole.*

[5] George Henry Lee, Lord Viscount Quarendon, eldest son of the Earl of Litchfield, whom he succeeded in that title. *Walpole.*—He was born in 1718; succeeded his father in 1743; was High Steward of Oxford University, 1760; Lord of the Bedchamber, 1760; Captain of the Gentleman Pensioners, 1762; Chancellor of Oxford University, 1762; d. 1772.

[6] Sir Robert Walpole always went every Saturday to New Park, Richmond, to hunt. *Walpole.*

There was a strange affair happened on Saturday; it was strange, yet very English. One Nourse, an old gamester, said, in the coffee-house, that Mr. Shuttleworth, a member, only pretended to be ill. This was told to Lord Windsor[7], his friend, who quarrelled with Nourse, and the latter challenged him. My lord replied, he would not fight him, he was too old. The other replied, he was not too old to fight with pistols. Lord Windsor still refused: Nourse, in a rage, went home and cut his own throat. This was one of the odd ways in which men are made. . . .[8]

I have scarce seen Lady Pomfret lately, but I am sure Lord Lincoln is not going to marry her daughter[9]. I am not surprised at her sister's being shy at receiving civilities from you—that was English too!

Say a great deal for me to the Chutes. How I envy your snug suppers! I never have such suppers! Trust me, if we fall, all the grandeur, the envied grandeur of our house, will not cost me a sigh: it has given me no pleasure while we have it, and will give me no pain when I part with it. My liberty, my ease, and choice of my own friends and company, will sufficiently counterbalance the crowds of Downing Street. I am so sick of it all, that if we are victorious or not, I propose leaving England in the spring. Adieu!

Yours ever and ever.

58. To Horace Mann.

Christmas Eve, 1741.

My dearest child, if I had not heard regularly from you, what a shock it would have given me! The other night, at the Opera, Mr. Worseley, with his peevish face, half smiling through ill nature, told me (only mind!) by way of

[7] Herbert Hickman-Windsor (1707–1758), second Viscount Windsor, and Baron Mountjoy of the Isle of Wight.

[8] Passage omitted.

[9] Lady Sophia Fermor.

news, 'that he heard Mr. Mann was dead at Florence!' How kind! To entertain one with the chit-chat of the town, a man comes and tells one that one's dearest friend is dead! I am sure he would have lost his speech if he had had anything pleasurable to tell. If ever there is a metempsychosis, his soul will pass into a vulture and prey upon carcases after a battle, and then go and bode at the windows of their relations. But I will say no more of him: I punished him sufficiently, if sufficiently there be, by telling him you are perfectly well: you are, are you not? Send me a certificate signed by Dr. Cocchi[1], and I will choke him with it: another's health must be venomous to him.

Sir Francis Dashwood too—as you know all ill-natured people hear all ill news—told me he heard you was ill: I vowed you was grown as strong as the Farnese Hercules. *Then* he desires you will send him four of the Volterra urns, of the chimney-piece size; send them with any of my things: do, or he will think I neglected it because he is our enemy; and I would not be peevish, not to be like them. He is one of the most inveterate; they list under Sandys[2], a parcel of them with no more brains than their general; but being malicious, they pass for ingenious, as in these countries fogs are reckoned warm weather. Did you ever hear what Earle[3] said of Sandys? 'that he never laughed but once, and that was when his best friend broke his thigh.'

Last Thursday I wrote you word of our losing the Chairman of the Committee. This winter is to be all ups and downs. The next day (Friday) we had a most complete victory. Mr. Pulteney moved for all papers and letters,

LETTER 58.—[1] Antonio Cocchi, a learned physician and author of Florence; a particular friend of Mr. Mann. *Walpole.*

[2] Samuel Sandys, a republican, raised on the fall of Sir R. W. to be Chancellor of the Exchequer, then degraded to a peer and Cofferer, and soon afterwards laid aside. *Walpole.* —Cr. (Dec. 10, 1743) Baron Sandys of Ombersley, Worcestershire; d. 1770.

[3] Gyles Earle, a Lord of the Treasury; a man of great humour. *Walpole.*

&c., between the King and the Queen of Hungary and their ministers. Sir Robert agreed to give them all the papers relative to those transactions, only desiring to except the letters written by the two sovereigns themselves. They divided, and we carried it, 237 against 227. They moved to have those relating to France, Prussia, and Holland. Sir Robert begged they would defer asking for those of Prussia till the end of January, at which time a negotiation would be at an end with that King, which now he might break off, if he knew it was to be made public. Mr. Pulteney persisted; but his obstinacy, which might be so prejudicial to the public, revolted even his own partisans, and seven of them spoke against him. We carried that question by twenty-four; and another by twenty-one, against sitting on the next day (Saturday). Monday and Tuesday we went on the Westminster election. Murray[4] spoke divinely; he was their counsel. Lloyd[5] answered him extremely well: but on summing up the evidence on both sides, and in his reply, Murray was—in short, beyond what was ever heard at the bar. That day (Tuesday) we went on the merits of the cause, and at ten at night divided, and lost it. They had 220, we 216; so the election was declared void. You see *four* is a fortunate number to them. We had forty-one more members in town, who would not, or could not, come down. The time is a touchstone for wavering consciences. All the arts, money, promises, threats, all the arts of the former year '41, are applied; and self-interest, in the shape of Scotch members—nay, and of English ones, operates to the aid of their party, and to the defeat of ours. Lord Doneraile[6], a young Irishman, brought

[4] William Murray, brother of Lord Stormont, and of Lord Dunbar, the Pretender's first minister. He is known by his eloquence and the friendship of Mr. Pope. He was soon afterwards promoted to be Solicitor-General. *Walpole.*

[5] Sir Richard Lloyd, advanced in 1754 to be Solicitor-General in the room of Mr. Murray, appointed Attorney-General. *Walpole.*

[6] Arthur St. Leger, Lord Doneraile,

in by the Court, was petitioned against, though his competitor had had but one vote. This young man spoke as well as ever any one spoke in his own defence; insisted on the petition being heard, and concluded with declaring, *that his cause was his Defence, and Impartiality must be his support.* Do you know that, after this, he went and engaged, if they would withdraw the petition, to vote with them in the Westminster affair! His friends reproached him so strongly with his meanness, that he was shocked, and went to Mr. Pulteney to get off; Mr. P. told him, he had given him his honour, and he would not release him, though Lord Doneraile declared it was against his conscience: but he voted with them, and lost us the next question which they put (for censuring the High Bailiff) by his single vote; for in that the numbers were 217 against 215: the alteration of his vote would have made it even; and then the Speaker, I suppose, would have chosen the merciful side, and decided for us. After this, Mr. Pulteney, with an affected humanity, agreed to commit the High Bailiff *only* to the Serjeant-at-Arms. Then, by a majority of six, they voted that the soldiers, who had been sent for, after the poll was closed, to save Lord Sundon's life, had come in a military and illegal manner, and influenced the election. In short, they determined, as Mr. Murray had dictated to them, that no civil magistrate, on any pretence whatsoever, though he may not be able to suppress even a riot by the assistance of the militia and constables, may call in the aid of the army. Is not this doing the work of the Jacobites? have they any other view than to render the Riot Act useless? and then they may rise for the Pretender whenever they please. Then they moved to punish Justice Blakerby for calling in the soldiers; and when it was

died in 1750, being Lord of the Bedchamber to the Prince of Wales.

Walpole.—He was M.P. for Winchelsea.

desired that he might be heard in his own defence, they said he had already confessed his crime. Do but think on it! without being accused, without knowing, or being told it was a crime, a man gives evidence in another cause, not his own, and then they call it his own accusation of himself, and would condemn him for it. You see what justice we may expect if they actually get the majority. But this was too strong a pill for one of their own leaders to swallow: Sir John Barnard [7] did propose and persuade them to give him a day to be heard. In short, we sat till half an hour after four in the morning; the longest day that ever was known. I say nothing of myself, for I could but just speak when I came away; but Sir Robert was as well as ever, and spoke with as much spirit as ever, at four o'clock. This way they will not kill him; I will not answer for any other. As he came out, Whitehead [8], the author of *Manners*, and agent, with one Carey, a surgeon, for the Opposition, said, 'Damn him, how well he looks!' Immediately after their success, Lord Gage [9] went forth, and begged there might be no mobbing; but last night we had bonfires all over the town, and I suppose shall have notable mobbing at the new election; though I do not believe there will be any opposition to their Mr. Edwin and Lord Perceval [10]. Thank God! we are now adjourned for three weeks. I shall go to Swallowfield [11] for a few days: so for one week you will miss hearing from me. We have escaped the

[7] Sir John Barnard, Knight (1684–1761), M.P. for the City of London, 1722–61. He was an authority on finance.

[8] Paul Whitehead, an infamous but not despicable poet. *Walpole.*

[9] Thomas, Lord Viscount Gage, had been a Roman Catholic, and was Master of the Household to the Prince. *Walpole.*

[10] John Perceval (1711–1770), succeeded his father (1748) as second Earl of Egmont in Ireland; cr. (1762) Baron Lovell and Holland in England. He was Joint Postmaster-General, 1762–63; First Lord of the Admiralty, 1763–66. He wrote a celebrated pamphlet called *Faction Detected*, and a history of his own family called the *History of the House of Ivery*.

[11] Swallowfield, in Berkshire, the seat of John Dodd, Esq. *Walpole.*

Prince's[12] affair hitherto, but we shall have it after the holidays. All depends upon the practices of both sides in securing or getting new votes during this recess. Sir Robert is very sanguine: I hope, for his sake and his honour, and for the nation's peace, that he will get the better; but the moment he has the majority secure, I shall be very earnest with him to resign. He has a constitution to last some years, and enjoy some repose; and for my own part (and both my brothers agree with me in it), we wish most heartily to see an end of his ministry. If I can judge of them by myself, those who want to be in our situation do not wish to see it brought about more than we do. It is fatiguing to bear so much envy and ill-will *undeservedly*.—'Otium Divos rogo;' but adieu, politics, for three weeks!

The Duchess of Buckingham[13], who is more mad with pride than any mercer's wife in Bedlam, came the other night to the Opera *en princesse*, literally in robes, red velvet and ermine. I must tell you a story of her: last week she sent for Cori[14], to pay him for her opera-ticket; he was not at home, but went in an hour afterwards. She said, 'Did he treat her like a tradeswoman? She would teach him to respect women of her birth'; said he was in league with Mr. Sheffield[15] to abuse her, and bade him come the next morning at nine. He came, and she made him wait till eight at night, only sending him an omelet and a bottle of wine, 'As it was Friday, and he a Catholic, she supposed he did not eat meat.' At last she received him in all the form of a princess giving audience to an ambassador. 'Now,' she said, 'she had punished him.'

[12] A scheme for obtaining a larger allowance for the Prince of Wales. *Walpole.*

[13] Catherine, Duchess Dowager of Buckingham, natural daughter of James II. *Walpole.*—Lady Catherine Darnley (d. 1743); m. 1. James Annesley, third Earl of Anglesey; 2. as his second wife, John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham.

[14] Angelo Maria Cori, prompter to the Opera. *Walpole.*

[15] Mr. Sheffield, natural son of the late Duke of Bucks, with whom she was at law. *Walpole.*—Cr. a Baronet in 1756; d. 1774

In this age we have some who pretend to impartiality: you will scarce guess how Lord Brook [16] shows his: he gives one vote on one side, one on the other, and the third time does not vote at all, and so on, regularly.

My sister is up to the elbows in joy and flowers that she has received from you this morning, and begs I will thank you for her.

You know, or have heard of, Mrs. Nugent [17] (Newsham's mother); she went the other morning to Lord Chesterfield to beg 'he would encourage Mr. Nugent [18] to speak in the House; for that really he was so bashful, she was afraid his abilities would be lost to the world.' I don't know who *has* encouraged him; but so it is, that this modest Irish converted Catholic stallion does talk a prodigious deal of nonsense in behalf of English liberty.

Lord Gage [19] is another; no man would trust him in a wager, unless he stakes, and yet he is trusted by a whole borough with their privileges and liberties! He told Mr. Winnington the other day, that he would bring his son [20] into Parliament, that he would not influence him, but leave him entirely to himself. 'Damn it,' said Winnington, 'so you have all his lifetime.'

Your brother says you accuse him of not writing to you, and that his reasons are, he has not time, and next, that I tell you all that can be said. So I do, I think: tell me

[16] Francis, Baron, and afterwards created Earl Brooke. *Walpole.*

[17] Anna, sister and co-heir of James Craggs; m. 1. John Newsham; 2. John Knight; 3. Robert Nugent; d. 1756.

[18] Robert Nugent (circ. 1720–1788), cr. Baron Nugent and Viscount Clare (in Ireland), Jan. 19, 1767; cr. Earl Nugent, July 21, 1776; M.P. for St. Mawes. He was a wit and had some poetic talent. Goldsmith addressed him (as Viscount Clare) in his *Haunch of Venison.* Nugent's marriages to two wealthy widows led Horace Walpole to coin the verb 'to Nugentize.' See letter to Mann, July 22, 1744.

[19] Lord Gage was one of those persons to whom the privileges of Parliament were of extreme consequence, as their own *liberties* were inseparable from them. *Walpole.*

[20] Hon. William Hall Gage (1718–1791), succeeded his father (1754) as second Viscount Gage; Paymaster of the Pensions, 1766.

when I begin to tire you, or if I am too circumstantial; but I don't believe you will think so, for I remember how we used to want such a correspondence when I was with you.

I have spoke about the young man, who is well content to live with you as a servant out of livery. I am to settle the affair finally with his father on Monday, and then he shall set out as soon as possible. I will send the things for Prince Craon, &c., by him. I will write to Madame Grifoni the moment I hear she is returned from the country.

The Princess of Hesse[21] is brought to bed of a son. We are going into mourning for the Queen of Sweden[22]; she had always been apprehensive of the small-pox, which has been very fatal in her family.

You have heard, I suppose, of the new revolutions[23] in Muscovy. The letters from Holland to-day say, that they have put to death the young Czar and his mother, and his father too: which, if true[24], is going very far, for he was of a sovereign house in another country, no subject of Russia, and after the death of his wife and son, could have no pretence or interest to raise more commotions there.

We have got a new opera, not so good as the former; and we have got the famous Bettina to dance, but she is a most indifferent performer. The house is excessively full every Saturday, never on Tuesday: here, you know, we make everything a fashion.

I am happy that my fears for Tuscany vanish every letter. There! there is a letter of twelve sides! I am forced to

[21] Mary, fourth daughter of King George II. *Walpole.*—She married (1740) Frederick, Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel; d. 1771.

[22] Ulrica, Queen of Sweden, sister of Charles XII. *Walpole.*

[23] This relates to the revolution, by which the young Czar John was deposed, and the Princess Elizabeth raised to the throne. *Walpole.*

[24] This was not true. The Princess Anne of Mecklenburgh died in prison at Riga a few years afterwards. Her son, the young Czar, and her husband, Prince Antony of Brunswick-Wolfenbuttle, were confined for many years. *Walpole.*

page it, it is so long, and I have not time to read it over and look for the mistakes.

Yours ever.

59. To Horace Mann.

London, Dec. 29, 1741.

I write to you two days before the post goes out, because to-morrow I am to go out of town; but I would answer your letter by way of Holland, to tell you how much you have obliged both Sir Robert and me about the Dominichin[1]; and to beg you to thank Mr. Chute and Mr. Whithed—but I cannot leave it to you.

'My dear Mr. Chute, was ever anything so kind! I crossed the Giogo[2] with Mr. Coke[3], but it was in August, and I thought it then the greatest compliment that ever was paid to mortal; and I went with him too! but you to go only for a picture, and in the month of December! What can I say to you? You *do* more to oblige your friend, than I can find terms to thank you for. If I was to tell it here, it would be believed as little as the rape of poor Tory[4] by a wolf. I can only say that I know the Giogo, its snows and its inns, and consequently know the extent of the obligation that I have to you and Mr. Whithed. If I had any faith in virginity, I would beg that lady whose picture you have been to fetch, to reward you; but as I cannot hope for any miracles to pay my debts, I fear they will never be paid. Oh! yes, I have a virgin sister, and the virgin's name is Mary; if you will pay yourself—padrone.'

Letter 59.—[1] A celebrated picture of a Madonna and Child, by Dominichino, in the Palace Zambeccari, at Bologna, now in the collection of the Earl of Orford, at Houghton in Norfolk. *Walpole.*

[2] The Giogo is the highest part of the Apennine between Florence and Bologna. *Walpole.*

[3] Son of Lord Lovel, since Earl of Leicester. *Walpole.*

[4] A black spaniel of Mr. Walpole's was seized by a wolf on the Alps, as it was running at the head of the chaise horses, at noonday. *Walpole.*

Now I return to you, my dear child: I am really so much obliged to you and to them, that I know not what to say. I read Pennee's[5] letter to Sir R., who was much pleased with his discretion; he will be quite a favourite of mine. And now we are longing for the picture; you know, of old, my impatience.

Your young secretary-servant is looking out for a ship, and will set out in the first that goes: I envy him.

The Court has been trying, but can get nobody to stand for Westminster. You know Mr. Dodington[6] has lost himself extremely by his new turn, after so often changing sides: he is grown very fat and lethargic; my brother Ned says, 'he is grown of less consequence, but more weight.'

One hears of nothing but follies said by the Opposition, who grow mad on having the least prospect. Lady Carteret[7], who, you know, did not want any new fuel to her absurdity, says, 'they talk every day of making her lord[8] first minister, but he is not so easily persuaded as they think for.'

Good night. Yours ever.

[5] Probably Peter Penné or Penny, a gentleman of French extraction, who held an office in the Custom House.

[6] George Bubb Dodington had lately resigned his post of one of the Lords of the Treasury, and gone again into Opposition. *Walpole.*—B. 1691; d. 1762; cr. (April 6, 1761) Baron Melcombe of Melcombe Regis, Dorsetshire; Envoy to Madrid, 1715–17; Lord of the Treasury, 1724–40; Treasurer of the Navy, 1744–49, 1755–56, April–June, 1757; Treasurer of the Chamber to the Prince of Wales, 1749–51. His political self-seeking was notorious, and is frankly revealed in his *Diary* (published in 1784).

[7] Frances, daughter of Sir Robert Worseley, and first wife of John, Lord Carteret, afterwards Earl of Granville. *Walpole.*

[8] John Carteret (1690–1763), Lord Carteret; succeeded as second Earl Granville, 1744; Ambassador to Sweden, 1719–20; Secretary of State for the Southern Province, 1721–24, Feb. 10–14, 1746; Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, 1724–30; Envoy to the Hague, 1742; Secretary of State for the Northern Province, 1742–44; K.G., 1749; Lord President of the Council, 1751–53.

60. To Horace Mann.

London, Jan. 7, 174½. O.S.

I must answer for your brother a paragraph that he showed me in one of your letters: 'Mr. W.'s letters are full of wit; don't they adore him in England?' Not at all—and I don't wonder at them; for if I have any wit in my letters, which I do not at all take for granted, it is ten to one that I have none out of my letters. A thousand people can write, that cannot talk; and besides, you know, (or I conclude so, from the little one hears stirring,) that numbers of the English have wit, who don't care to produce it. Then, as to adoring; you now see only my letters, and you may be sure I take care not to write you word of any of my bad qualities, which other people must see in the gross; and that may be a great hindrance to their adoration. Oh! there are a thousand other reasons I could give you, why I am not the least in fashion. I came over in an ill season: it is a million to one that nobody thinks a declining old minister's son has wit. At any time, men in opposition have always most; but now, it would be absurd for a courtier to have even common sense. There is not a Mr. Sturt, or a Mr. Stewart, whose names begin but with the first letters of Stanhope[1], that has not a better chance than I, for being liked. I can assure you, even those of the same party would be fools, not to pretend to think me one. Sir Robert has showed no partiality for me; and do you think they would commend where he does not? even supposing they had no envy, which, by the way, I am far from saying they have not. Then, my dear child, I am the coolest man of my party, and if I am ever warm, it is by contagion; and where violence passes for parts, what will indifference be called? But how

Letter 60.—[1] The name of Lord Chesterfield. *Walpole*

could you think of such a question? I don't want money, consequently no old women pay me for my wit; I have a very flimsy constitution, consequently the young women won't taste my wit, and it is a long while before wit makes its own way in the world; especially as I never prove it, by assuring people that I have it by me. Indeed, if I were disposed to brag, I could quote two or three half-pay officers, and an old aunt or two, who laugh prodigiously at everything I say; but till they are allowed judges, I will not brag of such authorities.

If you have a mind to know who is *adored* and *has wit;* there is old Churchill[2] has as much God-damn-ye wit as ever—except that he has lost two teeth. There are half a dozen Scotchmen who vote against the Court, and are cried up by the Opposition for wit, to keep them steady. They are forced to cry up their parts, for it would be too barefaced to commend their honesty. Then Mr. Nugent has had a great deal of wit till within this week; but he is so busy and so witty, that even his own party grow tired of him. His plump wife, who talks of nothing else, says he entertained her all the way on the road with repeating his speeches. . . .[3]

I did not go into the country last week, as I intended, the weather was so bad; but I shall go on Sunday for three or four days, and perhaps shall not be able to write to you that week.

You are in an agitation, I suppose, about politics: both sides are trafficking deeply for votes during the holidays. It is allowed, I think, that we shall have a majority of twenty-six: Sir R. says more; but now, upon a pinch, he brags like any bridegroom.

The Westminster election passed without any disturbance,

[2] General Charles Churchill. *Walpole.*

[3] Passage omitted.

in favour of Lord Perceive-all[4] and Mr. Perceive-nothing, as my uncle calls them. Lord Chesterfield was vaunting to Lord Lovel[5], that they should have carried it, if they had set up two broomsticks. 'So I see,' replied Lovel. But it seems we have not done with it yet: if we get the majority, this will be declared a void election too, for my Lord Chancellor has found out that the person who made the return, had no right to make it: it was the High Bailiff's clerk, the High Bailiff himself being in custody of the Serjeant-at-Arms. It makes a great noise, and they talk of making subscriptions for a petition.

Lord Stafford[6] is come over. He told me some good stories of the Primate[7]. . . .[8]

Last night I had a good deal of company to hear Monticelli and Amorevoli, particularly the three beauty-Fitzroys, Lady Euston, Lady Conway, and Lady Caroline[9]. Sir R. liked the singers extremely: he had not heard them before. . . .[10] I forgot to tell you all our beauties: there was Miss Hervey[11], my Lord's daughter, a fine, black girl, but as masculine as her father should be; and Jenny Conway[12], handsomer still, though changed with illness, than even the Fitzroys. I made the music for my Lord Hervey, who is too ill to go to operas: yet, with a coffin-face, is as full of his little dirty

[4] *Vide* an account of the election of Lord Perceval and one Edwin, in that Lord's *History of the House of Ivery*. *Walpole.*

[5] Thomas Coke (circ. 1695–1759), Baron Lovel; cr. Earl of Leicester, May 9, 1744.

[6] William Matthias Howard, Earl of Stafford. He died in 1751. *Walpole.*

[7] The Primate of Lorraine, eldest son of Prince Craon, was famous for his wit and vices of all kinds. *Walpole.*

[8] Passage omitted.

[9] Lady Dorothy Boyle, eldest daughter of Lord Burlington; Isabella, wife of Francis Lord Conway; and Caroline, afterwards married to Lord Petersham, were the daughter-in-law and daughters of Charles Fitzroy, Duke of Grafton, Lord Chamberlain. *Walpole.*

[10] Passage omitted.

[11] Lepel, eldest daughter of John, Lord Hervey, afterwards married to Mr. Phipps. *Walpole.*—She married (Feb. 26, 1743) Constantine Phipps, afterwards Lord Mulgrave.

[12] Jane, only daughter of Francis, the first Lord Conway, by his second wife, Mrs. Bodens. *Walpole.*

politics as ever. He *will not* be well enough to go to the House till the majority is certain somewhere, but lives shut up with Lord Chesterfield and Mr. Pulteney—a triumvirate, who hate one another more than anybody they could proscribe, had they the power. I dropped in at my Lord Hervey's, the other night, knowing my Lady [13] had company: it was soon after our defeats. My Lord, who has always professed particularly to me, turned his back on me, and retired for an hour into a whisper with young Hammond [14], at the end of the room. Not being at all amazed at one whose heart I knew so well, I stayed on, to see more of this behaviour; indeed, to use myself to it. At last he came up to me, and begged this music, which I gave him, and would often again, to see how many times I shall be ill and well with him within this month. Yesterday came news that his brother, Captain W. Hervey [15], had taken a Caracca ship, worth full two hundred thousand pounds. He was afterwards separated from it by a storm, for two or three days, and was afraid of losing it, having but five-and-twenty men to thirty-six Spaniards; but he has brought it home safe. I forgot to tell you, that upon losing the first question, Lord Hervey kept away for a week; on our carrying the next great one, he wrote to Sir Robert, how much he desired to see him, 'not upon any business, but Lord Hervey longs to see Sir Robert Walpole.'

[13] Mary, daughter of Brigadier-General Nicholas Lepell; Maid of Honour to the Princess of Wales (afterwards Queen Caroline); m.(1720) John Hervey (subsequently Lord Hervey), second son of first Earl of Bristol. She became the intimate friend and occasional correspondent of Horace Walpole. Lady Louisa Stuart says of her:—'Never was there so perfect a model of the finely polished, highly bred, genuine woman of fashion. Her manners had a foreign tinge, which some called affected; but they were gentle, easy, dignified, and altogether exquisitely pleasing.' (Introductory Anecdotes prefixed to *Correspondence of Lady Mary Wortley-Montagu.*)

[14] Author of some Love Elegies, and a favourite of Lord Chesterfield. He died this year. *Walpole.*

[15] Captain Hon. William Hervey (1699–1776), third son of first Earl of Bristol, by his second wife, Elizabeth Felton. The ship he captured was the *Constante* of twenty-four guns.

Lady Sundon[16] is dead, and Lady M——[17] disappointed: she, who is full as politic as my Lord Hervey, had made herself an absolute servant to Lady Sundon, but I don't hear that she has left her even her old clothes. Lord Sundon is in great grief: I am surprised, for she has had fits of madness, ever since her ambition met such a check by the death of the Queen. She had great power with her, though the Queen pretended to despise her; but had unluckily told her, or fallen into her power, by some secret[18]. I was saying to Lady Pomfret, 'To be sure she is dead very rich!' She replied, with some warmth, 'She never took money.' When I came home, I mentioned this to Sir R. 'No,' said he, 'but she took jewels; Lord Pomfret's place of Master of the Horse to the Queen was bought of her for a pair of diamond ear-rings, of fourteen hundred pounds value.' One day that she wore them at a visit at old Marlbro's, as soon as she was gone, the Duchess said to Lady Mary Wortley, 'How can that woman have the impudence to go about in that bribe?' —'Madam,' said Lady Mary, 'how would you have people know where wine is to be sold, unless there is a sign hung out?' Sir R. told me, that in the enthusiasm of her vanity, Lady Sundon had proposed to him to unite with her, and govern the kingdom together: he bowed, begged her patronage, but said he thought nobody fit to govern the kingdom, but the King and Queen. Another day——

Friday morning.

I was forced to leave off last night, as I found it would be impossible to send away this letter finished in any time. It will be enormously long, but I have prepared you for it. When I consider the beginning of my letter, it looks as if

[16] — Dives, wife of William Clayton, Lord Sundon; Woman of the Bedchamber, and Mistress of the Robes to Queen Caroline. *Walpole.*

[17] So in MS.

[18] This secret (known only to the King and to Lady Sundon) was the existence of a rupture from which Queen Caroline suffered, and which ultimately caused her death.

I were entirely of your opinion about the agreeableness of them. I believe you will never commend them again, when you see how they increase upon your hands. I have seen letters of two or three sheets, written from merchants at Bengal and Canton to their wives: but then they contain the history of a twelvemonth: I grow voluminous from week to week. I can plead in excuse nothing but the true reason; you desired it; and I remember how I used to wish for such letters, when I was in Italy. My Lady Pomfret carries this humanity still farther, and because people were civil to her in Italy, she makes it a rule to visit all strangers in general. She has been to visit a Spanish Count[19] and his wife, though she cannot open her lips in their language. They fled from Spain, he and his brother having offended the Queen[20] by their attachments to the Prince of Asturias[21]; his brother ventured back, to bring off this woman, who was engaged to him. Lord Harrington[22] has procured them a pension of six hundred a year. They live chiefly with Lord Carteret and his daughter[23], who speak Spanish. But to proceed from where I left off last night, like the Princess Dinarzade in the Arabian Nights, for you will want to know what happened *one day*. Sir Robert was at dinner with Lady Sundon, who hated the Bishop of London as much as she loved the Church. 'Well,' said she to Sir R., 'how does your pope do?'—'Madam,' replied he, 'he is my pope, and shall be my pope; everybody has some pope or other; don't you know that you are one? They call you Pope

[19] Marquis de Tabernego: he returned to Spain after the death of Philip V. *Walpole.*

[20] Elizabeth Farnese, second wife of Philip V.

[21] Eldest son of Philip V, succeeded his father in 1746; d. 1759.

[22] William Stanhope (circ. 1690–1756), first Baron Harrington; cr. Earl of Harrington, 1742; Secretary of State for the Northern Province, 1730–42, 1744–46; Lord President of the Council, 1742–44; Viceroy of Ireland, 1746–51. He served in the army, and became a General.

[23] Frances, youngest daughter of Lord Carteret, afterwards married to the Marquis of Tweedale. *Walpole.*

Joan.' She flew into a passion, and desired he would not fix any names on her; that they were not so easily gotrid of.

We had a little ball the other night at Mrs. Boothby's, and by dancing did not perceive an earthquake, which frightened all the undancing part of the town. . . .[24]

We had a civility from his Royal Highness, who sent for Monticelli the night he was engaged here, but, on hearing it, said he would send for him some other night. If I did not live so near St. James's, I would find out some politics in this—should not one?

Sir William Stanhope[25] has had a hint from the same Highness, that his company is not quite agreeable: whenever he met anybody at Carlton House whom he did not know, he said, 'Your humble servant, Mr. or Mrs. Hamilton.'

I have this morning sent aboard the *St. Quintin* a box for you, with your secretary—not in it.

Old Weston[26] of Exeter is dead. Dr. Clarke, the Dean[27], Dr. Willes, the decipherer[28], and Dr. Gilbert of Llandaff, are candidates to succeed him[29]. Sir R. is for Willes, who, he says, knows so many secrets, that he might insist upon being archbishop[30].

My dear Mr. Chute! how concerned I am that he took all that trouble to no purpose. I will not write to him this post, for as you show him my letters, this here will sufficiently employ any one's patience—but I have done. I long to hear that the Dominichin is safe.

Good night! Yours ever.

[24] Passage omitted.

[25] Brother to Lord Chesterfield. This *bon mot* was occasioned by the numbers of Hamiltons which Lady Archibald Hamilton, the Prince's mistress, had placed at that court. *Walpole.*

[26] Stephen Weston (1665–1742), Bishop of Exeter.

[27] Alured Clarke (1696–1742), Dean of Exeter. He was on friendly terms with Queen Caroline of Anspach, and published an *Essay* on her character in 1738 (the year after the Queen's death).

[28] Edward Willes (d. 1773), Prebendary of Westminster, Bishop of St. David's, 1743; translated to Bath and Wells the same year.

[29] John Gilbert (1693–1761), Bishop of Llandaff; translated to Salisbury in 1749, and to York in 1757.

[30] Nicholas Clagett, Bishop of St. Davids, was translated to Exeter.

61. To Horace Mann.

Friday, Jan. 22, 1742.

Don't wonder that I missed writing to you yesterday, my constant day: you will pity me when you hear that I was shut up in the House of Commons till one in the morning. I came away more dead than alive, and was forced to leave Sir R. at supper with my brothers: he was all alive and in spirits. He says he is younger than me, and indeed I think so, in spite of his forty years more. My head aches to-night, but we rose early; and if I don't write to-night, when shall I find a moment to spare? Now you want to know what we did last night; stay, I will tell you presently in its place: it was well, and of infinite consequence—so far I tell you now.

Our recess finished last Monday, and never at school did I enjoy holidays so much—but, *les voilà finis jusqu'au printems!* Tuesday (for you see I write you an absolute journal) we sat on a Scotch election, a double return; their man was Hume Campbell[1], Lord Marchmont's[2] brother, lately made solicitor to the Prince, for being as troublesome, as violent, and almost as able as his brother. They made a great point of it, and gained so many of our votes, that at ten at night we were forced to give it up without dividing. Sandys, who loves persecution, *even unto the death*, moved to punish the sheriff; and as we dared not divide, they ordered him into custody, where by this time, I suppose, Sandys has eaten him.

On Wednesday Sir Robert Godschall, the Lord Mayor,

Letter 61.—[1] Hon. Hume Campbell, second son of second Earl of Marchmont; M.P. for Berwickshire.

[2] Hugh Campbell (1708–1794), third Earl of Marchmont; First Lord of Police (in Scotland), 1747; Keeper of the Great Seal of Scotland, 1764–94. He was the friend and correspondent of Alexander Pope.

presented the merchants' petition, signed by three hundred of them, and drawn up by Leonidas Glover[3]. This is to be heard next Wednesday. This gold chain came into Parliament cried up for his parts, but proves so dull, one would think he chewed opium. Earle says, 'By God, I have heard an oyster speak as well twenty times.'

Well, now I come to *yesterday*: we met, not expecting much business. Five of our members were gone to the York election, and the three Lord Beauclerks[4] to their mother's funeral at Windsor; for that old beauty St. Albans[5] is dead at last. On this they depended for getting the majority, and towards three o'clock, when we thought of breaking up, poured in their most violent questions: one was a motion for leave to bring in the Place Bill, to limit the number of placemen in the House. This was not opposed, because, out of decency, it is generally suffered to pass the Commons, and is thrown out by the Lords; only Colonel Cholmondeley[6] desired to know if they designed to limit the number of those that have promises of places, as well as of those that have places now. I must

[3] Glover, a merchant, author of *Leonidas*, a poem; *Boadicea*, a tragedy, &c. *Walpole.*

[4] Lord Vere, Lord Henry, and Lord Sidney Beauclerk, sons of the Duchess Dowager of St. Albans, who is painted among the Beauties at Hampton Court. *Walpole.* — Lord Vere Beauclerk (1699–1781), third son of first Duke of St. Albans; cr. Baron Vere of Hanworth, 1750; served in the navy and became Admiral of the Blue; Lord of the Admiralty, 1738–49. Lord Henry Beauclerk (1701–1761), fourth son of first Duke of St. Albans; served in the army and became Colonel of foot. Lord Sidney Beauclerk (1702–1744), fifth son of first Duke of St. Albans; Vice-Chamberlain of the Household, 1740. He was a notorious fortune-hunter, and induced a Mr. Topham, of Windsor, to leave him an estate. He was the father of Topham Beauclerk. (See note by Horace Walpole in *Works* of Sir C. H. Williams, vol. i. p. 47.)

[5] Lady Diana Vere, eldest daughter, and eventually heiress, of Aubrey Vere, twentieth Earl of Oxford; m. (1694) Charles Beauclerk, first Duke of St. Albans; d. Jan. 15, 1742.

[6] Colonel James Cholmondeley, brother of the Earl. *Walpole.*—B. 1708; d. 1775; second son of second Earl of Cholmondeley; served in the army, and was present at the battle of Fontenoy; took part in the Scotch campaign of 1745–46. He greatly distinguished himself at the battle of Falkirk. He became a General of foot, and was Colonel of the Inniskilling Dragoons.

tell you that we are a very Conclave; they buy votes with reversions of places on the change of the ministry. Lord Gage was giving an account in Tom's Coffee-house of the intended alterations; that Mr. Pulteney is to be Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Chesterfield and Carteret Secretaries of State. Somebody asked who was to be Paymaster? Numps Edwin, who stood by, replied, '*We* have not thought so low as that yet.' Lord Gage harangues every day at Tom's, and has read there a very false account of the King's message to the Prince[7]. The Court, to show their contempt of Gage, have given their copy to be read by Swinny[8]. This is the authentic copy, which they have made the Bishop[9] write from the message which he carried, and as he and Lord Cholmondeley agree it was given.

On this Thursday, of which I was telling you, at three o'clock, Mr. Pulteney rose up, and moved for a Secret Committee of twenty-one. This Inquisition, this Council of Ten, was to sit and examine whatever persons and papers they should please, and to meet when and where they pleased. He protested much on its not being intended against *any person*, but merely to give the King advice, and on this foot they fought it till ten at night, when Lord Perceval blundered out what they had been cloaking with so much art, and declared that he should vote for it as a committee of accusation. Sir Robert immediately rose, and protested that he should not have spoken, but for what he had heard

[7] During the holidays, Sir R. W. had prevailed on the King to send to the Prince of Wales, to offer to pay his debts and double his allowance. This negotiation was entrusted to Lord Cholmondeley on the King's, and to Secker, Bishop of Oxford, on the Prince's side; but came to nothing. *Walpole.*

[8] Owen MacSwinny, a buffoon; former director of the playhouse. *Walpole.* — Manager of the Haymarket, 1706–10, and of Drury Lane, 1710–11. He then returned to the Haymarket, but became bankrupt, and lived abroad for twenty years. On returning to England, he obtained a place in the Custom House, and became Store-Keeper at the King's Mews; d. 1754. He left his fortune to Mrs. Woffington.

[9] Thomas Secker, Bishop of Oxford, translated to Canterbury, 1758.

last; but that now, he must take it to himself. He pourtrayed the malice of the Opposition, who, for twenty years, had not been able to touch him, and were now reduced to this infamous shift. He defied them to accuse him, and only desired that if they should, it might be in an open and fair manner; desired no favour, but to be acquainted with his accusation. He spoke of Mr. Dodington, who had called his administration infamous, as of a person of great self-mortification, who, for sixteen years, had condescended to bear part of the odium. For Mr. Pulteney, who had just spoken a second time, Sir R. said, he had begun the debate with great calmness, but give him his due, he had made amends for it in the end. In short, never was innocence so triumphant!

There were several glorious speeches on both sides; Mr. Pulteney's two, W. Pitt's[10] and Grenville's[11], Sir Robert's, Sir W. Yonge's, Harry Fox's[12], Mr. Chute's, and the Attorney-General's[13]. My friend Coke, for the first

[10] William Pitt (1708–1778), second son of Robert Pitt, of Boconnoc, Cornwall, by Harriet, daughter of Hon. Edward Villiers and sister of John Villiers, fifth Viscount and first Earl Grandison; cr. Earl of Chatham, Aug 4, 1766; Cornet of first Regiment of Horse, 1721–35; M.P. for Old Sarum; Groom of the Bedchamber to the Prince of Wales, 1737–45; Paymaster-General of the Forces, 1746–55; Secretary of State for the Southern Province, 1756–57, 1757–61; Lord Privy Seal, 1766–Feb. 1768, March–Oct. 1768. Pitt at this time belonged to a group of young politicians known as the 'Boy Patriots' (or the 'Cobham cousins'). He had been deprived of his commission in the army, on account of his attacks on Sir Robert Walpole's administration.

[11] Hon. George Grenville (1712–1770), second son of Richard Grenville and Hester Temple (who succeeded her brother as Viscountess Cobham, and was subsequently cr. Countess Temple); M.P. for Buckingham, 1741–70; Lord of the Admiralty, 1744; Lord of the Treasury, 1747; Treasurer of the Navy, 1754–55, 1756–57, 1757–62; Secretary of State, 1762; First Lord of the Admiralty, 1762; First Lord of the Treasury (Prime Minister) and Chancellor of the Exchequer, 1763–65.

[12] Henry Fox (1705–1774), second surviving son of Sir Stephen Fox; cr. Baron Holland, of Foxley, Wiltshire, April 17, 1763; M.P. for Hindon; Surveyor-General of Works, 1737–47; Lord of the Treasury, 1743–44; Secretary at War, 1746–55; Secretary of State, 1755; Leader of the House of Commons, 1755–56, 1762–63; Paymaster-General, 1757–65.

[13] Sir Dudley Ryder, Knight (1691–1756); Solicitor-General, 1733; Attorney-General, 1737; Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench, 1754–56.

time, spoke vastly well, and mentioned how great Sir Robert's character is abroad. Sir Francis Dashwood replied that he had found quite the reverse from Mr. Coke, and that foreigners always spoke with contempt of the Chevalier de Walpole. This was going too far, and he was called to order, but got off well enough, by saying, that he knew it was contrary to rule to name any member, but that he only mentioned it as spoken by an impertinent Frenchman.

But of all speeches, none ever was so full of wit as Mr. Pulteney's last. He said, 'I have heard this committee represented as a most dreadful spectre; it has been likened to all terrible things; it has been likened to the King; to the Inquisition; it will be a committee of safety; it is a committee of danger; I don't know what it is to be! One gentleman, I think, called it *a cloud!* (this was the Attorney) *a cloud!* I remember Hamlet takes Lord Polonius by the hand and shows him *a cloud*, and then asks him if he does not think it is like a whale.' Well, in short, at eleven at night we divided, and threw out this famous committee by 253 to 250, the greatest number that ever was in the House, and the greatest number that ever *lost* a question.

It was a most shocking sight to see the sick and dead brought in on both sides! Men on crutches, and Sir William Gordon[14] from his bed, with a blister on his head, and flannel hanging out from under his wig. I could scarce pity him for his ingratitude. The day before the Westminster petition, Sir Charles Wager[15] gave his son a ship, and the next day the father came down and voted against him. The son has since been cast away; but they concealed it from the father, that he might not absent himself. However, as we have our good-natured men too on our side,

[14] Sir William Gordon, Baronet; M.P. for Cromarty and Nairn; d. June 9, 1742.

[15] Admiral Sir Charles Wager (1666–1743); First Lord of the Admiralty, 1733–42; Treasurer of the Navy, 1741–43.

one of his own countrymen went and told him of it in the House. The old man, who looked like Lazarus at his resuscitation, bore it with great resolution, and said, he knew *why* he was told of it, but when he thought his country in danger, he would not go away. As he is so near death, that it is indifferent to him whether he died two thousand years ago or to-morrow, it is unlucky for him not to have lived when such insensibility would have been a Roman virtue.

There are no arts, no menaces, which the Opposition do not practise. They have threatened one gentleman to have a reversion cut off from his son, unless he will vote with them. To Totness there came a letter to the mayor from the Prince, and signed by two of his lords, to recommend a candidate in opposition to the Solicitor-General[16]. The mayor sent the letter to Sir Robert. They have turned the Scotch to the best account. There is a young Oswald[17], who had engaged to Sir R. but has voted against us. Sir R. sent a friend to reproach him; the moment the gentleman who had engaged for him came into the room, Oswald said, 'You had like to have led me into a fine error! did you not tell me that Sir R. would have the majority?'

When the debate was over, Mr. Pulteney owned that he had never heard so fine a debate on our side; and said to Sir Robert, 'Well, nobody can do what you can!' 'Yes,' replied Sir R. 'Yonge did better.' Mr. Pulteney answered, 'It was fine, but not of that weight with what you said.' They all allow it; and now their plan is to persuade Sir Robert to retire with honour. All that evening there was a report about the town, that he and my uncle were to be sent to the Tower, and people hired windows in the City

[16] John (afterwards Sir John) Strange (1696–1754), M.P. for West Looe; Solicitor-General, 1737–42; Master of the Rolls, 1749–52.

[17] James Oswald, afterwards one of the Commissioners of Trade and Plantations. *Walpole.* — M.P. for Kirkaldy Burghs; d. 1769.

to see them pass by—but for this time I believe we shall not exhibit so historical a parade.

The night of the committee, my brother Walpole[18] had got two or three invalids at his house, designing to carry them into the House through his door, as they were too ill to go round by Westminster Hall; the Patriots, who have rather more contrivances than their predecessors of Grecian and Roman memory, had taken the precaution of stopping the keyhole with sand. How Livy's eloquence would have been hampered, if there had been back-doors and keyholes to the Temple of Concord!

A few days ago there were lists of the officers at Port Mahon laid before the House of Lords: unfortunately, it appeared that two-thirds of the regiment had been absent. The Duke of Argyll said, 'Such a list was a libel on the government'; and of all men, the Duke of Newcastle was the man who rose up and agreed with him: remember what I told you once before of his union with Carteret. We have carried the York election by a majority of 956.

The other night the Bishop of Canterbury[19] was with Sir Robert, and on going away, said, 'Sir, I have lately been reading Thuanus[20]; he mentions a minister, who having long been persecuted by his enemies, at length vanquished them: the reason he gives, *quia se non deseruit.*'

Sir Thomas Robinson is at last named to the government of Barbadoes; he has long prevented its being asked for, by declaring that he had the promise of it. Luckily for

[18] Robert, Lord Walpole, afterwards Earl of Orford. He was Auditor of the Exchequer, and his house joined to the House of Commons, to which he had a door; but it was soon afterwards locked up, by an order of the House. *Walpole.*—He succeeded his father as second Earl of Orford, 1745; was Ranger of Richmond Park, 1725; Master of the Foxhounds, 1738; Auditor of the Exchequer, 1739; d. 1751.

[19] John Potter, d. 1747.

[20] Jacques Auguste de Thou (1553-1617), who wrote in Latin a history of his own time in one hundred and thirty-eight books.

him, Lord Lincoln liked his house, and procured him this government on condition of hiring it.

I have mentioned Lord Perceval's speeches; he has a set who have a rostrum at his house, and harangue there. A gentleman who came thither one evening was refused, but insisting that he was engaged to come, 'Oh, Sir,' said the porter, 'what, are you one of those who play at members of Parliament?'

I must tell you something, though Mr. Chute will see my letter. Sir Robert brought home yesterday to dinner a fat comely gentleman, who came up to me, and said, he believed I knew his brother abroad. I asked his name; he replied, 'He is with Mr. Whithed.' I thought he said, 'It is Whithed.' After I had talked to him of Mr. Whithed, I said, 'There is a very sensible man with Mr. Whithed, one Mr. Chute.' 'Sir,' said he, 'my name is Chute.' 'My dear Mr. Chute, now I know both your brothers. You will forgive my mistake.'

With what little conscience I begin a third sheet! but it shall be but half a one. I have received your vast packet of music by the messenger, for which I thank you a thousand times; and the political sonnet, which is far from bad. Who translated it? I like the translation.

I am obliged to you about the Gladiator, &c.: the temptation of having them at all is great, but too enormous. If I could have the Gladiator for about a hundred pounds, I would give it.

I enclose one of the bills of lading of the things that I send you by your secretary: he sets out to-morrow. By Oswald's[21] folly, to whom I entrusted the putting them on board, they are consigned to Goldsworthy[22], but pray take

[21] George Oswald, steward to Sir R. W. *Walpole.*

[22] Mr. Goldsworthy, Consul at Leghorn, had married Sir Charles Wager's niece, and was endeavouring to supplant Mr. Mann at Florence. *Walpole.*

care that he does not open them. The captain mortifies me by proposing to stay three weeks at Genoa. I have sent away to-night a small additional box of steel wares, which I received but to-day from Woodstock[23]. As they are better than the first, you will choose out some of them for Prince Craon, and give away the rest as you please.

We have a new opera by Pescetti[24], but a very bad one; however, all the town runs after it, for it ends with a charming dance. They have flung open the stage to a great length, and made a perfect view of Venice, with the Rialto, and numbers of gondolas that row about full of masks, who land and dance. You would like it.

Well, I have done. Excuse me if I don't take the trouble to read it all over again, for it is immense, as you will find. Good night!

62. To Horace Mann.

London, Feb. 4, 174¼.

I am miserable that I have not more time to write to you, especially as you will want to know so much of what I have to tell you; but for a week or fortnight I shall be so hurried, that I shall scarce know what I say. I sit here writing to you, and receiving all the town, who flock to this house; Sir Robert has already had three levees this morning, and the rooms still overflowing—they overflow up to me. You will think this the prelude to some victory! On the contrary, when you receive this, there will be no longer a Sir Robert Walpole: you must know him for the future by the title of Earl of Orford. That other envied name expires next week with his ministry!

Preparatory to this change, I should tell you, that last

[23] Before the rise of Birmingham and Sheffield, Woodstock was noted for its manufacture of articles of fine steel.

[24] Giovanni Battista Pescetti (d. 1758).

week we heard in the House of Commons the Chippenham election, when Jack Frederick and his brother-in-law, Mr. Hulme[1], on our side, petitioned against Sir Edmund Thomas[2] and Mr. Baynton Rolt[3]. Both sides made it the decisive question—but our people were not all equally true; and upon the previous question we had but 235 against 236, so lost it by one. From that time my brothers, my uncle, I, and some of his particular friends, persuaded Sir R. to resign. He was undetermined till Sunday night. Tuesday we were to finish the election, when we lost it by 16; upon which, Sir Robert declared to some particular persons in the House his resolution to retire, and had that morning sent the Prince of Wales notice of it. It is understood from the heads of the party, that nothing more is to be pursued against him. Yesterday (Wednesday) the King adjourned both Houses for a fortnight, for time to settle things. Next week Sir Robert resigns and goes into the House of Lords. The only change yet fixed, is, that Lord Wilmington[4] is to be at the head of the Treasury—but numberless other alterations and confusions must follow. The Prince will be reconciled, and the Whig Patriots will come in. There were a few bonfires last night, but they are very unfashionable, for never was fallen minister so followed. When he kissed the King's hand to take his first leave, the King fell on his neck, wept and kissed him, and begged to see him frequently. He will continue in town, and assist the ministry in the Lords. Mr. Pelham has declared that he will accept nothing that

LETTER 62.—[1] Alexander, eldest son of Robert Hume; an East India Director, and three times M.P. for Southwark; m. Mary, daughter of Sir Thomas Frederick, Knight; d. 1765.

[2] Sir Edmund Thomas, third Baronet, of Wenvoe, Glamorgan; d. 1767.

[3] Edward Baynton Rolt, of Spye Park, Wiltshire; cr. a Baronet, 1762; Groom of the Bedchamber to the Prince of Wales; Surveyor of the Duchy of Cornwall; d. 1800.

[4] Sir Spencer Compton, Earl of Wilmington, Knight of the Garter, and at this time Lord President of the Council. *Walpole.*

was Sir Robert's; and this moment the Duke of Richmond has been here from Court to tell Sir R. that he had resigned the Mastership of the Horse, having received it from him, unasked, and that he would not keep it beyond his ministry[5]. This is the greater honour, as it was so unexpected, and as he had no personal friendship with the Duke.

For myself, I am quite happy to be free from all the fatigue, envy, and uncertainty of our late situation. I go everywhere; indeed, to have the stare over, and to use myself to neglect, but I meet nothing but civilities. Here have been Lord Hartington, Coke, and poor Fitzwilliam[6], and others crying; here has been Lord Deskford and numbers to wish me joy; in short, it is a most extraordinary and various scene.

There are three people whom I pity much; the King, Lord Wilmington, and my own sister[7]; the first, for the affront, to be forced to part with his minister, and to be forced to forgive his son; the second, as he is too old, and (even when he was young) unfit for the burthen; and the poor girl, who must be *created* an earl's daughter, as her birth would deprive her of the rank. She must kiss hands and bear the flirts of impertinent real quality.

I am invited to dinner to-day by Lord Strafford[8], Argyll's son-in-law. You see we shall grow the fashion.

My dear child, these are the most material points: I am sensible how much you must want particulars; but you must be sensible, too, that just yet, I have not time.

[5] This did not prove true.

[6] William, Baron, and afterwards Earl, Fitzwilliam; a young lord, much attached to Sir R. W. *Walpole.*

[7] Maria, natural daughter to Sir R. W. by Maria Skerret, his mistress, whom he afterwards married. She had a patent to take place as an earl's daughter. *Walpole.*

[8] William Wentworth (1722–1791), second Earl of Strafford; Farmer of the Post Fines, 1746; m. (1740) Lady Anne Campbell, second daughter and co-heir of John Campbell, Duke of Argyll and Greenwich. He was an occasional correspondent of Horace Walpole, with whom he continued on friendly terms until his death.

Don't be uneasy; your brother Ned[9] has been here to wish me joy: your brother Gal has been here and cried; your tender nature will at first make you like the latter; but afterwards you will rejoice with your elder and me. Adieu!

Yours ever, and the same.

63. To Horace Mann.

Feb. 9, 174½.

You will have had my letter that told you of the great change. The scene is not quite so pleasant as it was, nor the tranquillity arrived that we expected. All is in confusion; no overtures from the Prince, who, it must seem, proposes to be King. His party have persuaded him not to make up, but on much greater conditions than he first demanded; in short, notwithstanding his professions to the Bishop[1], he is to insist on the impeachment of Sir R., saying now, that his terms not being accepted at first, he is not bound to stick to them. He is pushed on to this violence by Argyll, Chesterfield, Cobham[2], Sir John Hinde Cotton, and Lord Marchmont. The first says, 'What impudence it is in Sir R. to be driving about the streets!' and all cry out, that he is still minister behind the curtain. They will none of them come into the ministry, till several are displaced; but have summoned a great meeting of the faction for Friday, at the Fountain Tavern[3], to consult

[9] Edward Louisa Mann, eldest son of Robert Mann, Deputy Treasurer of Chelsea Hospital; d. 1775.

Letter 63.—[1] Secker, Bishop of Oxford. *Walpole.*

[2] Richard Temple (circ. 1669–1749), first Viscount Cobham; served in the army, and distinguished himself in Marlborough's campaigns. Envoy to Vienna, 1714–15; Governor of Jersey, 1723; General, 1735; Field Marshal, 1742. He was a friend of Pope and Congreve, both of whom celebrated him in verse. He rebuilt the house at Stowe, and laid out the celebrated gardens there.

[3] In the Strand.

measures against Sir R., and to-morrow the Common Council meet, to draw up instructions for their members. They have sent into Scotland and into the counties for the same purpose. Carteret and Pulteney[4] pretend to be against this violence, but own that if their party insist upon it, they cannot desert them. The cry against Sir R. has been greater this week than ever; first, against a grant of four thousand pounds a year, which the King gave him on his resignation, but which, to quiet them, he has given up[5]. Then, upon making his daughter a lady; their wives and daughters declare against giving her place. He and she both kissed hands yesterday, and on Friday go to Richmond for a week. He seems quite secure in his innocence—but what protection is that, against the power and malice of party! Indeed, his friends seems as firm as ever, and frequent him as much; but they are not now the strongest. As to an impeachment, I think they will not be so mad as to proceed to it: it is too solemn and too public to be attempted, without proof of crimes, of which he certainly is not guilty. For a bill of pains and penalties, they may if they will, I believe, pass it through the Commons, but will scarce get the assent of the King and Lords. In a week more I shall be able to write with less uncertainty.

I hate sending you false news, as that was, of the Duke of Richmond's resignation. It arose from his being two hours below with Sir R., and from some very warm discourse of his in the House of Lords, against the present violences; but went no farther. Zeal magnified this, as she

[4] Lord Carteret and Mr. Pulteney had really betrayed their party; and so injudiciously, that they lost their old friends, and gained no new. *Walpole.*

[5] Sir R., at the persuasion of his brother, Mr. Selwyn, and others, desisted from pursuing this grant. Three years afterwards, when the clamour was at an end, and his affairs extremely involved, he sued for it; which Mr. Pelham, his friend and *élève*, was brought with the worst grace in the world to ask, and his old obliged master, the King, prevailed upon, with as ill grace, to grant. *Walpole.*

came upstairs to me, and I wrote to you before I had seen Sir Robert.

At a time when we ought to be most united, we are in the greatest confusion; such is the virtue of the Patriots, though they have obtained what they professed alone to seek. They will not stir one step in foreign affairs, though Sir R. has offered to unite with them, with all his friends, for the common cause. It will now be seen, whether he or they are most patriot. You see I call him *Sir Robert* still! after one has known him by that name for these *threescore years*, it is difficult to accustom one's mouth to another title.

In the midst of all this, we are diverting ourselves as cordially as if Righteousness and Peace had just been kissing one another. Balls, operas, and masquerades! The Duchess of Norfolk[6] makes a grand masqueing next week; and to-morrow there is one at the Opera-house.

Here is a Saxe-Gothic prince[7], brother to her Royal Highness: he sent her word from Dover that he was driven in there, in his way to Italy. The man of the inn, whom he consulted about lodgings in town, recommended him to an errant bawdy-house in Suffolk Street. He has got a neutrality for himself, and goes to both courts[8].

Churchill asked Pulteney the other day, 'Well, Mr. Pulteney, will you break me too?'—'No, Charles,' replied he, 'you break fast enough of yourself!' Don't you think it hurt him more than the other breaking would?

Good night! Yours ever.

Thursday, Feb. 11, 1744.

P.S. I had finished my letter, and unwillingly resolved to send you all that bad news, rather than leave you igno-

[6] Mary, second daughter and co-heir of Edward Blount, of Blagden, Devon; m. (1727) Edward Howard, eighth Duke of Norfolk; d. 1773.

[7] The Duke of Saxe-Gotha, brother of the Princess of Wales.

[8] The King's court, and that of the Prince of Wales.

rant of our doings; but I have the pleasure of mending your prospect a little. Yesterday the Common Council met, and resolved upon instructions to their members, which, except one not very descriptive paragraph, contains nothing personal against our new Earl; and ends with resolutions 'to stand by our present constitution.' Mind what followed! One of them proposed to insert 'the King and Royal Family' before the words, 'our present constitution'; but, on a division, it was rejected by three to one.

But to-day, for good news! Sir Robert has resigned; Lord Wilmington is First Lord of the Treasury, and Sandys has accepted the seals as Chancellor of the Exchequer, with Gybbon[9] and Sir John Rushout[10], joined to him as other Lords of the Treasury. Waller[11] was to have been the other, but has formally refused. So Lord Sundon, Earle, Treby, and Clutterbuck[12] are the first discarded, unless the latter saves himself by Waller's refusal. Lord Harrington, who is created an Earl, is made President of the Council, and Lord Carteret has consented to be Secretary of State in his room—but mind, not one of them has promised to be against the prosecution of Sir Robert, though I don't believe now that it will go on. You see Pulteney is not come in, except in his friend Sir John Rushout, but is to hold the balance between liberty and prerogative; at least, in this, he acts with honour. They say Sir John Hinde Cotton and the Jacobites will be left out, unless they bring in Dr. Lee and Sir John Barnard to the Admiralty, as they propose; for I do not think it is decided what are their principles. Sir Charles Wager has resigned this morning: he says, 'We

[9] Phillips Gybbon, M.P. for Rye.

[10] Sir John Rushout, fourth Baronet; Lord of the Treasury, 1742–43; Treasurer of the Navy, 1743–44; d. 1775.

[11] Edmund Waller, M.P. for Chipping Wycombe; Cofferer of the Household, 1744.

[12] Lord Sundon, Giles Earle, George Treby, and Thomas Clutterbuck were Lords of the Treasury.

shall not die, but be all changed!' though he says, a parson lately reading this text in an old Bible, where the *c* was rubbed out, read it, *not die, but be all hanged!*

To-morrow our Earl goes to Richmond Park, *en retiré;* comes on Thursday to take his seat in the Lords, and returns thither again. Sandys is very angry at his taking the title of Orford, which belonged to his wife's[13] great-uncle. You know a step of that nature cost the great Lord Strafford[14] his head, at the prosecution of a less bloody-minded man than Sandys.

I remain in town, and have not taken at all to withdrawing, which I hear has given offence, as well as my gay face in public; but as I had so little joy in the grandeur, I am determined to take as little part in the disgrace. I am looking about for a new house.

I have received two vast packets from you to-day, I believe from the bottom of the sea, for they have been so washed that I could scarce read them. I could read the terrible history of the earthquakes at Leghorn: how infinitely good you was to poor Mrs. Goldsworthy! how could you think I should not approve such vast humanity? but you are all humanity and forgiveness. I am only concerned that they will be present when you receive all these disagreeable accounts of your friends. Their support[15] is removed as well as yours, I only fear the interest of the Richmonds[16] with the Duke of Newcastle; but I will try to put you well with Lord Lincoln. We must write circumspectly, for our letters now are no longer safe.

I shall see Amorevoli to-night to give him the letter. He,

[13] Lady Sandys was daughter of Lady Tipping, niece of Russell, Earl of Orford. *Walpole.*

[14] Sir Thomas Wentworth, the great Earl of Strafford, took the title of Raby from a castle of that name, which belonged to Sir Henry Vane, who, from that time, became his mortal foe. *Walpole.*

[15] Sir Charles Wager. *Walpole.*

[16] Mrs. Goldsworthy had been a companion of the Duchess of Richmond. *Walpole.*

Monticelli, and the Visconti are to sing to-night at a great assembly at Lady Conway's. I have not time now to write more: so, good night, my dearest child! be in good spirits.

Yours most faithfully.

P.S. We have at last got Crébillon's *Sofa*[17]: Lord Chesterfield received three hundred, and gave them to be sold at White's. It is admirable! except the beginning of the first volume, and the last story, it is equal to anything he has written. How he has painted the most refined nature in Mazulhim! the most retired nature in Mocles! the man of fashion, that sets himself above natural sensations, and the man of sense and devotion, that would skirmish himself from their influence, are equally justly reduced to the standard of their own weakness.

64. To Horace Mann.

Feb. 18, 174½.

I write to you more tired, and with more headache, than any one but you could conceive! I came home at five this morning from the Duchess of Norfolk's masquerade, and was forced to rise before eleven, for my father, who came from Richmond to take his seat in the Lords, for the Houses met to-day. He is gone back to his retirement. Things wear a better aspect; at the great meeting on Friday, at the Fountain, Lord Carteret and Lord Winchelsea[1] refused to go, only saying that they never dined at a tavern. Pulteney and the new Chancellor of the Exchequer went, and were abused by his Grace of Argyll. The former said he was content with what was already done, and would not be *active*

[17] *Le Sopha*, by Claude Prosper Jolyot de Crébillon (1707–1777).

Letter 64.—[1] Daniel Finch (1688–1769), second Earl of Winchelsea and Nottingham; Lord of the Treasury, 1715–16; Comptroller of the Household, 1725–30; First Lord of the Admiralty, 1742–44, April–July, 1757; K.G., 1752; Lord President of the Council, 1765–66.

in any farther proceedings, though he would not desert the party. Sandys said the King had done him the honour to offer him that place; why should he not accept it? if he had not, another would: if nobody would, the King would be obliged to employ his old minister again, which he imagined the gentlemen present would not wish to see; and protested against *screening*, with the same conclusion as Pulteney. The Duke of Bedford was very warm against Sir William Yonge; Lord Talbot[2] was so in general.

During the recess, they have employed Fazakerley[3] to draw up four impeachments; against Sir Robert, my uncle, Mr. Keene[4], and Colonel Bladen[5], who was only commissioner for the tariff at Antwerp. One of the articles against Sir R. is, his having at this conjuncture trusted Lord Waldegrave[6] as ambassador, who is so near a relation of the Pretender: but these impeachments are likely to grow obsolete manuscripts. The minds of the people grow much more candid; at first, they made one of the actors at Drury Lane repeat some applicable lines at the end of Harry the Fourth; but last Monday, when his Royal Highness had purposely bespoken *The Unhappy Favourite*[7], for Mrs. Porter's[8] benefit, they never once applied the most glaring passages; as where they read the indictment against *Robert, Earl of Essex*, &c. The Tories declare against any farther prosecution – if Tories

[2] William Talbot (1710–1782), second Baron and afterwards first Earl Talbot; Steward of the Household, 1761.

[3] Nicholas Fazackerley, of an old Lancashire family, M.P. for Preston; d. 1767. He was a lawyer and a Jacobite.

[4] As having signed the Spanish Convention (1739).

[5] Lieutenant-Colonel Martin Bladen (1680–1746); M.P. for Maldon; Comptroller of the Mint, 1714; Lord of Trade and Plantations, 1717–46; First Commissary and Plenipotentiary to the Conference at Antwerp for drawing up the tariffs between England, the Emperor of Germany, and the States General (1732). He was a steady supporter of Sir Robert Walpole.

[6] His mother was natural daughter of King James II. *Walpole.*—James Waldegrave (1684–1741), first Earl Waldegrave; Ambassador Extraordinary to Paris, 1725, 1730; Ambassador to Vienna, 1727.

[7] A tragedy on the fate of the Earl of Essex, by John Banks.

[8] Mary Porter, d. 1765.

there are, for now one hears of nothing but the *Broad Bottom:* it is the reigning cant word, and means, the taking all parties and people, indifferently, into the ministry. The Whigs are the dupes of this; and those in the Opposition affirm that Tories no longer exist. Notwithstanding this, they will not come into the new ministry, unless what were always reckoned Tories are admitted. The Treasury has gone a-begging; I mean one of the lordships, which is at last filled up with a Major Compton[9], a relation of Lord Wilmington; but now we shall see a new scene. On Tuesday night Mr. Pulteney went to the Prince, and, without the knowledge of Argyll, &c., prevailed on him to write to the King: he was so long determining, that it was eleven at night before the King received his letter. Yesterday morning the Prince, attended by two of his lords, two Grooms of the Bedchamber, and Lord Scarborough[10], his treasurer, went to the King's levee. The King said, 'How does the Princess do? I hope she is well.' The Prince kissed his hand, and this was all! He returned to Carlton House, whither crowds went to him. He spoke to the Duke of Newcastle and Mr. Pelham; but would not to the three dukes, Richmond, Grafton, and Marlborough[11]. At night the Royal Family were all at the Duchess of Norfolk's, and the streets were illuminated and bonfired. To-day, the Duke of Bedford, Lord Halifax, and some others, were at St. James's: the King spoke to all the lords. In a day or

[9] Hon. George Compton (1692–1758), Major of the second troop of Horse-Guards; brother of fifth Earl of Northampton, whom he succeeded in 1754. M.P. for Northampton; Lord of the Treasury, 1742–44.

[10] Thomas Lumley-Saunderson (circ. 1690–1752), third Earl of Scarborough; served in the army; Envoy to Lisbon, 1721–25; Treasurer to the Prince of Wales, 1738–51.

[11] Charles Spencer (1706–1758), third Duke of Marlborough; served in the army; distinguished himself at the battle of Dettingen, 1743; commanded the expedition against St. Malo, 1758; commanded in Germany, 1758; Lord of the Bedchamber, 1738; K.G., 1741; Lord Steward of the Household, 1749–55; Lord Privy Seal, Jan.–Dec. 1755; Master General of the Ordnance, 1755–58.

two, I shall go with my uncle and brothers to the Prince's levee.

Yesterday there was a meeting of all the Scotch of our side, who, to a man, determined to defend Sir Robert.

Lyttelton is going to marry Miss Fortescue[12], Lord Clinton's sister.

When our Earl went to the House of Lords to-day, he apprehended some incivilities from his Grace of Argyll, but he was not there. The Bedford, Halifax, Berkshire[13], and some more, were close by him, but would not bow to him. Lord Chesterfield wished him joy. This is all I know for certain; for I will not send you the thousand lies of every new day.

I must tell you how fine the masquerade of last night was. There were five hundred persons, in the greatest variety of handsome and rich dresses I ever saw, and all the jewels of London—and London has some! There were dozens of ugly Queens of Scots, of which I will only name to you the eldest Miss Shadwell! The Princess of Wales was one, covered with diamonds, but did not take off her mask: none of the Royalties did, but everybody else. Lady Conway[14] was a charming Mary Stuart: Lord and Lady Euston, man and woman huzzars. But the two finest and most charming masks were their Graces of Richmond[15], like Harry the Eighth and Jane Seymour: excessively rich, and both so handsome! Here is a nephew of the King of Denmark[16], who was in armour, and his governor, a most

[12] Lucy (d. 1747), daughter of Hugh Fortescue, of Filleigh, Devonshire; m. (1742) George Lyttelton (afterwards Lord Lyttelton).

[13] Henry Bowes Howard (1686–1757), fourth Earl of Berkshire; succeeded as eleventh Earl of Suffolk, 1745.

[14] Lady Isabella Fitzroy, youngest daughter of the Duke of Grafton, and wife of Francis Seymour, Lord Conway, afterwards Earl of Hertford. *Walpole.*

[15] Charles Lenox, Duke of Richmond, Master of the Horse, and Sarah Cadogan, his Duchess. He died in 1750, and she the year following. *Walpole.*

[16] Christian VI (1730–1746).

admirable Quixote. There were quantities of pretty Vandykes, and all kinds of old pictures walked out of their frames. It was an assemblage of all ages and nations, and would have looked like the day of judgement, if tradition did not persuade us that we are all to meet naked, and if something else did not tell us that we shall not meet then with quite so much indifference, nor thinking quite so much of *the becoming*. My dress was an Aurengzebe: but of all extravagant figures, commend me to our friend the Countess![17] She and my Lord trudged in like pilgrims, with vast staffs in their hands; and she was so heated, that you would have thought her pilgrimage had been, like Pantagruel's voyage, to the Oracle of the Bottle! Lady Sophia[18] was in a Spanish dress—so was Lord Lincoln; not, to be sure, by design, but so it happened. When the King came in, the Faussans[19] were there, and danced an *entrée*. At the masquerade the King sat by Mrs. Selwyn[20], and with tears told her, that 'the Whigs should find he loved them, as he had done the poor man that was gone!' He had sworn that he would not speak to the Prince at their meeting, but was prevailed on.

I received your letter by Holland, and the paper about the Spaniards. By this time you will conceive that I can now speak of nothing to any purpose, for Sir R. does not meddle in the least with business.

As to the Sibyl, I have not mentioned it to him; I still am for the other. Except that, he will not care, I believe, to buy more pictures, having now so many more than he has room for at Houghton; and he will have but a small house in town when we leave this. But you must thank the dear Chutes for their new offers; the obligations are too

[17] The Countess of Pomfret. *Walpole.*

[18] Lady Sophia Fermor.

[19] Two celebrated comic dancers. *Walpole.*

[20] Mary (d. 1777), daughter of General Farrington, and mother of George Augustus Selwyn.

great, but I am most sensible to their goodness, and, were I not so excessively tired now, would write to them. I cannot add a word more, but to think of the Princess[21]: 'Comment! vous avez donc des enfans!' You see how nature sometimes breaks out, in spite of religion and prudery, grandeur and pride, delicacy and *épuisements!*

Good night!

Yours ever.

65. To Horace Mann.

London, Feb. 25, 1742.

I am impatient to hear that you have received my first account of the change; as to be sure you are now for every post. This last week has not produced many new events. The Prince of Wales has got the measles, so there has been but little incense offered up to him: his brother of Saxe-Gotha has got them too. When the Princess went to St. James's, she fell at the King's feet and struggled to kiss his hand, and burst into tears. At the Norfolk masquerade she was vastly bejewelled; Frankz had lent her forty thousand pounds' worth, and refused to be paid for the hire, only desiring that she would tell whose they were. All this is nothing, but to introduce one of Madame de Pomfret's ingenuities, who, being dressed like a pilgrim, told the Princess, that she had taken her for the Lady of Loreto.

But you will wish for politics now, more than for histories of masquerades, though this last has taken up people's thoughts full as much. The House met last Thursday, and voted the army without a division: Shippen[1] alone, unchanged, opposed it. They have since been busied on elections, turning out our friends and voting in their own,

[21] Princess Craon.

Letter 65.—[1] William Shippen, a celebrated Jacobite. Sir R. Walpole said, that he was the only man whose price he did not know. *Walpole.*

almost without opposition. The chief affair has been the Denbighshire election, on the petition of Sir Watkyn Williams. They have voted him into Parliament and the high-sheriff into Newgate. Murray[2] was most eloquent: Lloyd[3], the counsel on the other side, and no bad one, said, (for I go constantly, though I do not stay long, but 'leave the dead to bury their dead,') that it was objected to the sheriff, that he was related to the sitting member; but, indeed, in that country (Wales) it would be difficult *not* to be related. Yesterday we had another hearing of the petition of the merchants, when Sir Robert Godschall shone brighter than even his usual. There was a copy of a letter produced, the original being lost: he asked whether the copy had been taken before the original was lost, or after!

Next week they commence their prosecutions, which they will introduce by voting a committee to inquire into all the offices: Sir William Yonge is to be added to the impeachments, but the chief whom they wish to punish is my uncle. He is the more to be pitied, because nobody will pity him. They are not fond of a formal message which the States General have sent to Sir Robert, 'to compliment him on his new honour, and to condole with him on being out of the ministry, which will be so detrimental to Europe!'

The third augmentation in Holland is confirmed, and that the Prince of Hesse[4] is chosen Generalissimo, which makes it believed that his Grace of Argyll will not go over, but that we shall certainly have a war with France in the spring Argyll has got the Ordonnance restored to him, and they wanted to give him back his regiment; to which end Lord Hertford[5] was desired to resign it, with the offer of his old

[2] William Murray, Mr. Pope's friend, afterwards Solicitor, and then Attorney-General. *Walpole.*

[3] Sir Richard Lloyd, who succeeded Mr. Murray, in 1754, as Solicitor-General. *Walpole.*

[4] Frederick William, succeeded as Landgrave of Hesse Cassel, 1760; d. 1785.

[5] Algernon Seymour (1684–1750), eldest son of Charles Seymour, sixth Duke of Somerset, by his first wife,

troop again. He said he had received the regiment from the King; if his Majesty pleased to take it back, he might, but he did not know why he should resign it. Since that, he wrote a letter to the King, and sent it by his son, Lord Beauchamp[6], resigning his regiment, his government, and his wife's pension, as Lady of the Bedchamber to the late Queen.

No more changes are made yet. They have offered the Admiralty to Sir Charles Wager again, but he refused it: he said, he heard that he was an old woman, and that he did not know what good old women could do anywhere.

A comet has appeared here for two nights, which, you know, is lucky enough at this time, and a pretty ingredient for making prophecies.

These are all the news. I receive your letters regularly, and hope you receive mine so: I never miss one week. Adieu! my dearest child! I am perfectly well; tell me always that you are. Are the good Chutes still at Florence? My best love to them, and services to all.

Here are some new Lines much in vogue[7]:—

1741.

Unhappy England, still in forty-one[8]
By Scotland art thou doom'd to be undone!
But Scotland now, to strike alone afraid,
Calls in her worthy sister Cornwall's[9] aid;

Elizabeth Percy, Countess Ogle; styled Earl of Hertford until he succeeded his father as seventh Duke, 1748; served in the army; Governor of Minorca, 1737–42; General of Horse, 1747; Governor of Guernsey, 1742–50; m. Frances (d. 1754), daughter and heiress of Hon. Henry Thynne. She was Lady of the Bedchamber to Queen Caroline.

[6] George Seymour (1725–1744), Viscount Beauchamp; d. before his father.

[7] These lines were written by Sir Charles Hanbury Williams. *Walpole.*

[8] Alluding to the Grand Rebellion against Charles the First. *Walpole.*

[9] The Parliament which overthrew Sir R. W. was carried against him by his losing the majority of the Scotch and Cornish boroughs; the latter managed by Lord Falmouth and T. Pitt. *Walpole.*

And these two common strumpets, hand in hand,
Walk forth, and preach up virtue through the land;
Start at corruption, at a bribe turn pale,
Shudder at pensions, and at placemen rail.
Peace, peace! ye wretched hypocrites; or rather
With Job, say to Corruption, 'Thou'rt our Father.'

But how will Walpole justify his fate?
He trusted Islay[10], till it was too late.
Where were those parts! where was that piercing mind!
That judgement, and that knowledge of mankind!
To trust a traitor that he knew so well!
(Strange truth! betray'd, but not deceiv'd, he fell!)
He knew his heart was, like his aspect, vile;
Knew him the tool, and brother of Argyll!
Yet to his hands his power and hopes gave up;
And though he saw 'twas poison, drank the cup!
Trusted to one he never could think true,
And perish'd by a villain that he knew.

66. To Horace Mann.

London, March 8, 1742.

I am obliged to write to you to-day, for I am sure I shall not have a moment to-morrow; they are to make their motion for a Secret Committee to examine into the late administration. We are to oppose it strongly, but to no purpose; for since the change, they have beat us on no division under a majority of forty. This last week has produced no novelties; his Royal Highness has been shut up with the measles, of which he was near dying, by eating China oranges.

We are to send sixteen thousand men into Flanders in

[10] Archibald Campbell, Earl of Islay, brother of John, Duke of Argyll, in conjunction with whom (though then openly at variance) he was supposed to have betrayed Sir R. W. and to have let the Opposition succeed in the Scotch elections, which were trusted to his management. It must be observed that Sir R. W. would never allow that he believed himself betrayed by Lord Islay. *Walpole.*

the spring, under his Grace of Argyll; they talk of the Duke of Marlborough and Lord Albemarle[1] to command under him. Lord Cadogan[2] is just dead, so there is another regiment vacant: they design Lord Delawar's[3] for Lord Westmoreland[4]; so now Sir Francis Dashwood[5] will grow as fond of the King again as he used to be—or as he has hated him since.

We have at last finished the merchants' petition[6], under the conduct of the Lord Mayor and Mr. Leonidas[7]; the greatest coxcomb and the greatest oaf that ever met in blank verse or prose. I told you the former's question about the copy of a letter taken after the original was lost. They have got a new story of him; that hearing of a gentleman who had had the small-pox twice and died of it, he asked, if he died the first time or the second—if this is made for him, it is at least quite in his style. After summing up the evidence (in doing which, Mr. Glover literally drank several times to the Lord Mayor in a glass of water that stood by him), Sir John Barnard moved to vote, that there had been great neglect in the protection of the trade, to the great advantage

LETTER 66.—[1] William Anne Keppel (1702–1754), second Earl of Albemarle; Lord of the Bedchamber to George II, 1727; Governor of Virginia, 1737; served in the army; was present at the battles of Dettingen, Fontenoy, and Culloden; Lieutenant-General, 1743; Colonel of Coldstream Guards, 1744; Commander-in-Chief in Scotland, 1746; Ambassador to Paris, 1749; K.G., 1749; Groom of the Stole to George II, 1751.

[2] This report was untrue. Charles Cadogan (1685–1776), second Baron Cadogan of Oakley; served in the army; Lieutenant-General, 1745; Governor of Sheerness, 1749; Governor of Tilbury Fort, 1752–76; General of Horse, 1761.

[3] John West (1693–1766), seventh Baron Delawarr, cr. Earl Delawarr, 1761; served in the army; was present at the battle of Dettingen; Lieutenant-General, 1747; Governor of New York, 1737; Governor of Tilbury Fort, 1747; Governor of Guernsey, 1752; General of Horse, 1765.

[4] John Fane (1685–1762), seventh Earl of Westmoreland; served in the army; Lieutenant-General, 1742; General of Horse, 1761; High Steward of Oxford University, 1754; Chancellor of Oxford University, 1759.

[5] Sir Francis Dashwood, nephew to the Earl of Westmoreland, had gone violently into opposition, on that lord's losing his regiment. *Dover.*

[6] For more guard-ships.

[7] Mr. Glover. *Walpole.*

of the enemy, and *the dishonour of the nation.* He said he did not mean to charge the Admiralty particularly, for then particular persons must have had particular days assigned to be heard in their own defence, which would take up too much time, *as we are now going to make inquiries of a much higher nature.* Mr. Pelham was for leaving out the last words. Mr. Dodington rose, and in a set speech declared that the motion was levelled at a particular person, who had so usurped all authority, that all inferior offices were obliged to submit to his will, and so either *bend and bow, or be broken*: but that he hoped the steps we were now going to take, would make the office of first minister so dangerous a post, that nobody would care to accept it for the future. Do but think of this fellow, who has so lost all character, and made himself so odious to both King and Prince, by his alternate flatteries, changes, oppositions, and changes of flatteries and oppositions, that he can never expect what he has so much courted by all methods,—think of his talking of making it dangerous for any one else to accept the first ministership! Should such a period ever arrive, he would accept it with joy—the only chance he can ever have for it! But sure, never was impudence more put to shame! The whole debate turned upon him. Lord Doneraile (who, by the way, has produced blossoms of Dodington—like fruit, and consequently is the fitter scourge for him) stood up and said, he did not know what that gentleman meant; that he himself was as willing to bring all offenders to justice as any man; but that he did not intend to confine punishment to those who had been employed only at the end of the last ministry, but proposed to extend it to all who had been engaged in it, and wished that that gentleman would speak with more lenity of an administration, in which he himself had been concerned for so many years. Winnington said, he did not know what Mr. Dodington had meant, by either

bending or being *broken*; that he knew *some* who had been *broken*, though they had both *bowed* and *bended*. Waller defended Dodington, and said, if he was guilty, at least Mr. Winnington was so too; on which Fox rose up, and, laying his hand on his breast, said he never wished to have such a friend, as could only excuse him by bringing in another for equal share of his guilt. Sir John Cotton replied, he did not wonder that Mr. Fox (who had spoken with great warmth) was angry at hearing his friend *in place* compared to one *out of place*. Do but figure how Dodington must have looked and felt during such dialogues! In short, it ended in Mr. Pulteney's rising, and saying, he could not be against the latter words, as he thought the former part of the motion had been proved; and wished both parties would join in carrying on the war vigorously, or in procuring a good peace, rather than in ripping open old sores, and continuing the heats and violences of parties. We came to no division—for we should have lost it by too many.

Thursday evening.

I had written all the former part of my letter, only reserving room to tell you, that they had carried the Secret Committee—but it is put off till next Tuesday. To-day we had nothing but the giving up the Heydon election, when Mr. Pulteney had an opportunity (as Mr. Chute and Mr. Robinson[8] would not take the trouble to defend a cause which they could not carry) to declaim upon corruption: had it come to a trial, there were eighteen witnesses ready to swear positive bribery against Mr. Pulteney. I would write to Mr. Chute, and thank him for his letter which you sent me, but I am so out of humour at his brother's losing his seat, that I cannot speak civilly even to him to-day.

It is said, that my Lord's Grace of Argyll has carried his

[8] Luke Robinson; he regained the seat in 1747.

great point of the *Broad Bottom*[9]—as I suppose you will hear by rejoicings from Rome[10]. The new Admiralty is named; at the head is to be Lord Winchilsea, with Lord Granard[11], Mr. Cockburn, his Grace's friend, Dr. Lee, the chairman, Lord Vere Beauclerc, one of the old set, by the interest of the Duke of Dorset, and the connection of Lady Betty Germain, whose niece Lord Vere married[12]; and two Tories, Sir John Hind Cotton and Will. Chetwynd[13], an agent of Bolingbroke's[14]—all this is not declared yet, but is believed.

This great Duke has named his four aide-de-camps—Lord Charles Hay[15]; George Stanhope[16], brother of Earl Stanhope; Dick Lyttelton[17], who was page; and a Campbell. Lord Cadogan is not dead, but has been given over.

We are rejoicing over the great success of the Queen of Hungary's arms[18], and the number of blows and thwarts which the French have received. It is a prosperous season for our new popular generals to grow glorious!

[9] So called as including men of widely different opinions.

[10] Where the Pretender lived, who was likely to be gratified by the employment of Tories.

[11] George Forbes (1685–1765), third Earl of Granard; served in the navy; Admiral, 1734.

[12] Lord Vere Beauclerk married (1736) Mary, eldest daughter and co-heir of Thomas Chambers, of Hanworth, Middlesex, by Lady Mary Berkeley, sister of Lady Betty Germain.

[13] Hon. William Chetwynd (1684–1770), succeeded his brother as third Viscount Chetwynd, 1767; M.P. for Stafford; Envoy to Genoa, 1708–12; Lord of the Admiralty, 1717–27; Master of the Mint, 1727–69.

[14] Henry St. John (1672–1751), first Viscount Bolingbroke, the famous minister and author. He was attainted (1715), but subsequently pardoned by George I (1723). He had ceased to take any active part in politics, and resided at Argeville, on the Seine.

[15] Third son of third Marquis of Tweeddale; behaved with conspicuous gallantry at Fontenoy; Lieutenant-General, 1757; d. 1760.

[16] Lieutenant-Colonel Hon. George Stanhope (1717–1754), second son of first Earl Stanhope. He greatly distinguished himself at the battles of Falkirk and Culloden.

[17] Fifth son of Sir Thomas Lyttelton, fourth Baronet; Page of Honour to Queen Caroline; Aide-de-Camp to Lord Stair at the battle of Dettingen; Master of the Jewel Office, 1756; Governor of Minorca, 1762; Governor of Guernsey, 1766; K.B., 1753; d. 1770.

[18] Her troops had recovered part of Bohemia, defeated the French and Bavarians at Linz, and entered Munich (Feb. 12, 1742).

But, to have done with politics. Old Marlborough has at last published her Memoirs[19]; they are digested by one Hooke[20], who wrote a Roman history; but from her materials, which are so womanish, that I am sure the man might sooner have made a gown and petticoat with them. There are some choice letters from Queen Anne, little inferior in the fulsome to those from King James to the Duke of Buckingham.

Lord Oxford's[21] famous sale begins next Monday, where there is as much rubbish of another kind as in her Grace's History. Feather bonnets presented by the Americans to Queen Elizabeth; elks'-horns converted into caudle-cups; true copies of original pictures that never existed; presents to himself from the Royal Society, &c., particularly forty volumes of prints of illustrious English personages; which collection is collected from frontispieces to godly books, bibles and poems; head-pieces and tail-pieces to Waller's works; views of King Charles's sufferings; tops of ballads, particularly earthly crowns for heavenly ones, and streams of glory. There are few good pictures, for the miniatures are not to be sold, nor the manuscripts; the books not till next year. There are a few fine bronzes, and a very fine collection of English coins.

We have got another opera[22], which is liked. There was

[19] *Account of her Conduct from her first Coming to Court till the year* 1710.

[20] Nathaniel Hooke (d. 1763), sergeant-at-law. He received £5,000 from the Duchess as a reward for his assistance. She is stated to have quarrelled with him in consequence of an attempt on his part to convert her to Roman Catholicism.

[21] Edward Harley (1689–1741), second Earl of Oxford and Earl Mortimer; High Steward of Cambridge University, 1728. His 'miscellaneous curiosities, with the coins, medals, and portraits, were sold by auction in March, 1742, and the books . . . were bought the same year by Thomas Osborne, the bookseller of Gray's Inn, for £13,000. . . . That the manuscripts might not be dispersed, Lady Oxford parted with them in 1753 to the nation for the insignificant sum of £10,000. They now form the Harleian collection in the British Museum.'—(*D. N. B.*)

[22] By Buranello, and called 'Scipione in Cartagine.' *Wright.*

to have been a vast elephant, but the just directors, designing to give the audience the full weight of one for their money, made it so heavy, that at the *prova* it broke through the stage. It was to have carried twenty soldiers, with Monticelli on a throne in the middle. There is a new subscription begun for next year, thirty subscribers at two hundred pounds each. Would you believe that I am one? You need not believe it quite, for I am but half an one; Mr. Conway and I take a share between us. We keep Monticelli and Amorevoli, and to please Lord Middlesex, that odious Muscovita; but shall discard Mr. Vaneschi. We are to have the Barberina and the two Faussans; so, at least, the singers and dancers will be equal to anything in Europe.

Our Earl [23] is still at Richmond: I have not been there yet; I shall go once or twice; for however little inclination I have to it, I would not be thought to grow cool just now. You know I am above such dirtiness, and you are sensible that my coolness is of much longer standing. Your sister [24] is with mine at the Park; they came to town last Tuesday for the opera, and returned next day. After supper, I prevailed on your sister to sing, and though I had heard her before, I thought I never heard anything beyond it; there is a sweetness in her voice equal to Cuzzoni's [25], with a better manner.

I was last week at the masquerade, dressed like an old woman, and passed for a good mask. I took the English liberty of teasing whomever I pleased, particularly old Churchill. I told him I was quite ashamed of being there till I met him, but was quite comforted with finding one person in the room older than myself. The Duke [26], who

[23] His father, the Earl of Orford.
[24] Mary Mann, afterwards married to Mr. Foote. *Walpole.*
[25] Francesca Cuzzoni, d. 1770.
[26] Of Cumberland. *Walpole.*

had been told who I was, came up and said, 'Je connois cette poitrine.' I took him for some Templar, and replied, 'Vous! vous ne connoissez que des poitrines qui sont bien plus usées.' It was unluckily pat. The next night, at the Drawing-room, he asked me, very good-humouredly, if I knew who was the old woman that had teased everybody at the masquerade. We were laughing so much at this, that the King crossed the room to Lady Hervey, who was with us, and said, 'What are those boys laughing at so?' She told him, and that I had said I was so awkward at undressing myself, that I had stood for an hour in my stays and under-petticoat before my footman. My thanks to Madame Grifoni. I cannot write more now, as I must not make my letter too big, when it appears at the secretary's office *now*. As to my sister, I am sure Sir Robert would never have accepted Prince Craon's offer, who now, I suppose, would not be eager to repeat it.

67. To Horace Mann.

March 10, 1742.

I will not work you up into a fright only to have the pleasure of putting you out of it, but will tell you at once that we have gained the greatest victory! I don't mean in the person of Admiral Vernon, nor of Admiral Haddock; no, nor in that of his Grace of Argyll. By *we*, I don't mean *we-England*, but *we*, literally *we*; not you and I, but *we*, the house of Orford. The certainty that the Opposition (or rather the Coalition, for that is the new name they have taken) had of carrying every point they wished, made them, in the pride of their hearts, declare that they would move for the Secret Committee yesterday (Tuesday), and next Friday would name the list, by which day they should have Mr. Sandys from his re-election. It was, however,

expected to be put off, as Mr. Pulteney could not attend the House; his only daughter was dying—they say she is dead. But an affair of consequence to them, and indeed to the nation in general, roused all their rage, and drove them to determine on the last violences. I told you in my last, that the new Admiralty was named, with a mixture of Tories; that is, it was named by my Lord of Argyll; but the King flatly put his negative on Sir John Cotton. They said he was no Tory now, (and, in truth, he *yesterday* in the House professed himself a Whig,) and that there were no Tories left in the nation. The King replied, 'that might be; but he was determined to stand by those who had set him and his family upon the throne.' This refusal enraged them so much, that they declared they would force him, not only to turn out all the old ministry, but the new too, if he wished to save Sir R. and others of his friends; and that, as they supposed he designed to get the great bills passed, and then prorogue the Parliament, they were determined to keep back some of the chief bills, and sit all the summer, examining into the late administration. Accordingly, yesterday, in a most full House, Lord Limerick[1] (who last year, seconded the famous motion[2]) moved for a committee to examine into the conduct of the last twenty years, and was seconded by Sir John St. Aubin[3]. In short, (for I have not time to tell you the debate at length,) we divided, between eight and nine, when there was not a man of our party that did not expect to lose it by at least fifteen or twenty, but, to our great amazement, and their as great confusion, we threw out the motion, by a majority

Letter 67.—[1] William Hamilton, Lord Viscount Limerick. *Walpole.*—James (not William) Hamilton, Viscount Limerick, cr. Earl of Clanbrassil, 1756; d. 1758.

[2] For removing Sir Robert Walpole. *Walpole.*

[3] Sir John St. Aubyn (1696-1744), third Baronet, of Clowance, Cornwall; M.P. for Cornwall, 1722-44. He was active in opposition to Walpole, but declined to preside over the Committee appointed to examine into his official acts.

of 244 against 242. Was there ever a more surprising event? a disgraced minister, by his personal interest, to have a majority to defend him even from inquiry! What was ridiculous, the very man who seconded the motion happened to be shut out at the division; but there was one on our side shut out too.

I don't know what violent step they will take next; it must be by surprise, for when they could not carry this, it will be impossible for them to carry anything more personal. We trust that the danger is now past, though they had a great meeting to-day at Dodington's, and threaten still. He was to have made the motion, but was deterred by the treatment he met last week. Sir John Norris was not present; he has resigned all his employments, in a pique for not being named of the new Admiralty. His old Grace of Somerset[4] is reconciled to his son, Lord Hertford, on his late affair of having the regiment taken from him: he sent for him, and told him he had behaved like his son.

My dearest child, I have this moment received a most unexpected and most melancholy letter from you, with an account of your fever and new operation. Jesus! I did not in the least dream of your having any more trouble from that disorder! are you never to be delivered from it? Your letter has shocked me extremely; and then I am terrified at the Spaniards passing so near Florence. If they should, as I fear they will, stay there, how inconvenient and terrible it would be for you, now you are ill! You tell me, and my good Mr. Chute tells me, that you are out of all danger, and much better; but to what can I trust, when you have these continual relapses! The vast time that passes between your writing and my receiving your letters,

[4] Charles Seymour (1662–1748), sixth Duke of Somerset, known as the 'Proud Duke.'

makes me flatter myself, that by now you are out of all pain: but I am miserable, with finding that you may be still subject to new torture! not all your courage, which is amazing, can give me any about you. But how can you write to me? I will not suffer it—and now, good Mr. Chute will write for you. I am so angry at your writing immediately after that dreadful operation, though I see your goodness in it, that I will not say a word more to you. All the rest is to Mr. Chute.

What shall I say to you, my dearest Sir, for all your tenderness to poor Mr. Mann and me? as you have so much friendship for him, you may conceive how much I am obliged to you. How much do I regret not having had more opportunities of showing you my esteem and love, before this new attention to Mr. Mann. You do flatter me, and tell me he is recovering—may I trust you? and don't you say it, only to comfort me?—Say a great deal for me to Mr. Whithed; he is excessively good to me; I don't know how to thank him. I am happy that you are so well yourself, and so constant to your fasting. To reward your virtues, I will tell you all the news I know; not much, but very extraordinary. What would be the most extraordinary event that you think could happen? Would not—next to his becoming a real patriot—the Duke of Argyll's resigning be the most unexpected? would anything be more surprising than his immediately resigning power and profit, after having felt the want of them? Be that as it will, he literally, actually resigned all his new commissions yesterday, because the King refused to employ the Tories. What part he will act next, is yet to come. Mrs. Boothby said, upon the occasion, 'that in one month's time he had contrived to please the whole nation—the Tories, by going to Court; the Whigs, by leaving it.'

They talk much of impeaching my father, since they

could not committee him; but as they could not, I think they will scarce be able to carry a more violent step. However, to show how little Tory resentments are feared, the King has named a new Admiralty; Lord Winchilsea, Admiral Cavendish[5], Mr. Cockburn, Dr. Lee, Lord Baltimore, young Trevor[6], (which is much disliked, for he is of no consequence for estate, and less for parts, but is a relation of the Pelhams,) and Lord Archibald Hamilton[7]—to please his Royal Highness. Some of his people (*not* the Lytteltons and Pitts) stayed away the other night upon the Secret Committee, and they think he will at last rather take his father's part than Argyll's.

Poor Mr. Pulteney has lost his girl[8]: she was an only daughter, and sensible and handsome. He has only a son left[9], and, they say, is afflicted to the greatest degree.

I will say nothing about old Sarah's Memoirs; for with some spirit, they are nothing but remnants of old women's frippery. Good night! I recommend my poor Mr. Mann to you, and am

Yours most faithfully.

P.S. My dearest child, how unhappy I shall be, till I hear you are quite recovered!

[5] Admiral Philip Cavendish, M.P. for Portsmouth; d. 1743.

[6] John Trevor (d. 1745), eldest surviving son of John Morley Trevor, of Glynde, Sussex, by Lucy, daughter of Edward Montagu, of Horton, Northamptonshire; M.P. for Lewes. He was a nephew of Walpole's friend George Montagu. (See Table II.)

[7] Seventh and youngest son of Anne Hamilton (circ. 1636–1716), *suo jure* Duchess of Hamilton (by her husband, William Douglas, first Earl of Selkirk, created Duke of Hamilton for life); Governor of Jamaica, 1710; Master of Greenwich Hospital, 1746.

[8] Miss Pulteney died on March 9.

[9] William Pulteney, afterwards styled Viscount Pulteney; d. 1763 (during his father's lifetime).

68. To Horace Mann.

Monday, March 22.

[Great part of this letter is lost[1].]

. . . I have at last received a letter from you in answer to the first I wrote to you upon the change in the ministry. I hope you have received mine regularly since, that you may know all the consequent steps. I like the Pasquinades you sent me, and think the Emperor's letter as mean as you do. I hope his state will grow more abject every day. It is amazing, the progress and success of the Queen of Hungary's arms! It is said to-day, that she has defeated a great body of Prussians in Moravia. We are going to extend a helping hand to her at last. Lord Stair[2] has accepted what my Lord Argyll resigned, and sets out ambassador to Holland in two days; and afterwards will have the command of the troops that are to be sent into Flanders. I am sorry I must send away this to-night, without being able to tell you the event of to-morrow; but I will let you know it on Thursday, if I write but two lines. You have no notion how I laughed at Mrs. Goldsworthy's 'talking from hand to mouth[3].' How happy I am that you have Mr. Chute still with you; you would have been distracted else with that simple woman; for fools prey upon one, when one has no companion to laugh them off.

I shall say everything that is proper for you to the Earl, and shall take care about expressing you to him, as I know

Letter 68.—[1] In Horace Walpole's handwriting.

[2] John Dalrymple (1673–1747), second Earl of Stair; he greatly distinguished himself in Marlborough's campaigns, and was Colonel of the Scots Greys, 1706; Colonel of Inniskilling Dragoons, 1714; Envoy (afterwards Ambassador) at Paris, 1714–20; Vice-Admiral of Scotland, 1729–33; deprived of that office, and of military command (owing to his opposition to Walpole), 1733; Field-Marshal (on the fall of Walpole), 1742; Commander-in-Chief in Flanders, 1742–43.

[3] An expression of Mr. Chute. *Walpole.*

you have your gratitude far more at heart, than what I am thinking of for you, I mean your stay at Florence. I have spoken very warmly to Lord Lincoln about you, who, I am sure, will serve you to his power. Indeed, as all changes are at a stop, I am convinced there will be no thought of removing you. However, till I see the situation of next winter, I cannot be easy on your account.

I have made a few purchases at Lord Oxford's sale; a small Vandyke[4], in imitation of Teniers; an old picture of the Duchess of Suffolk, mother of Lady Jane Grey, and her young husband[5]; a sweet bronze vase by Fiamingo, and two or three other trifles. The things sold dear; the antiquities and pictures for about five thousand pounds, which yet, no doubt, cost him much more, for he gave the most extravagant prices. His coins and medals are now selling, and go still dearer. Good night! How I wish for every letter, to hear how you mend!

69. To Horace Mann.

March 24, 1742.

I PROMISED you in my last letter to send you the event of yesterday. It was not such as you would wish, for on the division, at nine o'clock at night, we lost it by two hundred forty-two against two hundred forty-five. We had three people shut out, so that a majority of three is so small that it is scarce doubted, but that, on Friday, when we ballot for the twenty-one to form the Committee, we shall carry a list composed of our people, so that then it will be

[4] 'Soldiers at cards, a curious picture, being painted in the manner of Teniers, by Vandyck; from Lord Oxford's collection.' (*Description of Strawberry Hill.*)

[5] 'A fine and very valuable picture by Lucas de Heere, representing Frances, Duchess of Suffolk, mother of the Lady Jane Grey, and Adrian Stoke, her second husband. This picture was in the collection of the Earl of Oxford, and was engraved by Vertue.' (*Description of Strawberry Hill.*)

better that we lost it yesterday, as they never can trouble my Lord Orford more, when the Secret Committee consists of his own friends. The motion was made and seconded by the same people as before: Mr. Pulteney[1] had been desired, but refused, yet spoke very warmly for it. He declared, 'that if they found any proofs against the Earl, he would not engage in the prosecution'; and especially protested against *resumptions of grants to his family*, of which, he said, 'there had been much talk, but were what he would never come into, as being very illegal and unjust.' The motion was quite personal against Lord Orford, singly and by name, for his last ten years—the former question had been for twenty years, but as the rules of Parliament do not allow of repeating any individual motion in the same session of its rejection, and as every evasion is allowed in this country, half the term was voted by the same House of Commons that had refused an inquiry into the whole; a sort of proof that every *omne majus* does not *continere in se minus*—but Houses of Commons can find out evasions to logical axioms, as well as to their own orders. If they carry their list, my Lord will be obliged to return from Houghton.

After the division, Mr. Pulteney moved for an address to the King, to declare their resolution of standing by him, especially in assisting the Queen of Hungary—but I believe, after the loss of the question, he will not be in very good humour with this address.

I am now going to tell you what you will not have expected—that a particular friend of yours opposed the motion, and it was the first time he ever spoke. To keep

LETTER 69.—[1] This was much mentioned in the pamphlets written against the war, which was said to have been determined *by a gentleman's fumbling in his pocket for a piece of paper at ten o'clock at night*, and the House's agreeing to the motion without any consideration. *Walpole.*

you not in suspense, though you must have guessed, it was 220[2]. As the speech was very favourably heard, and has done him service, I prevailed with him to give me a copy—here it is:—

'Mr. Speaker[3],—I have always thought, Sir, that incapacity and inexperience must prejudice the cause they undertake to defend; and it has been diffidence of myself, not distrust of the cause, that has hitherto made me so silent upon a point on which I ought to have appeared so zealous.

'While the attempts for this inquiry were made in general terms, I should have thought it presumption in me to stand up and defend measures in which so many abler men have been engaged, and which, consequently, they could so much better support; but when the attack grows more personal, it grows my duty to oppose it more particularly, lest I be suspected of an ingratitude which my heart disdains. But I think, Sir, I cannot be suspected of that, unless my not having abilities to defend my father can be construed into a desire not to defend him.

'My experience, Sir, is very small; I have never been conversant in business and politics, and have sat a very short time in this House—with so slight a fund, I must much mistrust my power to serve him—especially as in the short time I have sat here, I have seen that not his own knowledge, innocence, and eloquence, have been able to protect him against a powerful and determined party. I have seen, since his retirement, that he has many great and noble friends, who have been able to protect him from farther violence. But, Sir, when no repulses can calm the clamour against him, no motives should sway his friends from openly undertaking his defence. When the King has conferred rewards on his services; when the Parliament has refused its assent to any inquiries of complaint against him; it is but maintaining the King's and our own honour, to reject this motion—for the repeating

[2] The author of these letters. *Walpole.*

[3] There is a fictitious speech printed for this in several magazines of that time, but which does not contain one sentence of the true one. *Walpole.*

which, however, I cannot think the authors to blame, as I suppose now they have turned him out, they are willing to inquire whether they had any reason to do so.

'I shall say no more, Sir, but leave the material part of this defence to the impartiality, candour, and credit of men who are no ways dependent on him. He has already found that defence, Sir, and I hope he always will! It is to their authority I trust—and to me, it is the strongest proof of innocence, that for twenty years together, no crime could be solemnly alleged against him; and since his dismission, he has seen a majority rise up to defend his character in that very House of Commons in which a majority had overturned his power. As therefore, Sir, I must think him innocent, I stand up to protect him from injustice—had he been accused, I should not have given the House this trouble: but I think, Sir, that the precedent of what was done upon this question a few days ago, is sufficient reason, if I had no other, for me to give my negative now.'

William Pitt, some time after, in the debate, said, how very commendable it was in him to have made the above speech, which must have made an impression upon the House; but if it was becoming in him to remember that he was the child of the accused, that the House ought to remember too that they are the children of their country.—It was a great compliment from him, and very artful too.

I forgot to tell you in my last, that one of our men-of-war, commanded by Lord Bamffe[4], a Scotchman, has taken another register ship, of immense value.

You will laugh at a comical thing that happened the other day to Lord Lincoln. He sent the Duke of Richmond word that he would dine with him in the country, and

[4] Alexander Ogilvy (d. 1746), sixth Baron Banff. 'The "Hastings," Lord Bamff, took off the Madeiras, Jan. 7, after an engagement of two hours, a Spanish Register-ship of 20 guns and 105 men, besides 10 men and 4 women passengers, and a child, bound from Cadiz for the Havanna. As he was carrying his prize into Madeira he likewise took on the 16th a Privateer of 14 carriage and 6 swivel guns, and 73 men.' (*Gent. Mag.*, 1742, p. 218.)

if he would give him leave, would bring Lord Bury[5] with him. It happens that Lord Bury is nothing less than the Duke of Richmond's nephew. The Duke, very properly, sent him word back, that Lord Bury might bring him, if he pleased.

I have been plagued all this morning with that oaf of unlicked antiquity, Prideaux[6], and his great boy. He talked through all Italy, and everything in all Italy. Upon mentioning Stosch, I asked him if he had seen his collection. He replied, very few of his things, for he did not like his company; that he never heard so much *heathenish talk* in his days. I inquired what it was, and found that Stosch had one day said before him, 'that the soul was only a little glue.' I laughed so much, that he walked off; I suppose, thinking that I believed so too. By the way, tell Stosch that a gold Alectus sold at Lord Oxford's sale for above threescore pounds.

Good night, my dear child! I am just going to the ridotto; one hates those places, comes away out of humour, and yet one goes again! How are you? I long for your next letter to answer me.

70. To Horace Mann.

Downing Street, April 1, 1742.

I received your letter of March 18th, and would be as particular in the other dates which you have sent me in the end of your letter, but our affairs having been in such confusion, I have removed all my papers in general from

[5] George Keppel (1724–1772), Viscount Bury, succeeded his father as third Earl of Albemarle, 1754; served in the army; was the favourite A.D.C. of William, Duke of Cumberland, whom he attended at Fontenoy and Culloden; Governor of Jersey, 1761; Commander-in-Chief of expedition against the Havana, 1762; K.G., 1771.

[6] Grandson of Dean Prideaux; he was just returned out of Italy, with his son. *Walpole.*

hence, and cannot now examine them. I have, I think, received all yours: but lately I received them two days at least after their arrival, and evidently opened; so we must be cautious now what we write. Remember this, for of your last the seal had been quite taken off and set on again.

Last Friday we balloted for the Secret Committee. Except the vacancies, there were but thirty-one members absent: five hundred and eighteen gave in lists. At six that evening they named a committee, of which Lord Hartington was chairman (as having moved for it), to examine the lists. This lasted from that time, all that night, till four in the afternoon of the next day; twenty-two hours without remission. There were sixteen people, of which were Lord Hartington and Coke, who sat up the whole time, and one of them, Velters Cornwall[1], fainted with the fatigue and heat, for people of all sorts were admitted into the room, to see the lists drawn; it was in the Speaker's chambers. On the conclusion, they found the majority was for a mixed list, but of which the Opposition had the greater number. Here are the two lists, which were given out by each side, but of which people altered several in their private lists.

THE COURT LIST.	THE OPPOSITION LIST.
William Bowles[2].	Sir John Barnard.
*Lord Cornbury[3].	Alexander Hume Campbell[5].
*William Finch[4].	Sir John Cotton.

Letter 70.—[1] Velters Cornwall (1696–1768), of Moccas Court, M.P. for Herefordshire in seven Parliaments.

[2] M.P. for Bewdley.

[3] Son of the Earl of Clarendon. *Walpole.*—Henry Hyde (1710–1753), Viscount Cornbury, eldest surviving son of fourth Earl of Clarendon, whom he predeceased. M.P. for Oxford University, 1732–50; Gentleman of the Bedchamber to Prince of Wales, 1738; summoned to House of Lords as Baron Hyde of Hindon, 1750.

[4] Afterwards Vice-Chamberlain. *Walpole.*—Second son of sixth Earl of Winchelsea; Envoy to Sweden; Envoy to the Hague, 1726; Vice-Chamberlain of the Household, 1742–65; d. 1766.

[5] Afterwards Solicitor to the Prince. *Walpole.*

THE COURT LIST.	THE OPPOSITION LIST.
Lord Fitzwilliam.	George Bubb Dodington[13].
Sir Charles Gilmour.	Nicholas Fazakerley.
*Charles Gore.	Henry Furnese.
H. Arthur Herbert[6].	Earl of Granard.
Sir Henry Liddel[7].	Mr. Hooper[14].
John Plumptree[8].	Lord Limerick[15].
Sir John Ramsden[9].	George Lyttelton[16].
Strange (Solicitor-General).	John Phillips[17].
Cholmley Turnor.	William Pitt[18].
John Talbot[10].	Mr. Prowse[19].
General Wade[11].	Edmund Waller[20].
James West[12].	Sir Watkyn Williams Wynn.

[6] Afterwards Earl of Powis. *Walpole.*—Henry Arthur Herbert (circ. 1703–1772), cr. Baron Herbert of Cherbury, Dec. 21, 1743; Earl of Powis, 1748. He served in the army; was Comptroller of the Household, May–Nov. 1761; Treasurer of the Household, 1761; General, 1772.

[7] Afterwards Lord Ravensworth. *Walpole.*—Fourth Baronet; cr. Baron Ravensworth, June 29, 1747; M.P. for Morpeth; d. 1784. He was the father of Horace Walpole's friend and correspondent, the Countess of Upper Ossory.

[8] He had a place in the Ordnance. *Walpole.*

[9] Third Baronet, of Byrom, Yorkshire; d. 1769.

[10] Son of the late Lord Chancellor, and afterwards a Judge. *Walpole.*

[11] Afterwards Field-Marshal. *Walpole.*—General George Wade (1673–1748), M.P. for Bath. He commanded in the Netherlands (1744), and was at the head of a body of troops sent against the rebels in 1745. He is best known as the maker of roads through the Highlands.

[12] Afterwards Secretary of the Treasury. *Walpole.*—M.P. for St. Albans; he was an antiquary, and made a good collection of MSS. and curiosities; d. 1772.

[13] Had been a Lord of the Treasury. *Walpole.*

[14] Had a place on the change of ministry. *Walpole.*—M.P. for Christchurch; an authority on finance. He was uncle of the first Earl of Malmesbury, to whom he left his seat, Heron Court, Hampshire.

[15] Afterwards King's Remembrancer. *Walpole.*—This office (Chief Remembrancer of the Court of Exchequer in Ireland) appears to have been held by Lord Limerick's son, James Hamilton, second Earl of Clanbrassil. (See *Complete Peerage.*)

[16] Afterwards Cofferer. *Walpole.*

[17] Afterwards a Lord of Trade and Baronet. *Walpole.*—Sixth Baronet, of Picton Castle, Pembrokeshire.

[18] Afterwards Paymaster. *Walpole.*

[19] Thomas Prowse, a Tory and M.P. for Somersetshire; he declined the Speakership of the House of Commons in 1761; d. 1767.

[20] Afterwards Cofferer. *Walpole.*

Besides the following six, which were in both lists:—

*George Compton . . 515	These six, on casting up the
*William Noel[21] . . 512	numbers, had those marked
*Lord Quarendon[22] . 512	against their names, and were
*Sir John Rushout[23] . 516	consequently chosen.—Those
*Samuel Sandys[24] . . 516	with this mark (*) were reckoned
*Sir John St. Aubin . 518	of the Opposition.

On casting up the numbers, the lists proved thus:—

*Sir John Barnard . . 268	*Mr. Prowse 259
*Nicholas Fazakerley . 262	*Edmund Waller . . 259
*Henry Furnese . . . 262	William Bowles . . . 259
*Earl of Granard . . 259	*Lord Cornbury . . . 262
*Mr. Hooper 265	Solicitor-General . . . 259
*William Pitt 259	Cholmley Turnor . . 259

This made eighteen: Mr. Finch, Sir Harry Liddel, and Mr. Talbot, had 258 each, and Hume Campbell 257, besides one in which his name was mis-written, but allowed; out of these four, two were to be chosen: it was agreed that the Speaker was to choose them. He, with a resolution not supposed to be in him, as he has been the most notorious affecter of popularity, named Sir Harry Liddel and Mr. Talbot; so that, on the whole, we have just five that we can call our own. These will not be sufficient to stop their proceedings, but by being privy, may stop any iniquitous proceedings. They have chosen Lord Limerick chairman. Lord Orford returns to-morrow from Houghton to Chelsea, from whence my uncle went in a great fright to fetch him.

[21] Afterwards a Judge. *Walpole.*—Second son of Sir John Noel, fourth Baronet; M.P. for Stamford; for West Looe, 1747–57; a King's Counsel; Chief Justice of Chester, 1750; Judge of Common Pleas, 1757; d. 1762.

[22] Afterwards Earl of Lichfield. *Walpole.*

[23] Afterwards Treasurer of the Navy. *Walpole.*

[24] Afterwards Chancellor of the Exchequer, then Cofferer, and then a Baron. *Walpole.*

I was yesterday presented to the Prince and Princess; but had not the honour of a word from either: he did vouchsafe to talk to Lord Walpole the day before.

Yesterday the Lord Mayor brought in their favourite bill for repealing the Septennial Act, but we rejected it by 284 to 204.

You shall have particular accounts of the Secret Committee and their proceedings; but it will be at least a month before they can make any progress. You did not say anything about yourself in your last; never omit it, my dear child.

71. To Horace Mann.

London, April 8, 1742.

You have no notion how astonished I was, at reading your account of Sir Francis Dashwood!—that it should be possible for private and personal pique so to sour any man's temper and honour, and so utterly to change their principles; I own I am for your naming him in your next dispatch: they may at least intercept his letters, and prevent his dirty intelligence. As to Lady Walpole, her schemes are so wild and so ill-founded, that I don't think it worth while to take notice of them. I possibly may mention this new one of changing her name, to her husband, and of her coming-over design, but I am sure he will only laugh at it.

The ill-situation of the King, which you say is so much talked of at the Petraia[1], is not true; indeed he and the Prince are not at all more reconciled for being reconciled; but I think his resolution has borne him out. All the public questions are easily carried, even with the concur-

Letter 71.—[1] The Petraia is a villa belonging to the Great Duke, where Prince Craon resided in summer. *Walpole.*

rence of the Tories. Mr. Pulteney proposed to grant a large sum for assisting the Queen of Hungary, and got Sir John Barnard to move it. They have given the King five hundred thousand pounds for that purpose. The land-tax of four shillings in the pound is continued. Lord Stair is gone to Holland, and orders are given to the regiments and guards to have their camp equipages ready. As to the Spanish war and Vernon, there is no more talk of them; one would think they had both been taken by a privateer.

We talk of adjourning soon for a month or six weeks, to give the Secret Committee time to proceed, which yet they have not done. Their object is returned from Houghton in great health and greater spirits. They are extremely angry with him for laughing at their power. The concourse to him is as great as ever; so is the rage against him. All this week the mob has been carrying about his effigies in procession, and to the Tower. The chiefs of the Opposition have been so mean as to give these mobs money for bonfires, particularly the Earls of Lichfield[2], Westmorland, Denbigh[3], and Stanhope[4]: the servants of these last got one of these figures, chalked out a place for the heart, and shot at it. You will laugh at me, who, the other day, meeting one of these mobs, drove up to it to see what was the matter: the first thing I beheld was a mawkin, in a chair, with three footmen, and a label on the breast, inscribed 'Lady Mary[5].'

The Speaker, who has been much abused for naming two of our friends to the Secret Committee, to show his disinterestedness, has resigned his place of Treasurer to the Navy. Mr. Clutterbuck[6], one of the late Treasury, is to

[2] George Henry Lee (1690–1743), second Earl of Lichfield.

[3] William Fielding (1697–1755), fifth Earl of Denbigh.

[4] Philip Stanhope (1717–1786), second Earl Stanhope.

[5] Lady Mary Walpole, daughter of Sir R. W. *Walpole.*

[6] This Mr. Clutterbuck had been raised by Lord Carteret, when Lord-

have it; so there seems a stop put to any new persons from the Opposition.

His Royal Highness is gone to Kew; his Drawing-rooms will not be so crowded at his return, as he has disobliged so many considerable people, particularly the Dukes of Montagu[7] and Richmond, Lord Albemarle, &c. The Richmond went twice, and yet was not spoken to; nor the others; nay, he has vented his princely resentment even upon the women, for to Lady Hervey not a word.

This is all the news, except that little Brook is on the point of matrimony with Miss Hamilton[8], Lady Archibald's[9] daughter. She is excessively pretty and sensible, but as diminutive as he.

I forgot to tell you, that the Place Bill has met with the same fate from the Lords as the Pension Bill and the Triennial Act; so that, after all their clamour and changing of measures, they have not been able to get one of their popular bills passed, though the newspapers, for these three months, have swarmed with instructions for these purposes

Lieutenant of Ireland, whom he betrayed to Sir R. Walpole; the latter employed him, but never would trust him. He then ingratiated himself with Mr. Pelham, under a pretence of candour and integrity, and was continually infusing scruples into him on political questions, to distress Sir R. On the latter's quitting the ministry, he appointed a Board of Treasury at his own house, in order to sign some grants; Mr. Clutterbuck made a pretence to slip away, and never returned. He was a friend too of the Speaker's: when Sir R. W. was told that Mr. Onslow had resigned his place, and that Mr. Clutterbuck was to succeed him, he said, 'I remember that the Duke of Roxburgh, who was a great pretender to conscience, persuaded the Duke of Montrose to resign the seals of Secretary of State, on some scruple, and begged them himself the next day.' Mr. Clutterbuck died very soon after this transaction. *Walpole.*

[7] John Montagu (1689–1749), second Duke of Montagu; served in the army; K.G., 1718; Grand Master of Order of the Bath, 1725; Governor of Isle of Wight, 1733–34; Captain of Gentlemen Pensioners, 1734–40; Master General of the Ordnance, 1742–49; General of Horse, 1746.

[8] Elizabeth, daughter of Lord Archibald Hamilton; m. (1742), Francis Greville, Lord Brooke, afterwards Earl of Warwick; d. 1800.

[9] Lady Jane Hamilton, daughter of sixth Earl of Abercorn; m. (1719) Lord Archibald Hamilton. She was First Lady of the Bedchamber, Mistress of the Robes and Privy Purse to Augusta, Princess of Wales.

from the constituents of all parts of Great Britain to their representatives.

We go into mourning on Sunday for the old Empress Amelia[10]. Lord Chedworth[11], one of three new peers, is dead. We hear the King of Sardinia is at Piacenza, to open the campaign. I shall be in continual fears lest they disturb you at Florence. My love to the Chutes, and my compliments to all my old acquaintance. I don't think I have forgot one of them. Patapan is entirely yours, and entirely handsome. Good night!

72. To Horace Mann.

April 15, 1742.

The great pleasure I receive from your letters is a little abated by my continually finding that they have been opened. It is a mortification, as it must restrain the freedom of our correspondence, and at a time when more than ever I must want to talk to you.

Your brother showed me a letter, which I approve extremely, yet do not think this a proper time for it; for there is not only no present prospect of any farther alterations, but, if there were, none that will give that person any interest. He really has lost himself so much, that it will be long before he can recover credit enough to do anybody any service. His childish and troublesome behaviour, particularly lately (but I will not mention instances, because I would not have it known whom I mean), has set him in the lowest light imaginable. I have desired your brother to keep your letter, and when we see a necessary or convenient opportunity, which I hope will not arrive, it shall

[10] Widow of the Emperor Joseph. She was of the House of Wolfenbuttel. *Walpole.*

[11] John Howe, created a Baron, 1741. *Walpole.*

be delivered. However, if you are still of that opinion, say so, and your brother shall carry it. At present, my dear child, I am much more at repose about you, as I trust no more will happen to endanger your situation. I shall not only give you the first notice, but employ all the means in my power to prevent your removal.

The Secret Committee, it seems, are almost aground, and, it is thought, will soon finish. They are now reduced, as I hear, to inquire into the last month, not having met with any foundation for proceeding in the rest of the time. However, they have this week given a strong instance of their arbitrariness and private resentments. They sent for Paxton[1], the Solicitor of the Treasury, and examined him about five hundred pounds which he had given seven years ago at Lord Limerick's election. The man, as it directly tended to accuse himself, refused to answer. They complained to the House, and after a long debate he was committed to the Serjeant-at-Arms; and to-day, I hear, for still refusing, will be sent to Newgate. We adjourn to-day for ten days, but the Committee has leave to continue sitting. But, my dear child, you may be quite at ease, for they themselves seem to despair of being able to effect anything.

The Duke[2] is of age to-day, and, I hear by the guns, is just gone with the King to take his seat in the Lords.

I have this morning received the jar of cedrati[3] safe, for which I give you a million of thanks. I am impatient to hear of the arrival of your secretary and the things at Florence; it is time for you to have received them.

Here! Amorevoli has sent me another letter. Would you believe that our wise directors for next year will not

LETTER 72. — [1] Nicholas Paxton, committed to Newgate, April 14, and released, July 15, 1742.

[2] The Duke of Cumberland.

[3] Citrons preserved in *liqueur*.

keep the Visconti, and have sent for the Fumagalli? She will not be heard to the first row of the pit.

I am growing miserable, for it is growing fine weather—that is, everybody is going out of town. I have but just begun to like London, and to be settled in an agreeable set of people, and now they are going to wander all over the kingdom. Because they have some chance of having a month of good weather, they will bury themselves three more in bad.

The Duchess of Cleveland[4] died last night of what they call a miliary fever, which is much about: she had not been ill two days. So the poor creature, her Duke[5], is again to be let: she paid dear for the hopes of being Duchess dowager.

Lady Catherine Pelham[6] has miscarried of twins; but they are so miserable with the loss of their former two boys, that they seem glad now of not having any more to tremble for.

I told you that we had seen a comet; the women are very full of what they call the *new comet*; it is a man who publicly in the streets *produces a violent fiery tail.* He exhibited lately to Lady Tankerville's daughter as she was passing by in the coach: her governess cried out, 'Oh! fie! nasty man! pull up the glass, child, pull up the glass!'—you know that was the way to hinder her seeing it.

There is another man who has by degrees bred himself up to walk upon stilts so high, that he now stalks about and peeps into the one pair of stairs windows. If this practice should spread, dining-rooms will be as innocent as

[4] Lady Henrietta Finch, sister of the Earl of Winchelsea, wife of William, Duke of Cleveland. *Walpole.*

[5] William Fitzroy (1698–1774), third Duke of Cleveland; Receiver General of the Profits of the Seals in the King's Bench and Common Pleas, and Comptroller of the Seal and Green Wax Office.

[6] Catherine, sister of John Manners, Duke of Rutland, and wife of Henry Pelham. They lost their two sons by an epidemic sore throat, after which she would never go to Esher or any house where she had seen them. *Walpole.*

chapels. Good night! I never forget my best loves to the Chutes.

P.S. I this moment hear that Edgcumbe[7] and Lord Fitzwilliam are created English peers: I am sure the first is, and I believe the second[8].

73. To Horace Mann.

London, April 22, 1742.

You perceive, by the size of my paper, how little I have to say. The whole town is out of town for Easter, and nothing left but dust, old women, and the Secret Committee. They go on warmly, and have turned their whole thoughts to the secret-service money, after which they are inquiring by all methods. Sir John Rawdon[1] (you remember that genius in Italy) voluntarily swore before them that, at the late election at Wallingford, he spent two thousand pounds, and that one Morley promised him fifteen hundred more, if he would lay it out. 'Whence was Morley to have it?'—'*I don't know*; I believe from the First Minister.' This makes an evidence. It is thought that they will ask leave to examine members, which was the reason of Edgcumbe's going into the peerage, as they supposed he had been the principal agent for the Cornish boroughs. Sir John Cotton said upon the occasion, 'Between Newgate[2] and the House of Lords, the Committee will not get any information.'

[7] Richard Edgcumbe, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, a great friend of Sir R. Walpole, was created a Baron to prevent his being examined by the Secret Committee concerning the management of the Cornish boroughs. *Walpole.* — Richard Edgcumbe (1680–1758), of Mount Edgcumbe, cr. Baron Edgcumbe, April 20, 1742; served in the army; Major-General, 1755; Chief Justice in Eyre, North of Trent, 1758.

[8] Lord Fitzwilliam was created a Peer of Great Britain, April 19, 1742.

Letter 73.—[1] He was afterwards made an Irish Lord. *Walpole.*— Fourth Baronet (1720–1793), cr. (April 9, 1750) Baron Rawdon of Moira, co. Down; Earl of Moira (in Ireland), 1762.

[2] Alluding to Paxton, who was sent thither for refusing to give evidence. *Walpole.*

The troops for Flanders go on board Saturday se'nnight, the first embarkation of five thousand men: the whole number is to be sixteen thousand. It is not yet known what success Earl Stair has had at the Hague. We are in great joy upon the news of the King of Prussia's running away from the Austrians: though his cowardice is well established, it is yet believed that the flight in question was determined by his head, not his heart; in short, that it was treachery to his allies[3].

I forgot to tell you, that of the Secret Committee Sir John Rushout and Cholmley Turnor never go to it, nor, which is more extraordinary, Sir John Barnard. He says he thought their views were more general, but finding them so particular against one man, he will not engage with them.

I have been breakfasting this morning at Ranelagh Garden[4]: they have built an immense amphitheatre, with balconies full of little alehouses; it is in rivalry to Vauxhall, and costs about twelve thousand pounds. The building is not finished, but they get great sums by people going to see it and breakfasting in the house: there were yesterday no less than three hundred and eighty persons, at eighteen pence a-piece. You see how poor we are, when, with a tax of four shillings in the pound, we are laying out such sums for cakes and ale.

We have a new opera, with your favourite song, *Se cerca, se dice*[5]: Monticelli sings it beyond what you can conceive. Your last was of April 8th. I like the medal of the Caesars and Nihils[6] extremely; but don't at all like the cracking of

[3] The King of Prussia, at the beginning of April, raised the siege of Brunn and withdrew from Moravia. His retreat was due to the inadequate support of his allies, the French and Saxons.

[4] Ranelagh Gardens were upon land granted by William III to Richard Jones, first Earl of Ranelagh (d. 1712). The buildings were demolished in 1802, and the site now forms part of Chelsea Hospital Gardens.

[5] In the *Olimpiade*. *Walpole.*

[6] A satirical medal: on one side was the head of Francis, Duke of Lorraine (afterwards Emperor), with this motto, *aut Caesar aut nihil*; on

your house[7], except that it drives away your Pettegola[8]. What I like much worse, is your recovering your strength so slowly; but I trust to the warm weather.

Miss Granville[9], daughter of the late Lord Lansdown[10], is named Maid of Honour, in the room of Miss Hamilton, who I told you is to be Lady Brook: they are both so small! what little eggs they will lay!

How does my Princess[11]! does not she deign to visit you too? Is Sade[12] there still? Is Madame Suares quite gone into devotion yet? Tell me anything—I love anything that you write to me. Good night!

74. To Horace Mann.

London, April 29.

By yours of April 17, N.S., and some of your last letters, I find my Lady Walpole is more mad than ever—why, there never was so wild a scheme as this of setting up an interest through Lord Chesterfield! one who has no power; and, if he had, would think of, or serve her, one of the last persons upon earth. What connection has he with, what interest could he have in obliging her? and, but from views, what has he ever done, or will he ever do? But is Richcourt[1] so shallow, and so ambitious, as to put any

the reverse, that of the Emperor Charles VII, Elector of Bavaria, who had been driven out of his dominions, *et Caesar et nihil*. *Walpole*.

[7] Mann had written that in consequence of an earthquake at Leghorn, he had received Mrs. Goldsworthy and her children as his guests. The appearance of some cracks in the walls of his house alarmed her, and at last induced her to think of returning to Leghorn.

[8] Mrs. Goldsworthy. *Walpole*.

[9] Hon. Elizabeth Granville, d. unmarried, 1790.

[10] George Granville (1667–1735), first Baron Lansdowne, 1711; a poet and playwright, and an early patron of Pope.

[11] Princess Craon. *Walpole*.

[12] The Chevalier de Sade. *Walpole*.

Letter 74.—[1] Count Richcourt was a Lorrainer, and Chief Minister of Florence; there was great connection between him and Lady W. *Walpole*.

trust in these projects? My dear child, believe me, if I was to mention them here, they would sound so chimerical, so womanish, that I should be laughed at for repeating them. For yourself, be quite at rest, and laugh, as I do, at feeble, visionary malice, and assure yourself, whoever mentions such politics to you, that my Lady Walpole must have very frippery intelligence from hence, if she can raise no better views and on no better foundations. For the poem you mention, I never read it: upon inquiry, I find there was such a thing, though now quite obsolete: undoubtedly not Pope's, and only proves what I said before, how low, how paltry, how uninformed her ladyship's correspondents must be.

We are now all military! all preparations for Flanders! no parties but reviews; no officers but *hope* they are to go abroad—at least, it is the fashion to say so. I am studying lists of regiments and names of colonels—not that *I hope I am to go abroad*, but to talk of those who do. Three thousand men embarked yesterday and the day before, and the thirteen thousand others sail as soon as the transports can return. Messieurs d'Allemagne[2] roll their red eyes, stroke up their great beavers, and look fierce—you know one loves a review and a tattoo.

We had a debate yesterday in the House on a proposal for replacing four thousand men of some that are to be sent abroad, that, in short, we might have fifteen thousand men to guard the kingdom. This was strongly opposed by the Tories, but we carried it in the Committee, 214 against 123, and to-day, in the House, 280 against 169. Sir John Barnard, Pulteney, the new ministry, all the Prince's people, *except the Cobham cousins*[3], the Lord Mayor[4], several of the

[2] The Royal Family. *Walpole.*

[3] Pitts, Grenvilles, Lytteltons, all related by marriage or female descent to Lord Cobham. *Dover.*—See Table V.

[4] Sir Robert Godschal.

Opposition, voted with us ; so you must interpret *Tories* in the strongest sense of the word.

The Secret Committee has desired leave to-day to examine three members, Burrel[5], Bristow[6], and Hanbury Williams[7] : the two first are directors of the Bank ; and it is upon an agreement made with them, and at which Williams was present, about remitting some money to Jamaica, and in which they pretend Sir Robert made a bad bargain, to oblige them as members of Parliament. They all three stood up, and voluntarily offered to be examined ; so no vote passed upon it.

These are all the political news : there is little of any other sort ; so little gallantry is stirring, that I do not hear of so much as one Maid of Honour who has declared herself with child by any officer, to engage him not to go abroad. I told you once or twice that Miss Hamilton is going to be married to Lord Brook: somebody wished Lord Archibald joy. He replied, ' Providence has been very good to my family.'

We had a great scuffle the other night at the Opera, which interrupted it. Lord Lincoln was abused in the most shocking manner by a drunken officer, upon which he kicked him, and was drawing his sword, but was prevented. They were put under arrest, and the next morning the man begged his pardon before the Duke of Marlborough, Lord Albemarle, and other officers, in the most submissive terms. I saw the quarrel from the other side of the house, and rushing to get to Lord Lincoln, could not for the crowd. I climbed into the front boxes, and stepping over the shoulders of three ladies, before I knew where I was,

[5] Peter Burrell, of Beckenham, Kent ; M.P. for Haslemere.

[6] John Bristow, M.P. for St. Ives.

[7] Charles Hanbury Williams, of Pontypool Park, Monmouthshire ; K.B., 1744. He was successively Envoy at Dresden, Berlin, and St. Petersburg. He died insane in 1759. He was an ardent supporter of Sir Robert Walpole, as his political poems testify.

found I had lighted into Lord Rockingham's[8] lap. It was ridiculous! Good night!

75. To Richard West.

Dear West, London, May 4, 1742.

Your letter made me quite melancholy, till I came to the postscript of fine weather. Your so suddenly finding the benefit of it, makes me trust you will entirely recover your health and spirits with the warm season: nobody wishes it more than I: nobody has more reason, as few have known you so long.

Don't be afraid of your letters being dull. I don't deserve to be called your friend, if I were impatient at hearing your complaints. I do not desire you to suppress them till their causes cease; nor should I expect you to write cheerfully while you are ill. I never design to write any man's life as a stoic, and consequently should not desire him to furnish me with opportunities for assuring posterity what pains he took not to show any pain.

If you did amuse yourself with writing anything in poetry, you know how pleased I should be to see it; but for encouraging you to it, d'ye see, 'tis an age most unpoetical! 'Tis even a test of wit to dislike poetry; and though Pope has half a dozen old friends that he has preserved from the taste of last century, yet, I assure you, the generality of readers are more diverted with any paltry prose answer to old Marlborough's secret history of Queen Mary's robes. I do not think an author would be universally commended for any production in verse, unless it were an Ode to the Secret Committee, with rhymes of liberty and property, nation and administration.

Wit itself is monopolised by politics; no laugh but would

[8] Lewis Watson (circ. 1709–1745), second Earl of Rockingham.

be ridiculous if it were not on one side or t'other. Thus Sandys thinks he has spoken an epigram, when he crinkles up his nose and lays a smart accent on *ways and means.*

We may, indeed, hope a little better now to the declining arts. The reconciliation between the royalties is finished, and fifty thousand pounds a year more added to the heir apparent's revenue. He will have money now to tune up Glover, and Thomson [1], and Dodsley [2] again:

Et spes et ratio studiorum in Caesare tantum.

Ashton is much yours. He has preached twice at Somerset Chapel with the greatest applause. I do not mind his pleasing the generality, for you know they ran as much after Whitfield [3] as they could after Tillotson [4]; and I do not doubt but St. Jude converted as many honourable women as St. Paul. But I am sure you would approve his compositions, and admire them still more when you heard him deliver them. He will write to you himself next post, but is not mad enough with his fame to write you a sermon. Adieu, dear child! Write me the progress of your recovery [5], and believe it will give me a sincere pleasure; for I am, yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

76. To Horace Mann.

Downing Street, May 6, 1742.

I HAVE received a long letter from you of the 22nd of April. It amazes me! that our friends of Florence should

LETTER 75.—[1] James Thomson (1700–1748) was made known to the Prince by Lyttelton, in 1738. The Prince granted him a pension of £100 a year, but withdrew it in 1748, on a quarrel with Thomson's patron, Lyttelton.

[2] Robert Dodsley (1703–1764), poet, dramatist, and bookseller.

[3] George Whitfield (1714–1770).

[4] John Tillotson (1630–1694), Archbishop of Canterbury, of whom Whitfield said that he 'knew no more about true Christianity than Mahomet.' His popularity as a preacher equalled that of Whitfield at the time of Walpole's reference to the latter.

[5] West died at Popes, near Hatfield, June 1, 1742.

not prove our friends[1]! Is it possible? I have always talked of their cordiality, because I was convinced they could have no shadow of interest in their professions:—of that, indeed, I am convinced still—but how could they fancy they had? There is the wonder! If they wanted common honesty, they seem to have wanted common sense more. What hope of connection could there ever be between the English ministry and the Florentine nobility? The latter have no views *of* being, or knowledge *for* being envoys, &c. They are too poor and proud to think of trading with us; too abject to hope for the restoration of their liberty from us—and, indeed, however we may affection our own, we have showed no regard for their liberty—they have had no reason ever to expect that from us! In short, to me it is mystery! But how could you not tell me some particulars? Have I so little interested myself with Florence, that you should think I can be satisfied without knowing the least particulars? I must know names. Who are these wretches that I am to scratch out of my list? I shall give them a black blot the moment I know who have behaved ill to you. Is Casa Ferroni of the number? I suspect it:—that was of your first attachments. Are the Prince and Princess dirty?—the Suares?—tell me, tell me! Indeed, my dear Mr. Chute, I am not of your opinion, that he should shut himself up and despise them; let him go abroad and despise them. Must he mope because the Florentines are like the rest of the world? But that is not true, for the world in England have not declared themselves so suddenly. It has not been the fashion to desert the Earl and his friends: he has had more concourse, more professions, and has still, than in the height of his power. So

LETTER 76.—[1] According to Lord Dover, Mann noticed a change in the bearing of some of his Florentine friends towards himself after the resignation of Sir Robert Walpole, with whom they supposed him to be intimately connected.

your neighbours have been too hasty; they are new style, at least, eleven days before us. Tell them, tell Richcourt, tell his Cleopatra[2], that all their hopes are vanished, all their faith in Secret Committees—the reconciliation[3] is made, and whatever report their secretships may produce, there will be at least above a hundred votes added to our party. Their triumph has been but in hope, and their hope has failed in two months[4].

As to your embroil with Richcourt, I condemn you excessively: not that you was originally in fault, but by seeming to own yourself so. He is an impertinent fellow, and will be so, if you'll let him. My dear child, act with the spirit of your friends here; show we have lost no credit by losing power, and that a little Italian minister must not dare to insult you. Publish the accounts I send you; which I give you my honour are authentic. If they are not, let Cytheris, your Antony's travelling concubine, contradict them.

You tell me the *St. Quintin* is arrived at Genoa; I see by the prints of to-day that it is got to Leghorn: I am extremely glad, for I feared for it, for the poor boy, and for the things. Tell me how you like your secretary. I shall be quite happy, if I have placed one with you that you like.

I laughed much at the family of cats I am to receive. I believe they will be extremely welcome to Lord Islay now; for he appears little, lives more darkly and more like a wizard than ever. These huge cats will figure prodigiously in his cell: he is of the mysterious, dingy nature of Stosch.

As words is what I have not rhetoric to find out to thank you for sending me this paragraph of Madame Goldsworthy,

[2] Lady Walpole.

[3] Between the King and the Prince of Wales.

[4] Lord Limerick's motion to examine into the conduct of Sir Robert Walpole's ministry was made March 9, 1742.

I can only tell you that I laughed for an hour at it. This was one of my Lady Pomfret's correspondents.

There seems to be a little stop in our embarkations; since the first, they have discovered that the horse must not go till all the hay is provided. Three thousand men will make a fine figure towards supporting the balance of power! Our whole number was to be but sixteen; and if all these cannot be assembled before the end of July, what will be said of it?—*À propos* to troops, here is a Colonel Meguire [5] arrived, who was in the late Emperor's service, an Irish Roman Catholic. That he might come into our army, he resolved to change his profession: he went to my Lord of London, and told him in very intelligible Irish, that he was come to abdicate his religion. The Bishop commended his intention, but desired leave to examine him a little; asked what his objections were to his own faith—Oh! he said, 'there were several things he could not swallow—several of the doctrines that were too monstrous to be believed.'—'Pray which be they?'—'Why, there's transubstantiation—and the Trinity.'—My Lord Bishop cried, 'Enough, enough!' and immediately baptised him a good Protestant in the name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost.

The Secret Committee go on very pitifully: they are now inquiring about some custom-house officers that were turned out at Weymouth for voting wrong at elections. Don't you think these articles will prove to the world what they have been saying of Sir Robert for these twenty years? The House still sits in observance to them; which is pleasant to me, for it keeps people in town. We have operas too; but they are almost over, and if it were not for a daily east wind, they would give way to Vauxhall and Chelsea. The new directors have agreed with the Fumagalli for next

[5] He afterwards married the Dowager Lady Cathcart. *Walpole.*

year, but she is to be second woman: they keep the Visconti. Did I never mention the Bettina, the first dancer? It seems she was kept by a Neapolitan prince, who is extremely jealous of her coming hither. About a fortnight ago she fell ill, upon which her Neapolitan footman made off immediately. She dances again, but is very weak, and thinks herself poisoned.

Adieu! my dear child; tell me you are well, easy, and in spirits: kiss the Chutes for me, and believe me, &c.

77. To Horace Mann.

London, May 13, 1742.

As I am obliged to put my letter into the secretary's office by nine o'clock, and it now don't want a quarter of it, I can say but three words, and must defer till next post answering your long letter by the courier. I am this moment come from the House, where we have had the first part of the Report from the Secret Committee. It is pretty long: but, unfortunately for them, there is not once to be found in it the name of the Earl of Orford: there is a good deal about Mr. Paxton and the borough of Wendover; and it appears that in eleven years Mr. Paxton has received ninety-four thousand pounds unaccounted for: now, if Lady Richcourt can make anything of all this, you have freely my leave to communicate it to her. Pursuant to this Report, and Mr. Paxton's contumacy, they moved for leave to bring in a bill to indemnify all persons who should accuse themselves of any crime, provided they do but accuse Lord Orford, and they have carried it by 251 to 228! but it is so absurd a bill, that there is not the least likelihood of its passing the Lords[1]. By this bill, whoever is guilty of murder, treason, forgery, &c., have

Letter 77.—[1] The bill was lost in the House of Lords by a large majority, in spite of the efforts of Chesterfield and Bathurst.

nothing to do but to add perjury, and swear Lord Orford knew of it, and they may plead their pardon. Tell Lady Richcourt this. Lord Orford knew of her gallantries: she may plead her pardon. Good night! I have not a moment to lose.

78. To the Hon. Henry Pelham.

Sir, Downing Street, May 17.

I have no pretence in the world to give you this trouble, but by knowing from your own example how right it is to undertake anything for a friend. Yet, Sir, if the favour I am going to ask is the least impertinent, I beg you will punish it, by taking no notice of it.

There is fallen a small living in Lancashire in the gift of the Crown, by the death of Mr. Tully the incumbent; 'tis called Adlington or Adlingham[1], and is worth about an hundred a year. If I could obtain it for Mr. Ashton of Lancaster, a clergyman who lives with me, and who is reckoned to have some merit, I should think myself extremely happy, and much more so, if I could add it to the very great obligations which we already have to Mr. Pelham.

I am Sir,
your most obedient
humble Servant,
Hor. Walpole.

79. To Horace Mann.

May 20, 1742.

I sent you a sketch last post of the division on the Indemnity Bill. As they carried the question for its being

Letter 78. — Not in C.; now printed from original in British Museum (Add. MSS. 32, 699).

[1] The name of this living, which was held by Ashton for some years, was Aldingham, in north Lancashire.

brought in, they brought it in on Saturday; but were prevailed on to defer the second reading till Tuesday. Then we had a long debate till eight at night, when they carried it, 228 against 217, only eleven majority; before, they had had twenty-three. They immediately went into the committee on it, and reported it that night. Yesterday it came to the last reading; but the House, having sat so late the night before, was not so full, and they carried it, 216 to 184. But to-day it comes into the Lords, where they do not in the least expect to succeed; yet, to show their spirit, they have appointed a great dinner at the Fountain[1] to-morrow, to consider on methods for supporting the honour of the Commons, as they call it, against the Lords. So now all prospect of quiet seems to vanish! The noise this bill makes is incredible; it is so unprecedented, so violent a step! Everything is inflamed by Pulteney, who governs both parties, only, I think, to exasperate both more. Three of our own people of the Committee, the Solicitor[2], Talbot, and Bowles, vote against us in the Indemnity Bill, and the two latter have even spoke against us. Sir Robert said, at the beginning, when he was congratulated on having some of his own friends in the Committee, 'The moment they are appointed, they will grow so jealous of the honour of the Committee, that they will prefer that to every other consideration[3].'

Our foreign news are as bad as our domestic: there seem little hopes of the Dutch coming in to our measures; there are even letters, that mention strongly their resolution of not stirring—so we have Quixoted away sixteen thousand men[4]! On Saturday we had accounts of the

LETTER 79.—[1] A great Tavern in the Strand, where the most numerous meetings of the Opposition were generally held. *Walpole.*

[2] John Strange.

[3] Voltaire has since made the same kind of observation in his *Life of Louis XIV*, Art. of Calvinism: *Les hommes se piquent toujours de remplir un devoir qui les distingue. Walpole.*

[4] Owing to delay on the part of their allies, the Dutch, the English

Austrians having cut off two thousand Prussians, in a retreat; but on Sunday came news of the great victory which the latter have gained, killing six, and taking two thousand Austrians prisoners [5], and that Prince Charles [6] is retired to Vienna wounded. This will but too much confirm the Dutch in their apprehensions of Prussia.

As to the long letter you wrote me, in answer to a very particular one of mine, I cannot explain myself, till I find a safer conveyance than the post, by which, I perceive, all our letters are opened. I can only tell you, that in most things you guessed right; and that as to myself [7] all is quiet.

I am in great concern, for you seem not satisfied with the boy we sent you. Your brother entirely agreed with me, that he was what you seemed to describe; and as to his being on the foot of a servant, I give you my honour I repeated it over and over to his mother. I suppose her folly was afraid of shocking him. As to Italian, she assured me he had been learning it some time. If he does not answer your purpose, let me know if you can dispose of him any other way, and I will try to accommodate you better. Your brother has this moment been here, but there was no letter for me; at least, none that they will deliver yet.

I know not in the least how to advise Mr. Jackson [8]. I do not think Mr. Pelham the proper person to apply to; for the Duke of Newcastle is as jealous of him as of anybody. Don't say this to him. For Lord Hervey, though Mr. Jackson has interest there, I would not advise him to try it, for both

forces remained inactive in Flanders throughout the campaign.

[5] On May 17, 1742, the King of Prussia defeated Prince Charles of Lorraine with considerable loss at Czaslau (or Chotusitz) in Bohemia.

[6] Charles Alexander of Lorraine (1712–1780), Governor-General of the Netherlands, Grand Master of the Teutonic Order; son of Leopold I, Duke of Lorraine, by Elizabeth Charlotte, daughter of the Duke of Orléans, and brother of Francis of Lorraine, Grand Duke of Tuscany (the husband of Maria Theresa).

[7] This relates to some differences between Mr. Walpole and his father, to which the former had alluded in one of his letters. *Dover.*

[8] He had been Consul at Genoa. *Walpole.*

hate him. The application to the Duke of Newcastle, by the most direct means. I should think the best, or by any one that can be serviceable to the government.

You will laugh at an odd accident that happened the other day to my uncle: they put him into the papers for Earl of Sheffield. There have been little disputes between the two Houses about coming into each other's House; when a lord comes into the Commons, they call out *withdraw*: that day, the moment my uncle came in, they all roared out, *withdraw! withdraw!*

The great Mr. Nugent has been unfortunate, too, in Parliament; besides being very ill heard, from being a very indifferent speaker; the other day on the Place Bill, (which, by the way, we have new modelled and softened, and to which the Lords have submitted to agree to humour Pulteney,) he rose, and said, 'He would not vote, as he was not determined in his opinion; but he would offer his sentiments; which were, particularly, that the bishops had been the cause of this bill being thrown out before.' Winnington called him to order, desiring he would be tender of the Church of England. You know he was a papist. In answer to the beginning of his speech, Velters Cornwall, who is of the same side, said, 'He wondered that when that gentleman could not convince himself by his eloquence, he should expect to convince the majority.'

Did I tell you that Lord Rochford[9] has at last married Miss Young[10]? I say, at last, for they don't pretend to have been married this twelvemonth; but were publicly married last week.—Adieu!

[9] William Henry Nassau de Zulestein (1717-1781), fourth Earl of Rochford; Lord of the Bedchamber, 1738; Envoy to Turin, 1749–55; Groom of the Stole, 1755–60; Ambassador to Madrid, 1763–66; Ambassador to Paris, 1766–68; Secretary of State for the Northern Province, 1768; for the Southern Province, 1770–75; K.G., 1778.

[10] Daughter of Edward Young, Esq. She had been Maid of Honour to the Princess of Wales. *Walpole.*

80. To Horace Mann.

Downing Street, May 26, 1742.

To-day calls itself May the 26th, as you perceive by the date; but I am writing to you by the fire-side, instead of going to Vauxhall. If we have one warm day in seven, 'we bless our stars, and think it luxury.' And yet we have as much waterworks and fresco diversions, as if we lay ten degrees nearer warmth. Two nights ago Ranelagh Gardens were opened at Chelsea; the Prince, Princess, Duke, much nobility, and much mob besides, were there. There is a vast amphitheatre, finely gilt, painted, and illuminated, into which everybody that loves eating, drinking, staring, or crowding, is admitted for twelvepence. The building and disposition of the gardens cost sixteen thousand pounds. Twice a week there are to be ridottos, at guinea tickets, for which you are to have a supper and music. I was there last night, but did not find the joy of it. Vauxhall is a little better; for the garden is pleasanter, and one goes by water. Our operas are almost over; there were but three-and-forty people last night in the pit and boxes. There is a little simple farce at Drury Lane, called *Miss Lucy in Town*[1], in which Mrs. Clive[2] mimics the Muscovita admirably, and Beard[3], Amorevoli intolerably. But all the run is now after Garrick[4], a wine-merchant, who is turned player, at Goodman's Fields. He plays all parts, and is a very good mimic. His acting I have seen, and may say to you, who will not

Letter 80.—[1] Partly written by Henry Fielding.

[2] Catherine Raftor (1711–1785), married (1732) George Clive, a barrister—conjectured by Collins (*Peerage*, vol. v. p. 545, note) to be an uncle of Lord Clive. Mrs. Clive subsequently became Horace Walpole's tenant at Little Strawberry Hill.

[3] John Beard, singer and actor, afterwards manager of Covent Garden Theatre; d. 1791.

[4] In the early part of 1742, Garrick appeared as Bayes in *The Rehearsal*, Master Johnny in Cibber's *Schoolboy*, King Lear, and Lord Foppington in the *Careless Husband*.

tell it again here, I see nothing wonderful in it; but it is heresy to say so: the Duke of Argyll says, he is superior to Betterton. Now I talk of players, tell Mr. Chute, that his friend Bracegirdle[6] breakfasted with me this morning. As she went out, and wanted her clogs, she turned to me, and said, 'I remember at the playhouse, they used to call Mrs. Oldfield's[6] chair! Mrs. Barry's[7] clogs! and Mrs. Bracegirdle's pattens!'

I did, indeed, design the letter of this post for Mr. Chute; but I have received two such charming long ones from you of the 15th and 20th of May (N.S.), that I must answer them, and beg him to excuse me till another post; so must the Prince[8], Princess, the Grifona[9], and Countess Galli. For the Princess's letter, I am not sure I shall answer it so soon, for hitherto I have not been able to read above every third word; however, you may thank her as much as if I understood it all. I am very happy that *mes bagatelles* (for I still insist they were so) pleased. You, my dear child, are very good to be pleased with the snuff-box. I am much obliged to the superior *lumières* of old Sarasin[10] about the Indian ink: if she meant the black, I am sorry to say I had it into the bargain with the rest of the Japan: for the coloured, it is only a curiosity, because it has seldom been brought over. I remember Sir Hans Sloane was the first who ever had any of it, and would on no account give my mother the least morsel of it. She afterwards got a good deal of it from China; and since that, more has come over; but it is even less valuable than the other, for we never could tell how to use it; however, let it make its figure.

[5] Anne Bracegirdle, died 1748.

[6] Anne Oldfield (1683–1730), 'generally went to the theatre in a chair, attended by two footmen, and in the dress she had worn at some aristocratic dinner.' (*D. N. B.*)

[7] Elizabeth Barry (1658–1713).

[8] Prince Craon. *Walpole.*

[9] The Signora Elisabetta Capponi Grifoni, a great beauty. *Walpole.*

[10] Madame Sarasin, a Lorraine lady, companion to Princess Craon. *Walpole.*

I am sure you hate me all this time, for chatting about so many trifles, and telling you no politics. I own to you, I am so wearied, so worn with them, that I scarce know how to turn my hand to them; but you shall know all I know. I told you of the meeting at the Fountain tavern: Pulteney had promised to be there, but was not; nor Carteret. As the Lords had put off the debate on the Indemnity Bill, nothing material passed; but the meeting was very Jacobite. Yesterday the bill came on, and Lord Carteret took the lead against it, and about seven in the evening it was flung out by almost two to one, 92 to 47, and 17 proxies to 10. To-day we had a motion by the new Lord Hillsborough[11] (for the father is just dead), and seconded by Lord Barrington[12], to examine the Lords' votes, to see what was become of the bill: this is the form. The Chancellor of the Exchequer[13], and all the new ministry, were with us against it; but they carried it, 164 to 159. It is to be reported to-morrow, and as we have notice, we may possibly throw it out; else they will hurry on to a breach with the Lords. Pulteney was not in the House: he was riding the other day, and met the King's coach; endeavouring to turn out of the way, his horse started, flung him, and fell upon him: he is much bruised; but not at all dangerously. On this occasion, there was an epigram fixed to a list, which I will explain to you afterwards: it is not known who wrote it, but it was addressed to him:

[11] Wills Hill, the second Lord Hillsborough, afterwards created an Irish Earl, and Cofferer of the Household. *Walpole.*—Cr. Marquis of Downshire (in Ireland), 1789; M.P. for Warwick. He was Comptroller of the Household, 1754–55; Treasurer of the Chamber, 1755; President of the Board of Trade, 1763–65, Aug.–Dec. 1766, 1768–72; Joint Post-Master-General, 1766–68; Secretary of State for the Colonies, 1768–72; Secretary of State for the Southern Province, 1779–82; d. 1793.

[12] William Wildman, Viscount Barrington, made a Lord of the Admiralty on the coalition; and Master of the Great Wardrobe, in 1754. *Walpole.*—He was also Secretary at War and Chancellor of the Exchequer, 1761; Treasurer of the Navy, 1762; Secretary at War, 1764–78; d. 1793.

[13] Samuel Sandys.

Thy horse does things by halves, like thee:
Thou, with irresolution,
Hurt'st friend and foe, thyself and me,
The King and Constitution.

The list I meant: you must know, some time ago, before the change, they had moved for a Committee to examine, and state the public accounts: it was passed. Finding how little success they had with their Secret Committee, they have set this on foot, and we were to ballot for seven commissioners, who are to have a thousand a year. We balloted yesterday: on our list were Sir Richard Corbet[14], Charles Hamilton[15] (Lady Archibald's brother), Sir William Middleton[16], Mr. West, Mr. Fonnereau, Mr. Thompson, and Mr. Ellis[17]. On theirs, Mr. Bance, George Grenville, Mr. Hooper, Sir Charles Mordaunt[18], Mr. Phillips, Mr. Pitt, and Mr. Stuart[19]. On casting up the numbers, the four first on ours, and the three first on their list, appeared to have the majority: so no great harm will come from this, should it pass the Lords; which it is not likely to do. I have now told you, I think, all the political news, except that the troops continue going to Flanders, though we hear no good news yet from Holland.

If we can prevent any dispute between the two Houses, it is believed and much hoped by the Court, that the Secret Committee will desire to be dissolved: if it does, there is an end of all this tempest!

[14] Fourth Baronet, of Longnor and Leighton, Montgomeryshire; M.P. for Shrewsbury; d. 1774.

[15] Ninth son of sixth Earl of Abercorn; Comptroller of the Green Cloth to the Prince of Wales; M.P. for Truro; Receiver-General of Minorca, 1743.

[16] Third Baronet, of Belsay Castle, Northumberland; M.P. for Northumberland; d. 1757.

[17] Welbore Ellis (1713–1802), cr. (Aug. 13, 1794) Baron Mendip, of Mendip, Somersetshire; M.P. for Cricklade; Lord of the Admiralty, 1747–55; Joint Vice-Treasurer of Ireland, 1756–61, 1765–66, 1770–77; Secretary at War, 1762–65; Treasurer of the Navy, 1777–82; Secretary of State for America, February–March, 1782.

[18] Sixth Baronet, of Massingham, Norfolk; M.P. for Warwickshire; d. 1778.

[19] Hon. John Stuart, son of seventh Earl of Moray; M.P. for Anstruther.

I must tell you an ingenuity of Lord Raymond[20], an epitaph on the Indemnifying Bill—I believe you would guess the author:—

> Interr'd beneath this marble stone doth lie
> The Bill of Indemnity;
> To show the good for which it was design'd,
> It died itself to save mankind.

My Lady Townshend made me laugh the other night about your old acquaintance, Miss Edwin; who, by the way, is grown almost a Methodist. My Lady says she was forced to have an issue made on one side of her head, for her eyes, and that Kent advised her to have another on the other side for symmetry.

There has lately been published one of the most impudent things that ever was printed; it is called *The Irish Register*, and is a list of all the unmarried women of any fashion in England, ranked in order, duchesses dowager, ladies, widows, misses, &c., with their names at length, for the benefit of Irish fortune-hunters, or as it is said, for the incorporating and manufacturing of British commodities. Miss Edwards[21] is the only one printed with a dash, because they have placed her among the widows. I will send you this, *Miss Lucy in Town*, and the magazines, by the first opportunity, as I should the other things, but your brother tells me you have had them by another hand. I received the cedrati, for which I have already thanked you: but I have been so much thanked by several people to whom I gave some, that I can very well afford to thank you again.

As to Stosch expecting any present from me, he was so extremely well paid for all I had of him, that I do not think

[20] Robert, the second Lord Raymond, son of the Lord Chief Justice. *Walpole.*

[21] Miss Edwards, an unmarried lady of great fortune, who openly kept Lord Anne Hamilton. *Walpole.*—Mary, daughter of Francis Edwardes, of Welham, Leicestershire. Lord Anne was third son of fourth Duke of Hamilton.

myself at all in his debt: however, you was very good to offer to pay him.

As to my Lady W., I shall say nothing now, as I have not seen either of the two persons since I received your letter to whom I design to mention her; only that I am extremely sorry to find you still disturbed at any of the little nonsense of that cabal. I hoped that the accounts which I have sent you, and which, except in my last letter, must have been very satisfactory, would have served you as an antidote to their legends; and I think the great victory in the House of Lords, and which, I assure you, is here reckoned prodigious, will raise your spirits against them. I am happy you have taken that step about Sir Francis Dashwood; the credit it must have given you with the King will more than counterbalance any little hurt you might apprehend from the cabal.

I am in no hurry for any of my things; as we shall be moving from hence as soon as Sir Robert has taken another house, I shall not want them till I am more settled.

Adieu! I hope to tell you soon that we are all at peace, and then I trust you will be so. A thousand loves to the Chutes. How I long to see you all!

P.S. I unseal my letter to tell you what a vast and, probably, final victory we have gained to-day. They moved, that the Lords flinging out the Bill of Indemnity was an obstruction of justice, and might prove fatal to the liberties of this country. We have sat till this moment, seven o'clock, and have rejected this motion by 245 to 193. The call of the House, which they have kept off from fortnight to fortnight, to keep people in town, was appointed for to-day. The moment the division was over, Sir John Cotton rose and said, 'As I think the inquiry is at an end, you may do what you will with the call.' We have put it off for two months. There's a noble postscript!

81. To Horace Mann.

London, June 8, 1742.

I have sent Mr. Chute all the news; I shall only say to you that I have read your last letter about Lady W. to Sir R. He was not at all surprised at her thoughts of England, but told me that last week my Lord Carteret had sent him a letter which she had written to him, to demand his protection. This you may tell publicly; it will show her ladyship's credit.

Here is an epigram, which I believe will divert you: it is on Lord Islay's garden upon Hounslow Heath.

Old Islay, to show his fine delicate taste[1]
In improving his gardens purloin'd from the waste,
Bade his gard'ner one day to open his views,
By cutting a couple of grand avenues:
No particular prospect his lordship intended,
But left it to chance how his walks should be ended.

With transport and joy he beheld his first view end
In a favourite prospect—a church that was ruin'd—
But alas! what a sight did the next cut exhibit!
At the end of the walk hung a rogue on a gibbet!
He beheld it and wept, for it caus'd him to muse on
Full many a Campbell that died with his shoes on.
All amaz'd and aghast at the ominous scene,
He order'd it quick to be clos'd up again
With a clump of Scotch firs, that serv'd for a *Screen.*

Sir Robert asked me yesterday about the Dominichin, but I did not know what to answer: I said I would write to you about it. Have you bought it? or did you quite put it off? I had forgot to mention it again to you. If you have it not, I am still of opinion that you should buy it for him. Adieu!

Letter 81.—[1] These lines were written by Bramston, author of *The Art of Politics* and *The Man of Taste.* *Walpole.*

82. To Horace Mann.

June 10, the Pretender's birthday, which, by the way, I believe he did not expect to keep at Rome this year, 1742.

Since I wrote you my last letter, I have received two from you of the 27th of May and 3rd of June, N.S. I hope you will get my two packets; that is, one of them was addressed to Mr. Chute, and in them was all my faggot of compliments.

Is not poor Scully[1] vastly disappointed that we are not arrived? But really, will that mad woman never have done? does she still find credit for her extravagant histories? I carried her son[2] with me to Vauxhall last night: he is a most charming boy, but grows excessively like her in the face.

I don't at all foresee how I shall make out this letter: everybody is gone out of town during the Whitsuntide, and many will not return, at least not these six weeks; for so long they say it will be before the Secret Committee make their Report, with which they intend to finish. We are, however, entertained with pageants every day—reviews to gladden the heart of David[3], and triumphs of Absolom[4]! He and his wife went in great parade yesterday through the City and the dust to dine at Greenwich; they took water at the Tower, and trumpeting away to Grace Tosier's[5],

Like Cimon, triumph'd both on land and wave[6].

Letter 82.—[1] An Irish tailor at Florence, who let out ready-furnished apartments to travelling English. Lady W. had reported that Lord Orford was flying from England and would come thither. *Walpole.*

[2] George Walpole, afterwards the third Earl of Orford. *Walpole.*—Born 1730; styled Viscount Walpole, 1745-51, when he succeeded his father; succeeded his mother as Lord Clinton, 1781. Ranger of Hyde Park, 1763–83; of St. James's Park, 1763–91; d. 1791. In later life he was frequently insane.

[3] George the Second. *Walpole.*

[4] Frederick Prince of Wales. *Walpole.*

[5] Keeper of a well-known chocolate house at Blackheath; d. 1753.

[6] *Dunciad*, Bk. I. l. 86.

I don't know whether it was my Lord of Bristol[7] or some one of the Saddlers' Company[8] who had told him that this was the way 'to steal the hearts of the people[9].' He is in a quarrel with Lord Falmouth[10]. There is just dead one Hammond[11], a disciple of Lord Chesterfield, and Equerry to his Royal Highness: he had parts, and was just come into Parliament, strong of the Cobham faction, or nepotism, as Sir Robert calls it. The White Prince desired Lord Falmouth to choose Dr. Lee, who, you know, has disobliged the party by accepting a Lordship of the Admiralty. Lord Falmouth has absolutely refused, and insists upon choosing one of his own brothers[12]: his Highness talks loudly of opposing him. The borough is a Cornish one.

There is arrived a courier from Lord Stair, with news of Prince Lobkowitz[13] having cut off five thousand French[14]. We are hurrying away the rest of our troops to Flanders, and say that we are in great spirits, and intend to be in greater when we have defeated the French too.

For my own particular I cannot say I am well; I am

[7] Dr. Secker, afterwards Bishop of Oxford. *Walpole.*

[8] The Prince was a member of the Saddlers' Company. *Walpole.*

[9] See 2 Samuel xv. 6.

[10] Hugh Boscawen (1707–1782), second Viscount Falmouth; served in the army; General, 1772.

[11] Author of *Love Elegies. Walpole.*—James Hammond (1710–1742), M.P. for Truro; said to have died of love for Miss Catherine Dashwood, 'the toast of the Oxfordshire Jacobites,' who survived until 1779.

[12] Captain Hon. Edward Boscawen (1711–1761), third son of first Viscount Falmouth; Lord of the Admiralty, 1751–61; Vice-Admiral, 1755; Admiral of the Blue, 1758.

[13] George Christian, Prince Lobkowitz, d. 1753.

[14] 'The French having posted 5,000 men at Teyn, under the Duke de Boufflers, on the East Side of the Moldau in Bohemia, with intention to take Tabor; Prince Charles of Lorrain fell upon them on the 25th [May] past, and drove them through their very camp, with prodigious Slaughter. The Duke however escaped by flight with only two Regiments, but left behind some Cannon, four Standards, two pair of Colours, and all the Baggage. Marshal Broglio on advice of this action, quitted his Camp with great Precipitation at Frauenberg, which Prince Lobkowitz thereupon entered and dispatched his Croats and Hussars, after the Enemy, who lost in their Flight above 1,000 Men; here Prince Lobkowitz found a considerable Booty, and even the Military Chest, in which was a Million of Livres.' (*Gent. Mag.*, 1742, p. 332.)

afraid I have a little fever upon my spirits, or at least have *nerves*, which, you know, everybody has in England. I begin the cold bath to-morrow, and talk of going to Tunbridge, if the Parliament rises soon. Sir R., who begins to talk seriously of Houghton, has desired me to go with him thither; but that is not at all settled. Now I mention Houghton, you was in the right to miss a gallery there; but there is one actually fitting up, where the greenhouse was, and to be furnished with the spoils of Downing Street.

I am quite sorry you have had so much trouble with those odious cats of Malta: dear child, fling them into the Arno, if there is water enough at this season to drown them; or, I'll tell you, give them to Stosch, to pay the postage he talked of. I have no ambition to make my court with them to the old wizard.

I think I have not said anything lately to you from Patapan[15]; he is handsomer than ever, and grows fat: his eyes are charming; they have that agreeable lustre which the vulgar moderns call sore eyes, but the judicious ancients golden eyes, *ocellos Patapanicos.*

The process is begun against her Grace of Beaufort[16], and articles exhibited in Doctors' Commons. Lady Townshend has had them copied, and lent them to me. There is everything proved to your heart's content, to the birth of the child, and much delectable reading. . . .[17]

Adieu! my dear child; you see I have eked out a letter: I hate missing a post, and yet at this dead time I have almost been tempted to invent a murder or a robbery. . . .[18] But you are good, and will be persuaded that I have used my eyes and ears for your service; when, if it were not for

[15] Mr. W.'s dog. *Walpole.*

[16] Frances, daughter and heiress of the last Lord Scudamore, wife of Henry Somerset, Duke of Beaufort, from whom she was divorced for adultery with Lord Talbot; afterwards married to Colonel Fitzroy, natural son of the Duke of Grafton. *Walpole.*

[17] Passage omitted.

[18] Passage omitted.

you, I should let them lie by in a drawer from week's end to week's end. Good night!

83. To Horace Mann.

Downing Street, June 17, 1742.

We were surprised last Tuesday with the great good news of the peace between the Queen and the King of Prussia[1]. It was so unexpected and so welcome, that I believe he might get an Act of Parliament to forbid any one thinking that he ever made a slip in integrity. Then, the repeated accounts of the successes of Prince Charles and Lobkowitz over the French have put us into the greatest spirits. Prince Charles is extremely commended for courage and conduct, and makes up a little for other flaws in the family.

It is at last settled that Lord Gower[2], Cobham, and Bathurst[3] are to come in. The first is to be Privy Seal, and was to have kissed hands last Friday, but Lord Hervey had carried the seal with him to Ickworth; but he must bring it back. Lord Cobham is to be Field Marshal, and to command all the forces in England. Bathurst was to have the Gentlemen Pensioners, but Lord Essex[4], who is now the Captain, and was to have had the Beef-eaters, will not change. Bathurst is to have the Beef-eaters; the Duke of Bolton, who has them, is to have the Isle of Wight, and Lord Lymington[5], who has that, is to have—nothing!

Letter 83.—[1] The Treaty of Breslau, of which the preliminaries were signed on June 1, 1742.

[2] John Leveson-Gower (1694–1754), second Baron Gower, cr. Earl Gower, July 8, 1746; Lord Privy Seal, 1742–43, 1744–55.

[3] Allen Bathurst (1684–1775), first Baron Bathurst, cr. Earl Bathurst, Aug. 7, 1772; Captain of the Gentlemen Pensioners, 1742–44; Treasurer to Prince of Wales, 1757–60.

[4] William Capel (1697–1743), third Earl of Essex; Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard, 1739; Ranger of St. James's Park.

[5] John Wallop (1690–1762), first Viscount Lymington, cr. Earl of Portsmouth, April 11, 1743; Governor and Vice-Admiral of the Isle of Wight, 1734–42, 1746–62.

The Secret Committee are in great perplexities about Scrope[6]: he would not take the oath, but threatened the Middlesex justices who tendered it to him: 'Gentlemen,' said he, 'have you any complaint against me? if you have not, don't you fear that I will prosecute you for enforcing oaths?' However, one of them began to read the oath—'I, John Scrope!'—'I, John Scrope!' said he; 'I did not say any such thing: but come, however, let's hear the oath;'—'do promise that I will faithfully and truly answer all such questions as shall be asked me by the Committee of Secrecy, and—' they were going on, but Scrope cried out, 'and! Hold, hold! there is more than I can digest already.' He then went before the Committee, and desired time to consider. Pitt asked him abruptly, if he wanted a quarter of an hour; he replied, 'he did not want to inform either his head or his heart, for both were satisfied what to do; but that he would ask the King's leave.' He wants to fight Pitt. He is a most testy little old gentleman, and about eight years ago would have fought Alderman Perry. It was in the House, at the time of the excise: he said we should carry it; Perry said he hoped to see him hanged first. 'You see me hanged, you dog, you!' said Scrope, and pulled him by the nose. The Committee have tried all ways to soften him, and have offered to let him swear to only what part he pleased, or only with regard to money given to members of Parliament. Pulteney himself has tried to work on him; but the old gentleman is inflexible, and answered, 'that he was fourscore years old, and did not care if he spent the few months he has to live[7] in the Tower or not; that the last thing he would do should be to betray

[6] John Scrope, Secretary of the Treasury. He had been in Monmouth's rebellion, when very young, and carried intelligence to Holland in woman's clothes. *Walpole.*

[7] He did not die till 1753.

the King, and next to him the Earl of Orford.' It remains in suspense.

The troops continue going to Flanders, but slowly enough. Lady Vane has taken a trip thither after a cousin [8] of Lord Berkeley, who is as simple about her as her own husband is, and has written to Mr. Knight [9] at Paris to furnish her with what money she wants. He says she is vastly to blame; for he was trying to get her a divorce from Lord Vane, and then would have married her himself. Her adventures [10] are worthy to be bound up with those of my good sister-in-law, the German Princess [11], and Moll Flanders.

Whom should I meet in the Park last night but Ceretesi! He told me he was at a *Bagne*. I will find out his bagnio; for though I was not much acquainted with him, yet the obligations I had to Florence make me eager to show any Florentine all the civilities in my power; though I do not love them near so well, since what you have told me of their late behaviour; notwithstanding your letter of June 20th, which I have just received. I perceive that *simple-hearted, good, unmeaning* Rucellai is of the number of the false, though you do not directly say so.

I was excessively diverted with your pompous account of the siege of Lucca by a single Englishman [12]. I do believe that you and the Chutes might put a certain city into as great a panic. Adieu!

[8] Henry Berkeley, killed the next year at the battle of Dettingen. *Walpole.*

[9] Probably Robert Knight, formerly cashier of the South Sea Company.

[10] Lady Vane's Memoirs, dictated by herself, were actually published afterwards in a book, called *The Adventures of Peregrine Pickle*; and she makes mention of Lady Orford. *Walpole.*

[11] Mary Carleton, an impostor, hanged for theft in the reign of Charles II.

[12] 'For this last week I have had complaints made to me which were brought by an express, of an Englishman, one Wright's design to storm the Town and Republick of Lucca; which horrid design was manifested by his obstinate refusal to deliver a couple of Pistols to the Guards at the Gate.' (*Mann and Manners*, vol. i. p. 72.)

84. To Horace Mann.

Midsummer Day, 1742.

One begins every letter now with an *Io Pæan!* indeed our hymns are not so tumultuous as they were some time ago, to the tune of Admiral Vernon. They say there came an express last night, of the taking of Prague and the destruction of some thousand French[1]. It is really amazing, the fortune of the Queen! We expect every day the news of the King of Poland having made his peace; for it is affirmed that the Prussian left him but sixteen days to think of it[2]. There is nothing could stop the King of Prussia, if he should march to Dresden: how long his being at peace with that king will stop him I look upon as very uncertain.

They say we expect the Report from the Secret Committee next Tuesday, and then finish. I preface all my news with *they say*; for I am not at all in the secret, and I had rather that *they say* should tell you a lie than myself. They have sunk the affair of Scrope: the Chancellor[3] and Sir John Rushout spoke in the Committee against persecuting him, for he is Secretary to the Treasury. I don't think there is so easy a language as the ministerial in the world—one learns it in a week! There are few members in town, and most of them no friends to the Committee; so that there is not the least apprehension of any violence following the Report. I dare say there is not; for my uncle, who is my political weather-glass, and whose quicksilver rises and falls with the least variation of parliamentary weather, is in great

Letter 84.—[1] The French were, however, still masters of Prague.

[2] 'One of the separate Articles [of the Treaty of Breslau] imports, that the King of Poland shall be invited to accede to this Treaty, to whom 16 Days are allowed to withdraw his Troops.' (*Gent. Mag.*, 1742, p. 333.)

[3] Mr. Sandys, Chancellor of the Exchequer. *Walpole.*

spirits, and has spoken three times in the House within this week; he had not opened his lips before since the change. Mr. Pulteney has got his warrant in his pocket for Earl of Bath, and kisses hands as soon as the Parliament rises. The promotions I mentioned to you are not yet come to pass; but a fortnight will settle things wonderfully.

The Italian[4], who I told you is here, has let me into a piece of secret history, which you never mentioned: perhaps it is not true; but he says the mighty mystery of the Count's[5] elopement from Florence, was occasioned by a letter from Wachtendonck[6], which was so impertinent as to talk of satisfaction for some affront. The great Count very wisely never answered it—his life, to be sure, is of too great consequence to be trusted at the end of a rash German's sword! however, the General wrote again, and hinted at coming himself for an answer. So it happened, that when he arrived, the Count was gone to the baths of Lucca—those waters were reckoned better for his health, than steel in the abstract. How oddly it happened! He just returned to Florence as the General was dead! Now was not this heroic lover worth running after? I wonder, as the Count must have known my lady's courage and genius for adventures, that he never thought of putting her into men's clothes, and sending her to answer the challenge. How pretty it would have been to have fought for one's lover! and how great the obligation, when he durst not fight for himself! . . .[7]

I heard the other day, that the Primate of Lorrain was dead of the small-pox. Will you make my compliments of condolence? though I dare say, they are little afflicted: he was a most worthless creature, and all his wit and parts,

[4] Ceretesi. *Walpole.*
[5] Count Richcourt. *Walpole.*
[6] General Wachtendonck, Commander of the Queen of Hungary's troops at Leghorn. *Walpole.*
[7] Passage omitted.

I believe, little comforted them for his brutality and other vices.

The fine Mr. Pitt[8] is arrived: I dine with him to-day at Lord Lincoln's, with the Pomfrets. So now the old *partie quarrée* is complete again. The Earl is not quite cured, and a partner in sentiments may help to open the wound again. My Lady Townshend dines with us too. She flung the broadest Wortley-eye[9] on Mr. Pitt, the other night, in the Park!

Adieu! my dear child; are you quite well? I trust the summer will perfectly re-establish you.

85. To Horace Mann.

Downing Street, June 30, 1742.

It is about six o'clock, and I am come from the House, where, at last, we have had another Report from the Secret Committee. They have been disputing this week among themselves, whether this should be final or not. The new ministry, thank them! were for finishing; but their arguments were not so persuasive as dutiful, and we are to have yet another. This lasted two hours and a half in reading, though confined to the affair of Burrel and Bristow, the Weymouth election, and secret-service money. They moved to print it; but though they had fetched most of their members from ale and the country, they were not strong enough to divide. Velters Cornwall, whom I have mentioned to you, I believe, for odd humour, said, 'he believed the somethingness of this Report would make amends for

[8] George Pitt, of Strathfieldsea; he had been in love with Lady Charlotte Fermor, second daughter of Lord Pomfret, who was afterwards married to William Finch, Vice-Chamberlain. *Walpole.*—Born 1721; cr. (May 20, 1776) Baron Rivers of Strathfieldsaye, Hampshire; Envoy to Turin, 1761; Ambassador at Madrid, 1770–71; d. 1803.

[9] Mr. Pitt was very handsome, and Lady Mary Wortley-Montagu had liked him extremely, when he was in Italy. *Walpole.*

the nothingness of the last, and that he was for printing it, if it was only from believing that the King would not see it, unless it is printed.' Perhaps it may be printed at the conclusion; at least it will without authority—so you will see it.

I received yours of June 24, N.S., with one from Mr. Chute, this morning, and I will now go answer it and your last. You seem still to be uneasy about my letters, and their being retarded. I have not observed, lately, the same signs of yours being opened; and for my own, I think it may very often depend upon the packet-boat and winds.

You ask me if Pulteney has lately received any new disgusts.—How can one answer for a temper so hasty, so unsettled?—not that I know, unless that he finds, what he has been twenty years undoing, is not yet *undone*.

I must interrupt the thread of my answer, to tell you that I hear news came last night that the States of Holland have voted forty-seven thousand men for the assistance of the Queen[1], and that it was not doubted but the States-General would imitate this resolution. This seems to be the consequence of the King of Prussia's proceedings—but how can they trust him so easily?

I am amazed that your Leghorn ministry are so wavering; they are very old style, above eleven days out of fashion, if they any longer fear the French: my only apprehension is, lest these successes should make Richcourt more impertinent.

You have no notion how I laughed at the man that 'talks nothing but Madeira[2].' I told it to my Lady Pomfret, concluding it would divert her too; and forgetting that she repines when she should laugh, and reasons when she should be diverted. She asked gravely what language that was!

LETTER 85.—[1] The Queen of Hungary.

[2] The only daughter and heiress of the Marquis Acciauoli at Florence, was married to one of the same name, who was born at Madeira.

'That Madeira being subject to an European prince, to be sure they talk some European dialect!' The grave personage! It was of a piece with her saying, 'that Swift would have written better, if he had never written ludicrously.'

I have been laughing at another story, which I shall take care not to tell her, lest she descant on that too—one of the Methodist apostles who went to America to try to make people believe what has travelled through all degrees of belief and disbelief from Jerusalem to the Lizard Point, was boasting of his success and what great improvements the poor Indians had made in Christianity; 'You shall only hear me examine the first we meet'—and then stopping one of his swarthy congregation, he asked him if he had not felt great comfort last Sunday at the sacrament after receiving the bread and wine? 'Yes, indeed,' replied the poor Primitive, 'but I wish it had been rum!'

I met a friend of yours the other day at an auction, and though I knew him not the least, yet being your friend, and so like you (for do you know, he is excessively), I had a great need to speak to him—and did. He says, 'he has left off writing to you, for he never could get an answer.' I said, you had never received but one from him in all the time I was with you, and that I was witness to your having answered it. He was with his mother, Lady Abercorn[3], a most *frightful* gentlewoman: Mr. Winnington says, he one day overheard her and the Duchess of Devonshire[4] talking of 'hideous ugly women!' By the way, I find I have never told you that it was Lord Paisley[5]; but that you will have perceived.

Amorevoli is gone to Dresden for the summer; our

[3] Anne Plumer, m. (1711) James Hamilton, seventh Earl of Abercorn; d. 1754.

[4] Catherine Hoskins, daughter and heiress of John Hoskins, of Oxted, Surrey; m. (1718) William Cavendish, third Duke of Devonshire; d. 1777.

[5] James Hamilton, Baron Paisley, succeeded his father as eighth Earl of Abercorn, 1744; d. 1789.

directors are in great fear that he will serve them like Farinelli, and not return for the winter.

I am writing to you in one of the charming rooms towards the Park: it is a delightful evening, and I am willing to enjoy this sweet corner while I may, for we are soon to quit it. Mrs. Sandys came yesterday to give us warning; Lord Wilmington has lent it to them. Sir Robert might have had it for his own at first, but would only take it as First Lord of the Treasury[6]. He goes into a small house of his own in Arlington Street, opposite to where we formerly lived. Whither I shall travel is yet uncertain: he is for my living with him; but then I shall be cooped—and besides, I never found that people loved one another the less for living asunder.

The drowsy Lord Mayor[7] is dead—so the newspapers say. I think he is not dead, but sleepeth. Lord Gower is laid up with the gout: this, they say, is the reason of his not having the Privy Seal yet.

The town has talked of nothing lately but a plot: I will tell you the circumstances. Last week the Scotch hero[8] sent his brother[9] two papers, which he said had been left at his house by an unknown hand; that he believed it was by Colonel Cecil, agent for the Pretender—though how could that be, for he had had no conversation with Colonel Cecil for these two years? He desired Lord Islay to lay them before the ministry. One of the papers seemed a letter, though with no address or subscription, written in true genuine Stuart characters. It was to thank *Mr. Burnus* (D. of A.) for his services, and that he hoped he would answer *the assurances* given of him. The other was to

[6] Still the official residence of the First Lord of the Treasury. It had been tenanted by the Hanoverian Minister, Baron Bothmar, on whose death George II offered to give it to Sir Robert Walpole.

[7] Sir Robert Godschall. *Walpole.*

[8] The Duke of Argyll. *Walpole.*

[9] Earl of Islay. *Walpole.*

command the Jacobites, and to exhort the Patriots to continue what they had mutually so well begun, and to say how pleased he was with their having removed *Mr. Tench*. Lord Islay showed these letters to Lord Orford, and then to the King, and told him he had showed them to my father. 'You did well.'—Lord I., 'Lord Orford says one is of the Pretender's hand.'—K., 'He knows it: whenever anything of this sort comes to your hand, carry it to Walpole[10].' This private conversation you must not repeat. A few days afterwards, the Duke wrote to his brother, 'That upon recollection he thought it right to say, that he had received those letters from Lord Barrimore[11]'—who is as well known for General to the Chevalier, as Montemar[12] is to the Queen of Spain—or as the Duke of A. would be to either of them. Lord Islay asked Sir R. if he was against publishing this story, which he thought was a justification both of his brother and Sir R. The latter replied, *he* could certainly have no objection to its being public—but pray, will his grace's sending these letters to the Secretaries of State justify him from *the assurances*[13] that had been given of him? However, the Pretender's being of opinion that the dismission of *Mr. Tench* was for his service, will scarce be an argument to the new ministry for making more noise about these papers.

I am sorry the boy is so uneasy at being on the foot of a servant. I will send for his mother, and ask her why she did not tell him the conditions to which we had agreed; at

[10] Besides intercepted letters, Sir R. Walpole had more than once received letters from the Pretender, making him the greatest offers, which Sir R. Walpole always carried to the King, and got him to endorse, when he returned them to Sir R. *Walpole.*

[11] James Barry (1667–1747), fourth Earl of Barrymore; M.P. for Wigan; Lieutenant-General.

[12] Commander of the Spanish forces in Italy.

[13] The Duke of Argyll, in the latter part of his life, was often melancholy and disordered in his understanding. After this transaction, and it is supposed he had gone still farther, he could with difficulty be brought even to write his name. The marriage of his eldest daughter with the Earl of Dalkeith was deferred for some time, because the Duke could not be prevailed upon to sign the writings. *Walpole.*

the same time, I will tell her that she may send any letters for him to me. Adieu! my dear child: I am going to write to Mr. Chute, that is, to-morrow. I never was more diverted than with his letter. . . .[14]

86. To Horace Mann.

ON THE DEATH OF RICHARD WEST, ESQ.[1]

While surfeited with life, each hoary knave
Grows, here, immortal, and eludes the grave,
Thy virtues immaturely met their fate,
Cramp'd in the limit of too short a date!

Thy mind, not exercis'd so oft in vain,
In health was gentle, and compos'd in pain:
Successive trials still refin'd thy soul,
And plastic patience perfected the whole.

A friendly aspect, not suborn'd by art;
An eye, which look'd the meaning of thy heart;
A tongue, with simple truth and freedom fraught,
The faithful index of thy honest thought.

Thy pen disdain'd to seek the servile ways
Of partial censure, and more partial praise:
Through every tongue it flow'd in nervous ease,
With sense to polish, and with wit to please.

No working venom from thy pencil fell;
Thine was the kindest satire, living well:
The vain, the loose, the base, might blush to see
In what thou wert, what they themselves should be.

Let me not charge on Providence a crime,
Who snatch'd thee, blooming, to a better clime,
To raise those virtues to a higher sphere:
Virtues! which only could have starv'd thee here.

[14] Passage omitted.

Letter 86.—[1] Richard West, only son of the Lord Chancellor West, of Ireland, by Elizabeth, daughter of Bishop Burnet, died of a consumption about the 26th year of his age, and is buried at Hatfield. He had a great genius for poetry; a fine *Ode* of his, on the death of Queen Caroline, is published in Dodsley's *Miscellanies*. *Walpole.*

A RECEIPT TO MAKE A LORD.

OCCASIONED BY A LATE REPORT OF A PROMOTION[2].

Take a man, who by nature 's a true son of earth,
By rapine enrich'd, though a beggar by birth;
In genius the lowest, ill-bred and obscene;
In morals most wicked, most nasty in mien;
By none ever trusted, yet ever employ'd;
In blunders quite fertile, of merit quite void;
A scold in the Senate, abroad a buffoon,
The scorn and the jest of all courts but his own:
A slave to that wealth that ne'er made him a friend,
And proud of that cunning that ne'er gain'd an end;
A dupe in each treaty, a Swiss in each vote;
In manners and form a complete Hottentot.
Such an one could you find, of all men you'd commend him,
But be sure let the curse of each Briton attend him.
Thus fully prepar'd, add the grace of the throne,
The folly of monarchs, and screen of a crown—
Take a prince for his purpose, without ears or eyes,
And a long parchment roll stuff'd brim-full of lies:
These mingl'd together, a fiat shall pass,
And the thing be a Peer, that before was an ass.

The former copy I think you will like: it was written by one Mr. Ashton[3] on Mr. West, two friends of mine, whom you have heard me often mention. The other copy was printed in the *Common Sense*, I don't know by whom composed: the end of it is very bad, and there are great falsities in it, but some strokes are terribly like!

I have not a moment to thank the Grifona, nor to answer yours of June 17, N.S., which I have this instant read.

Yours, in great haste.

[2] The report, mentioned in a preceding letter, that Horace Walpole, brother to Sir Robert, was created a Peer. *Walpole.*

[3] Thomas Ashton, afterwards Fellow of Eton College. *Walpole.*

87. To Horace Mann.

London, July 7, 1742.

Well! you may bid the Secret Committee good night. The House adjourns to-day till Tuesday, and on Thursday is to be prorogued. Yesterday we had a bill of Pulteney's, about returning officers and regulating elections: the House was thin, and he carried it by 93 to 92. Mr. Pelham was not there, and Winnington did not vote, for the gentleman is testy still; when he saw how near he had been to losing it, he said loud enough to be heard, 'I will make the gentlemen of that side feel me!' and, rising up, he said, 'He was astonished, that a bill so calculated for the freedom of elections was so near being thrown out; that there was a report on the table, which showed how necessary such a bill was, and that though we had not time this year to consider what was proper to be done in consequence of it, he hoped we should next,'—with much to the same purpose; but all the effect this notable speech had, was to frighten my uncle, and make him give two or three shrugs extraordinary to his breeches. They now say, that Pulteney will not take out the patent for his earldom, but remain in the House of Commons *in terrorem*[1]; however, all his friends are to have places immediately, or, as the fashion of expressing it is, 'they are to go to Court in the Bath coach[2]!'

Your relation Guise[3] is arrived from Carthagena, madder

Letter 87.—[1] Sir R. W., to defeat Pulteney's ambition, persuaded the King to insist on his going into the House of Lords: the day he carried his patent thither, he flung it upon the floor in a passion, and could scarce be prevailed on to have it passed. *Walpole.*

[2] His title was to be Earl of Bath. *Walpole.*

[3] General Guise, a very brave officer, but apt to romance; and a great connoisseur in pictures. *Walpole.*—John Guise (d. 1765) served under Marlborough, and on the Vigo expedition of 1719. He was probably related to Mann through the mother of the latter, Eleanor, daughter of Christopher Guise, of Abbot's Court, Gloucestershire.

than ever. As he was marching up to one of the forts, all his men deserted him; his lieutenant advised him to retire; he replied, 'He never had turned his back yet, and would not now,' and stood all the fire. When the pelicans were flying over his head, he cried out, 'What would Chloe[4] give for some of these to make a pelican pie!' When he is brave enough to perform such actions really as are almost incredible, what pity it is that he should for ever persist in saying things that are totally so!

Lord Annandale[5] is at last mad in all the forms: he has long been an out-pensioner of Bedlam College. Lord and Lady Talbot[6] are parted; he gives her three thousand pounds a year. Is it not amazing, that in England people will not find out that they can live separate without parting? The Duke of Beaufort[7] says, 'He pities Lord Talbot to have met with two such tempers as their two wives[8]!'

Sir Robert Rich[9] is going to Flanders, to try to make up an affair for his son[10]; who, having quarrelled with a Captain Vane, as the commanding officer was trying to make it up at the head of the regiment, Rich came behind Vane, 'And to show you,' said he, 'that I will not make it up, take that,' and gave him a box on the ear. They were immediately put in arrest; but the learned in the laws of honour say, they must fight, for no German officer will serve with Vane, till he has had satisfaction.

[4] The Duke of Newcastle's French cook. *Walpole.*

[5] George Johnstone (1720–1792), third Marquis of Annandale, to whom David Hume was companion from 1745 to 1746. He was declared a lunatic in 1748.

[6] Mary de Cardonnel (d. 1787), daughter and heir of Adam de Cardonnel, Secretary at War; m. (1734) William Talbot, second Baron, afterwards Earl, Talbot.

[7] Henry Somerset - Scudamore (1708–1745), third Duke of Beaufort.

[8] See note 16 on letter to Mann of June 10, 1742.

[9] Field Marshal Sir Robert Rich (1685–1768), fourth Baronet, of Roos Hall, Suffolk; Colonel of the 4th Dragoons; Governor of Chelsea Hospital.

[10] Robert Rich (1714–1785), afterwards fifth Baronet; Governor of Londonderry and Culmore Fort, 1756; Lieutenant-General, 1760.

Mr. Harris, who married Lady Walpole's mother[11], is to be one of the peace-offerings on the new altar[12]. Bootle is to be Chief Justice; but the Lord Chancellor would not consent to it, unless Lord Glenorchy, whose daughter is married to Mr. Yorke, had a place in lieu of the Admiralty, which he has lost—he is to have Harris's. Lord Edgcumbe's, in Ireland[13], they say, is destined to Harry Vane[14], Pulteney's toad-eater.

Monticelli lives in a manner at our house. I tell my sister that she is in love with him, and that I am glad it was not Amorevoli. Monticelli dines frequently with Sir Robert, which diverts me extremely: you know how low his ideas are of music and the virtuosi; he calls them all *fiddlers*.

I have not time now to write more, for I am going to a masquerade at the Ranelagh amphitheatre: the King is fond of it, and has pressed people to go; but I don't find that it will be full. Good night! My love to the Pope for his good thing.

88. To Horace Mann.

Downing Street, July 14, 1742.

THE LESSON FOR THE DAY.

Here begins the second Chapter of the first book of Preferments.

1. Now these are the Generations of Them that sought preferment.

[11] Margaret, daughter of Roger Tuckfield, of Thorverton, Devonshire; married 1. Samuel Rolle, 2. John Harris; d. 1754.

[12] This article did not prove true: Mr. Harris was not removed, nor Bootle made Chief Justice. *Walpole.* —John Harris of Hayne, Devonshire; d. 1767.

[13] Paymaster-General.

[14] Hon. Henry Vane (circ. 1705–1758), succeeded his father as third Baron Barnard, 1753; cr. Earl of Darlington, April 3, 1754; M.P. for Ripon; Paymaster-General in Ireland, 1742–44; Lord of the Treasury, 1749–55; Joint Paymaster of the Forces, 1755.

2. Twenty years they sought preferment and found it not: yea, twenty years they wandered in the wilderness.

3. Twenty years they sought them places, but they found no resting-place for the sole of their foot.

4. And lo! it came to pass in the days of George the King, that these Men said, Go to, let us make ourselves places.

5. And they took a man named William[1], and they made him King over them, and he made them places.

6. And these be the names of the men that have gotten them places in this their day.

7. In those days Lord Hervey held the King's signet, and to him succeeded Lord Gower.

8. And the King had a guard of men, called Gentlemen-Pensioners, and over them he set Lord Bathurst.

9. And Lord Limerick got the reversion after Lord Palmerston, for himself and for his son after him, and he is to be the King's Remembrancer from generation to generation.

10. Lord Edgcumbe was and is not. He was the King's Treasurer in the land of Ireland, but he found not favour in their eyes; and to him succeeded Henry Vane.

11. Henry Legge[2] was Secretary to the Treasury, but the name of Legge was found unseemly—so he is called Henry Furnese unto this day.

12. But lo! now the man Legge is as the man Whitworth was; the Surveyorship of the Forests is given him in lieu thereof[3]—but not to tire you with Scripture,

LETTER 88.—[1] William Pulteney.

[2] Henry Bilson Legge (1708–1764), fourth son of first Earl of Dartmouth; M.P. for Orford. He was Secretary to Sir R. Walpole; Chief Secretary for Ireland; Surveyor-General of Woods and Forests north and south of Trent, 1742–44; Lord of the Admiralty, 1745–47; Treasurer of the Navy, 1749–54; Chancellor of the Exchequer, 1754–55, 1756–57, 1757–61.

[3] This piece with a very few additions, was the original of a numberless quantity of the same kind, which were published upon all subjects for a year or two. *Walpole.*

Sir Robert Brown[4] is displaced from being Paymaster of something, I forget what, for Sir Charles Gilmour, a friend of Lord Tweeddale[5]. Ned Finch[6] is made Groom of the Bedchamber, which was vacant; and Will Finch[7] Vice-Chamberlain, which was not vacant; but they have emptied it of Lord Sidney Beauclerc. Boone[8] is made Commissary-General, in Huxley's[9] room, and Jefferies[10] in Will Stuart's[11]. All these have been kissing hands to-day, headed by the Earl of Bath. He went in to the King the other day with this long list, but was told shortly, that unless he would take up his patent and quit the House of Commons, nothing should be done—he has consented. I made some of them very angry; for when they told me who had kissed hands, I asked, if the Pretender had kissed hands too, for being King? I forgot to tell you, that Murray is to be Solicitor-General, in Sir John Strange's place, who is made Chief Justice, or some such thing[12].

I don't know who it was that said it, but it was a very good

[4] Sir Robert Brown (d. 1760), first Baronet, formerly a merchant at Venice and British Resident there. He was Paymaster of the Works.

[5] John Hay (circ. 1695–1762), fourth Marquis of Tweeddale; Principal Secretary and Keeper of the Signet (of Scotland), 1742–46; Lord-Justice General, and Governor of the Bank of Scotland, 1761–62.

[6] Hon. Edward Finch, fifth son of sixth Earl of Winchelsea, M.P. for Cambridge University, 1727–71; Envoy to Sweden, 1723; to Holland, 1724; to Poland, 1724–25; Minister at St. Petersburg, 1739–40; Groom of the Bedchamber, 1742; Master of the Robes, 1757; Surveyor of the King's Private Roads, 1760; assumed the additional surname of Hatton, 1764; d. 1771.

[7] The Hon. William Finch, second son of the sixth Earl of Winchelsea, had been Envoy in Sweden and in Holland. He continued to hold the office of Vice-Chamberlain of the Household till his death, in 1766. These two brothers, and their elder brother Daniel, seventh Earl of Winchelsea, are the persons whom Sir Charles Hanbury Williams calls, on account of the blackness of their complexions, 'The dark, funereal Finches.' *Walpole.*

[8] Daniel Boone, M.P. for Grampound.

[9] George Huxley, sometime M.P. for Newport (Isle of Wight).

[10] John Jeffries (M.P. for Breconshire) was not promoted until December of this year, when he succeeded Henry Furnese as Joint Secretary to the Treasury.

[11] William Stuart appears to have been Paymaster of the Pensions, in which office he was succeeded by Edward Hooper.

[12] Sir John Strange was made Master of the Rolls, but not till some years afterwards: he died in 1754. *Walpole.*

answer to one who asked why Lord Gower had not kissed hands sooner—'the Dispensation was not come from Rome[13].'

I am writing to you up to the ears in packing: Lord Wilmington has lent this house to Sandys, and he has given us instant warning; we are moving as fast as possible to Siberia,—Sir Robert has a house there, within a few miles of the Duke of Courland[14]; in short, child, we are all going to Norfolk, till we can get a house ready in town: all the furniture is taken down, and lying about in confusion. I look like St. John, in the Isle of Patmos, writing revelations, and prophesying 'Woe! woe! woe! the kingdom of desolation is at hand!' indeed, I have prettier animals about me, than he ever dreamt of: here is the dear Patapan, and a little Vandyke cat, with black whiskers and boots; you would swear it was of a very ancient family, in the west of England, famous for their loyalty.

I told you I was going to the masquerade at Ranelagh Gardens, last week: it was miserable; there were but an hundred men, six women, and two shepherdesses. The King liked it,—and that he might not be known, they had dressed him a box with red damask! Lady Pomfret and her daughters were there, all dressed alike, that they might not be known. My Lady said to Lady Bel Finch[15], who was dressed like a nun, and for coolness had cut off the nose of her mask, 'Madam, you are the first nun that ever I saw without a nose!' . . .[16]

[13] From the Pretender. Lord Gower had been, until he was made Privy Seal, one of the leading Jacobites; and was even supposed to lean to that party, after he had accepted the appointment. *Walpole.*

[14] Johann Ernst von Biren (1687–1772), Duke of Courland, favourite minister of Anne, Empress of Russia (d. 1740); appointed by her Regent of the Empire during the minority of her successor, Ivan VI. He was seized by Count Munich (ostensibly by order of the mother of Ivan), and exiled to Siberia, whence he was recalled in the same year by the Empress Elizabeth.

[15] Lady Isabella Finch, fourth daughter of sixth Earl of Winchelsea; first Lady of the Bedchamber to the Princess Amelia; d. unmarried, 1771.

[16] Passage omitted.

As I came home last night, they told me there was a fire in Downing Street; when I came to Whitehall, I could not get to the end of the street in my chariot, for the crowd: when I got out, the first thing I heard was a man enjoying himself: 'Well! if it lasts two hours longer, Sir Robert Walpole's house will be burned to the ground!' it was a very comfortable hearing! but I found the fire was on the opposite side of the way, and at a good distance. I stood in the crowd an hour to hear their discourse: one man was relating at how many fires he had happened to be present, and did not think himself at all unlucky in passing by, just at this. What diverted me most, was a servant-maid, who was working, and carrying pails of water, with the strength of half a dozen troopers, and swearing the mob out of her way—the soft creature's name was Phillis! When I arrived at our door, I found the house full of goods, beds, women, and children, and three Scotch members of Parliament, who lodge in the row, and who had sent in a saddle, a flitch of bacon, and a bottle of ink. There was no wind, and the house was saved, with the loss of only its garret, and the furniture.

I forgot to mention the Dominichin last post, as I suppose I had before, for I always was for your buying it; it is one of the most engaging pictures I ever saw. I have no qualms about its originality; and even if Sir Robert should not like it when it comes, which is impossible, I think I would live upon a flitch of bacon and a bottle of ink, rather than not spare the money to buy it myself: so, my dear Sir, buy it.

Your brother has this moment brought me a letter: I find by it, that you are very old style with relation to the Prussian peace. Why, we have sent Robinson[17] a red and

[17] Sir Thomas Robinson, Minister at Vienna; he was made Secretary of State in 1754. *Walpole.*—Fourth son of Sir William Robinson, of Newby, Yorkshire; cr. Baron Grantham, 1761; Secretary to the Embassy at Paris, 1723-30; Envoy to Vienna, 1730-48; K.B., 1742; Joint Pleni-

Sir Robert Walpole, K.G.
from painting by Van Loo.

Lord Hyndford[18] a green ribbon for it, above a fortnight ago. Muley (as Lord Lovel calls him), Duke of Bedford[19], is, they say, to have a blue one, for making his own peace: you know we always mind home-peaces more than foreign ones.

I am quite sorry for all the trouble you have had about the Maltese cats; but you know they were for Lord Islay, not for myself. Adieu! I have no more time.

89. To Horace Mann.

You scolded me so much about my little paper, that I dare not venture upon it even now, when I have very little to say to you. The long session is over, and the Secret Committee already forgotten. Nobody remembers it but poor Paxton, who has lost his place[1] by it. I saw him the day after he came out of Newgate; he came to Chelsea: Lord Fitzwilliam was there, and in the height of zeal, took him about the neck and kissed him. Lord Orford had been at Court that morning, and with his usual spirits, said to the new ministers, 'So! the Parliament is up, and Paxton, Bell, and I have got our liberty!' The King spoke in the kindest manner to him at his levee, but did not call him into the closet, as the new ministry feared he would, and as, perhaps, the old ministry expected he would. The day before, when the King went to put an end to the session, Lord Quarendon asked Winnington 'whether Bell would be

potentiary for concluding the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, 1748; Lord of Trade, 1748–49; Master of the Wardrobe, 1749–54, 1755–60; Secretary of State for the Southern Province, 1754–55; Joint Postmaster-General, 1765–66; d. 1770.

[18] John Carmichael (1701–1767), third Earl of Hyndford; Envoy to Berlin, 1741; K.T., 1742; Envoy to Russia, 1744–49; Lord of the Bedchamber, 1750; Ambassador to Vienna, 1752, 1764. In recognition of his services in connexion with the Treaty of Breslau, he received from the King of Prussia an augmentation to his coat of arms, viz. the Eagle of Silesia, and the motto *Ex bene merito.*

[19] The Duke of Bedford had not the Garter till some years after this. *Walpole.*

Letter 89.—[1] Solicitor to the Treasury. *Walpole.*

let out time enough to hire a mob to huzza him as he went to the House of Lords.'

The few people that are left in town have been much diverted with an adventure that has befallen the new ministers. Last Sunday the Duke of Newcastle gave them a dinner at Claremont, where their servants got so drunk, that when they came to the inn over against the gate of New Park[2], the coachman, who was the only remaining fragment of their suite, tumbled off the box, and there they were planted. There were Lord Bath, Lord Carteret, Lord Limerick, and Harry Furnese in the coach: they asked the inn-keeper if he could contrive no way to convey them to town. 'No,' he said, 'not he, unless it was to get Lord Orford's coachman to drive them.' They demurred; but Lord Carteret said, 'Oh, I dare say, Lord Orford will willingly let us have him.' So they sent, and he drove them home.

Ceretesi had a mind to see this wonderful Lord Orford, of whom he has heard so much; I carried him to dine at Chelsea. You know the Earl don't speak a word of any language but English and Latin[3], and Ceretesi not a word of either; yet he assured me that he was very happy to have made *così bella conoscenza!* He whips out his pocket-book every moment, and writes descriptions in *issimo* of everything he sees: the grotto alone took up three pages. What volumes he will publish at his return, *in usum Serenissimi Pannoni*[4]*!*

There has lately been the most shocking scene of murder imaginable; a parcel of *drunken* constables took it into their heads to put the laws in execution against *disorderly* persons,

[2] Lord Walpole was Ranger of New Park. *Walpole.*

[3] It was very remarkable, that Lord Orford could get and keep such an ascendant with King George I, when they had no way of conversing but very imperfectly in Latin. *Walpole.*

[4] The Coffee-House at Florence, where the nobility meet. *Walpole.*

and so took up every woman they met, till they had collected five or six-and-twenty, all whom they thrust into St. Martin's Round-House, where they kept them all night, with doors and windows closed. The poor creatures, who could not stir or breathe, screamed as long as they had any breath left, begging at least for water: one poor wretch said she was worth eighteen-pence, and would gladly give it for a draught of water, but in vain! So well did they keep them there, that in the morning four were found stifled to death, two died soon after, and a dozen more are in a shocking way. In short, it is horrid to think what the poor creatures suffered: several of them were beggars, who, from having no lodging, were necessarily found in the street, and others honest labouring women. One of the dead was a poor washerwoman, big with child, who was returning home late from washing. One of the constables is taken, and others absconded; but I question [5] if any of them will suffer death, though the greatest criminals in this town are the officers of justice; there is no tyranny they do not exercise, no villany of which they do not partake. These same men, the same night, broke into a bagnio in Covent Garden, and took up Jack Spencer [6], Mr. Stewart, and Lord George Graham [7], and would have thrust them into the Round-House with the poor women, if they had not been worth more than eighteen-pence!

I have just now received yours of the 15th of July, with

[5] The Keeper of the Round-House was tried, but acquitted of wilful murder. *Walpole.*—His name was William Bird. He was condemned to death, but reprieved for transportation. (See *Gent. Mag.*, 1742, pp. 545, 601).

[6] Hon. John Spencer (1708–1746), fourth son of third Earl of Sunderland, by his second wife, Anne Churchill, second daughter and co-heir of John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough. He was the favourite of his grandmother, Sarah Jennings, Duchess of Marlborough, who left him a vast fortune (in preference to his elder brother, the Duke of Marlborough), on condition that neither he nor his heirs should accept any place or pension from government.

[7] Fourth son of first Duke of Montrose; Captain in the Navy; d. 1747.

a married letter from both Prince and Princess[8]: but sure nothing ever equalled the setting out of it! She says, 'The generosity of your friendship for me, Sir, leaves me nothing to desire of all that is precious in England, China, and the Indies!' Do you know, after such a testimony under the hand of a princess, that I am determined, after the laudable example of the house of Medici, to take the title of *Horace the Magnificent!* I am only afraid it should be a dangerous example for my posterity, who may ruin themselves in emulating the magnificence of their ancestor. It happens comically, for t'other day, in removing from Downing Street, Sir Robert found an old account-book of his father[9], wherein he set down all his expenses. In three months and ten days that he was in London one winter as member of Parliament, he spent—what do you think?—sixty-four pounds seven shillings and fivepence! There are many articles for Nottingham ale, eighteen-pences for dinners, five shillings to Bob (now Earl of Orford), and one memorandum of six shillings given in exchange to Mr. Wilkins for his wig—and yet this old man, my grandfather, had two thousand pounds a year, Norfolk sterling! He little thought that what maintained him for a whole session would scarce serve one of his younger grandsons to buy japan and fans for princesses at Florence!

Lord Orford has been at Court again to-day: Lord Carteret came up to thank him for his coachman; the Duke of Newcastle standing by. My father said, 'My Lord, whenever the Duke is near overturning you, you have nothing to do but to send to me, and I will save you.' The Duke said to Lord Carteret, 'Do you know, my Lord, that the venison you eat that day came out of New Park?' Lord Orford laughed, and said, 'Soh, you see I am made to kill the

[8] Prince and Princess Craon. *Walpole.*

[9] Robert Walpole (d. 1700), M.P. for Castle Rising, 1689–1700.

fatted calf for the return of the prodigals!' The King passed by all the new Ministry to speak to him, and afterwards only spoke to my Lord Carteret.

Should I answer the letters from the court of Petraia again? there will be no end of our magnificent correspondence!—but would it not be too haughty to let a princess write last?

Oh, the cats! I can never keep them, and yet it is barbarous to send them all to Lord Islay: he will shut them up and starve them, and then bury them under the stairs with his wife[10]. I laughed for an hour at Marquis Albizzi's fistula *qui vient partout—cela est fâcheux! Monsieur le Chevalier!* thank heaven! yours did not! Adieu!

90. To Horace Mann.

Chelsea, July 29, 1742.

I am quite out of humour; the whole town is melted away; you never saw such a desert. You know what Florence is in the vintage-season, at least I remember what it was: London is just as empty, nothing but half a dozen private gentlewomen left, who live upon the scandal that they laid up in the winter. I am going too! this day sennight we set out for Houghton, for three months; but I scarce think that I shall allow thirty days a-piece to them. Next post I shall not be able to write to you; and when I am there, shall scarce find materials to furnish a letter above every other post. I beg, however, that you will write constantly to me; it will be my only entertainment, for I neither hunt, brew, drink, nor reap. When I return in the winter, I will make amends for this barren season of our correspondence.

I carried Sir Robert the other night to Ranelagh for the

[10] Daughter of Mr. Whitfield, Paymaster of Marines; d. 1723.

first time: my uncle's prudence, or fear, would never let him go before. It was pretty full, and all its fullness flocked round us: we walked with a train at our heels, like two chairmen going to fight; but they were extremely civil, and did not crowd him, or say the least impertinence —I think he grows popular already! The other day he got it asked, whether he should be received if he went to Carleton House?—no, truly!—but yesterday morning Lord Baltimore[1] came to soften it a little; that his Royal Highness did not refuse to see him, but that now the Court was out of town, and he had no Drawing-room, he did not see anybody.

They have given Mrs. Pulteney an admirable name, and one that is likely to stick by her—instead of Lady Bath, they call her the wife of Bath[2]. Don't you figure her squabbling at the gate with St. Peter for a halfpenny?

Cibber has published a little pamphlet[3] against Pope, which has a great deal of spirit, and, from some circumstances, will notably vex him. I will send it to you by the first opportunity, with a new pamphlet, said to be Dodington's, called *A Comparison of the Old and New Ministry*: it is much liked. I have not forgot your magazines, but will send them and these pamphlets together. Adieu! I am at the end of my tell.

P.S. Lord Edgcumbe is just made Lord-Lieutenant of Cornwall, at which the Lord of Bath looks sour. He said, yesterday, that the King would give orders for several other considerable alterations; but he gave no orders, except for this, which was not asked by that Earl.

LETTER 90.—[1] Lord of the Bedchamber to the Prince. *Walpole.*

[2] In allusion to the old ballad. *Walpole.*—Anna Maria, daughter of John Gumley, of Isleworth; m. (1714) William Pulteney, afterwards Earl of Bath; d. 1758.

[3] *A Letter from Mr. Cibber to Mr. Pope.* In consequence of this letter Pope substituted Cibber for Theobald as hero of the fourth book of the *Dunciad*, published in October, 1742.

91. To Horace Mann.

(From Houghton.)

LABOUR IN VAIN.

I.

Ye patriots, who twenty long years
Have struggl'd our rights to maintain;
View the end of your labours and fears,
And see them all ended in *vain.*

II.

Behold! in the front stands your Hero,
Behind him his patriot train;
Hear him rail at a tyrant and Nero;
Yet his railing all ended in *vain.*

III.

Then see him attack a Convention,
And calling for vengeance on Spain;
What pity such noble contention
And spirit should end all in *vain!*

IV.

That the Place-bill he got for the nation,
Was only a shadow, is plain;
For now 'tis a clear demonstration
That substance is ended in *vain.*

V.

His bloody and horrible vow,
Which once gave the Courtiers such pain,
No longer alarums them now,
For his threats are all ended in *vain.*

VI.

What though the Committee have found,
That Orford's a traitor in grain;
Yet wiser than they may compound,
And justice be ended in *vain.*

VII.

How certain would be our undoing,
Should the people their wishes obtain!
Then to save us from danger of ruin,
He has ended our wishes in *vain.*

VIII.

Then let us give thanks and be glad,
That he knew how our passion to rein,
And wisely prevented the bad,
By ending the good all in *vain.*

IX.

About Brutus let Rome disagree,
We won't from our praises refrain;
Our Brutus has more cause than he
To declare even virtue in *vain.*

X.

Three thousand five hundred a year,
He valu'd it not of a grain;
His scorn of such filth is most clear,
Since that too he ended in *vain.*

XI.

Corruption he hates like a toad,
And calls it the National Bane,
Yet damn'd Tories, his virtue to load,
Say, that all is not ended in *vain.*

XII.

He rejects all employments and places,
And thinks every pension a stain;
Yet Tories, with their damn'd sly faces,
Say, that all is not ended in *vain.*

XIII.

In spite of his caution and care
To avoid the appearance of gain,
Say those Tories, his wife has a share,
And all is not ended in *vain.*

THE OLD COACHMAN;

A BALLAD.

I.

Wise Caleb[1] and Cart'ret, two birds of a feather,
Went down to a feast at Newcastle's together;
No matter what wines, or what choice of good cheer,
'Tis enough that the coachman had his dose of beer.
Derry down, &c.

II.

Coming home, as the liquor work'd up in his pate,
This coachman drove on at a damnable rate;
Poor Cart'ret in terror, and scar'd all the while,
Cry'd, 'Stop, let me out—is the dog an Argyll[2]?'

III.

But he soon was convinc'd of his error, for, lo,
John stopt short in the dirt and no farther would go;
When Cart'ret saw this, he observ'd with a laugh,
'This coachman, I find, is your own, my Lord Bath.'

IV.

Now the Peers quit the coach in a pitiful plight,
Deep in mire and in rain, and without any light;
Not a path to pursue, or to guide them a friend,
What course shall they take then, and how will this end?

V.

Lo! Chance, the great mistress of human affairs,
Who governs in councils, and conquers in wars;
Straight, with grief at their case, for the Goddess well knew,
That these were her creatures and votaries too,

VI.

This Chance brought a Passenger quick to their aid,
'Honest Friend, can you drive?'—'What should ail me?'
he said;

LETTER 91.—[1] Pulteney: the *Craftsman* was published under the name of Caleb Danvers. *Walpole.*

[2] In a famous print called *The Motion*, Lord Carteret was represented in a fright, wanting to get out of a coach, which the Duke of Argyll was driving furiously. *Walpole.*

'For many a bad season, through many a bad way,
Old Orford I've driven without stop or stay.

VII.

He was overturn'd, I confess, but not hurt;'
Quoth the Peers—'It was we help'd him out of the dirt;
This boon to thy master then prithee requite,
Take us up or else here we must wander all night.'

VIII.

He took them both up, and thro' thick and thro' thin,
Drove away to St. James's, and brought them safe in;
Learn hence, honest Britons, in spite of your pains,
That Orford old coachman still governs the reins.

THE COUNTRY GIRL;

AN ODE.

I.

The country girl that 's well inclin'd,
To love, when the young squire grows kind,
Doubts between joy and ruin;
Now will, and now will not comply,
To raptures now her pulse beats high,
And now she fears undoing.

II.

But when the lover with his pray'rs,
His oaths, his sighs, his vows and tears,
Holds out the proffer'd treasure;
She quite forgets her fear and shame,
And quits her virtue and her fame,
For profit mixt with pleasure.

III.

So virtuous Pult'ney, who had long
By speech, by pamphlet, and by song,
Held patriotism's steerage;
Yields to ambition mixt with gain,
A treasury gets for Harry Vane,
And for himself a peerage.

IV.

Tho' with joint lives and debts before,
Harry's estate was cover'd o'er,
His Irish place repairs it;
Unless that story should be true,
That he receives but half his due,
And the new Countess[3] shares it.

V.

'Tis said, besides, that t'other Harry[4]
Pays half the fees of Secretary
To Bath's ennobled doxy;
If so, good use of pow'r she makes,
The treasury of each kingdom takes,
And holds them both by proxy.

VI.

Whilst her dear Lord obeys his summons,
And leaves the noisy House of Commons,
Amongst the Lords to nod;
Where if he's better than of old,
His hand perhaps a stick may hold,
But never more a rod.

VII.

Unheard of, let him slumber there,
As innocent as any peer,
As fit for any job;
For now he's popular no more,
Has lost the power he had before,
And his best friends the mob.

VIII.

Their fav'rites shouldn't soar so high,
They fail him when too near the sky,
Like Icarus's wings;
And popularity is such,
As still is ruin'd by the touch
Of gracious giving kings.

[3] Lady Bath. *Walpole.*

[4] H. Furnese. *Walpole.*

IX.

Here then, O Bath! thy empire ends,
Argyll shall, with his Tory friends,
Soon better days restore;
For Enoch's fate and thine are one,
Like him translated, thou art gone
Ne'er to be heard of more.

Here are three new ballads, and you must take them as a plump part of a long letter. Consider, I am in the barren land of Norfolk, where news grow as slow as anything green; and besides, I am in the house of a fallen minister! The first song I fancy is Lord Edgcumbe's; at least he had reason to write it. The second I do not think so good as the real story that occasioned it. The last is reckoned vastly the best, and is much admired: I cannot say I see all those beauties in it, nor am charmed with the poetry, which is cried up. I don't find that anybody knows whose it is[5]. Pulteney is very angry, especially, as he pretends, about his wife, and says, 'it is too much to abuse *ladies!*' You see, their twenty years' satires come home thick! He is gone to the Bath in great dudgeon: the day before he went, he went in to the King to ask him to turn out Mr. Hill[6] of the Customs, for having opposed him at Heydon. 'Sir,' said the King, 'was it not when you was opposing me? I won't turn him out: I will part with no more of my friends.' Lord Wilmington was waiting to receive orders accordingly, but the King gave him none.

We came hither last Saturday; as we passed through Grosvenor Square, we met Sir Roger Newdigate[7] with a vast body of Tories, proceeding to his election at Brentford: we

[5] It was written by Hanbury Williams. *Walpole.*

[6] John Hill, Commissioner of Customs, d. 1753.

[7] Fifth Baronet, of Harefield, Middlesex, and Arbury, Warwickshire; M.P. for Middlesex. He was a high Tory (Horace Walpole calls him 'a half-converted Jacobite'). He was Burgess for the University of Oxford 1750–80, and was the founder of the 'Newdigate' prize for English verse.

might have expected some insult, but only one single fellow hissed, and was not followed. Lord Edgcumbe, Mr. Ellis, and Mr. Hervey, in their way to Coke's [8], and Lord Chief Justice Willes [9] (on the circuit) are the only company here yet. My Lord invited nobody, but left it to their charity. The other night, as soon as he had gone through showing Mr. Ellis the house, 'Well,' said he, 'here I am to enjoy it, and my Lord of Bath may kiss ——.' I forgot to tell you, in confirmation of what you see in the song of the wife of Bath having shares of places, Sir Robert told me, that when formerly he got a place for her own father [10], she took the salary and left him only the perquisites!

It is much thought that the King will go abroad, if he can avoid leaving the Prince in his place——imagine all this!

I received to-day yours of July 29, and two from Mr. Chute and Madame Pucci [11], which I will answer very soon: where is she now?

I delight in Mr. Villiers's [12] modesty—in one place you had written it Villettes [13]; I fancy on purpose, for it would do for him.

Good night, my dear child! I have written myself threadbare. I know you will hate my campaign, but what can one do!

[8] Holkham, the seat of his father, Lord Lovel.

[9] Sir John Wills, Knight (1685–1761); acted as Commissioner of the Great Seal, 1756–57.

[10] Colonel Gumley.

[11] She was daughter of the Conte di Valvasone, of Friuli, sister of Madame Suares, and of the Bedchamber to the Duchess of Modena. *Walpole.*

[12] Hon. Thomas Villiers (1709–1786), second son of second Earl of Jersey; cr. Baron Hyde of Hindon, Wiltshire, June 3, 1756; Earl of Clarendon, 1776. He was Envoy to Warsaw, 1737; Minister at Dresden, 1740–47; at Vienna, 1742–43; at Berlin, 1745–48; Lord of the Admiralty, 1748; Joint Postmaster-General, 1763–65; Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, 1771–82, 1783. Villiers took to himself the credit of the King of Poland's adhesion to the Treaty of Breslau, which, in fact, the King had been compelled to give, owing to the pressure put upon him by the King of Prussia.

[13] Arthur Villettes, Envoy to Turin, afterwards Minister to the Swiss Confederation; d. 1776.

92. To Horace Mann.

Houghton, Aug. 20, 1742.

By the tediousness of the post, and distance of place, I am still receiving letters from you about the Secret Committee, which seems strange, for it is as much forgotten now, as if it had happened in the last reign. Thus much I must answer you about it, that it is possible to resume the inquiry upon the Report next session; but you may judge whether they will, after all the late promotions.

We are willing to believe that there are no news in town, for we hear none at all: Lord Lovel sent us word to-day that he heard, by a messenger from the Post Office, that Montemar[1] is put under arrest. I don't tell *you* this for news, for you must know it long ago; but I expect the confirmation of it from you next post. Since we came hither I have heard no more of the King's journey to Flanders: our troops are as peaceable there as on Hounslow Heath, except some bickerings and blows about beef with butchers[2], and about sacraments with friars. You know the English can eat no meat, nor be civil to any God, but their own.

Letter 92.—[1] Montemar had retired, for want of supplies, before the Austrians and Piedmontese. He was, in consequence, recalled to Madrid to explain his conduct.

[2] 'Extract of a Private Letter from Ghent. On the 3rd Instant, at Night, some English Soldiers being in the Market Place, one of them, as the Butchers say, stole a Piece of Meat, but the Soldiers say, that he only took it up to smell if it was sweet; upon which the Butcher cut him across the Face with a Knife, and one of the Soldiers run the Butcher through the Body. Immediately the Fray became general; the Butchers with Knives and Cleavers, and the Burghers with old rusty Swords and Spits, killed some of the Soldiers; but twelve Dragoons coming to the Relief of the Foot, cut down all before them, and put the Mob to Flight. The rest of the Soldiers were, by Direction of the Officers, lock'd up in the Barracks. The Tumult continued above two Hours, and several were killed on both Sides. On this Occasion the Magistrates assembled, and ordered an Edict to be issued, that whoever should offer the least Affront to the Subjects of the King of Great Britain, should be whipt, burnt in the Back, and turned out of the Town.' (*Gent. Mag.*, 1742, p. 390.)

As much as I am obliged to you for the description of your *cocchiata*[3], I don't like to hear of it. It is very unpleasant, instead of being at it, to be prisoner in a melancholy, barren province, which would put one in mind of the deluge, only that we have no water. Do remember exactly how your last was; for I intend that you shall give me just such another *cocchiata* next summer, if it pleases the kings and queens of this world to let us be at peace! *For it rests that without fig-leaves,* as my Lord Bacon says in one of his letters, *I do ingenuously confess and acknowledge* that I like nothing so well as Italy.

I agree with you extremely about Tuscany for Prince Charles, but I can only agree with you on paper; for as to knowing anything of it, I am sure Sir Robert himself knows nothing of it: the Duke of Newcastle and my Lord Carteret keep him in as great ignorance as possible, especially the latter; and even in other times, you know how little he ever thought on those things. Believe me, he will every day know less.

Your last, which I have been answering, was of the 5th of August; I this minute receive another of the 12th. How I am charmed with your spirit and usage of Richcourt! *Mais ce n'est pas d'aujourdhui que je commence à les mépriser*[4]! I am so glad that you have quitted your calm, to treat them as they deserve. You don't tell me if his opposition in the Council hindered your intercession for taking place for the *valet de chambre*[5]. I hope not! I could not bear his thwarting you!

I am now going to write to your brother, to get you the overtures: and to desire he will send them with some

[3] Originally a serenade listened to from carriages. Mann was about to give a concert in his garden. (See *Mann and Manners*, vol. i. p. 91.)

[4] A phrase used by Mann in speaking of the enemies of Sir Robert Walpole.

[5] Mr. Whithed's servant, who had robbed him, and was in prison.

pamphlets and the magazines, which I left him in commission for you, at my leaving London. I am going to send him, too, *des pleins pouvoirs*, for nominating a person to represent me at his new babe's christening.

I am sorry Mrs. Goldsworthy is coming to England, though I think it can be of no effect. Sir Charles[6] has no sort of interest with the new powers, and I don't think the Richmonds have enough to remove foreign ministers. However, I will consult with Sir Robert about it, and see if he thinks there is any danger for you, which I do not in the least; and whatever can be done by me, I think you know, will. Adieu!

P.S. I inclose an answer to Madame Pucci's letter. Where is she in all this Modenese desolation[7]?

93. To Horace Mann.

Houghton, August 28, 1742.

I did receive your letter of the 12th, as I think I mentioned in my last; and to-day another of the 19th. Had I been you, instead of saying that I would have taken my Lady's[1] woman for my spy, I should have said, that I would hire Richcourt himself: I dare to say that one might buy the Count's own secrets of himself.

I am sorry to hear that the *impresarii* have sent for the Chiaretta. I am not one of the managers; I should have remonstrated against her, for she will not do on the same stage with the Barbarina. I don't know who will be glad of her coming, but Mr. Blighe and Amorevoli.

'Tis amazing, but we hear not a syllable of Prague—taken, it must be[2]! Indeed, Carthagena, too, was certain of being

[6] Sir Charles Wager. *Walpole.*

[7] The Duke of Modena had withdrawn from his dominions before the advancing Austrian and Sardinian forces.

Letter 93.—[1] Lady Walpole.

[2] Prague was now closely besieged by the Austrians, but remained in

taken; but it seems, Maillebois[3] is to stop at Bavaria. I hope Belleisle[4] will be made prisoner. I am indifferent about the fate of the great Broglio[5]—but Belleisle is able, and is our most determined enemy:—we need not have more, for to-day it is confirmed that Cardinal Tencin[6] and M. d'Argenson[7] are declared of the prime ministry. The first moment they can, Tencin will be for transporting the Pretenders into England. Your advice about Naples was quite judicious: the appearance of a bomb will have great weight in the councils of the little King[8].

We don't talk now of any of the Royals passing into Flanders; though *The Champion*[9] this morning had an admirable quotation, on the supposition that the King would go himself: it was this line from *The Rehearsal*:—

'Give us our fiddle; we ourselves will play.'

possession of the French until December, 1742.

[3] Jean François Desmarets (1682–1762), Marquis de Maillebois, Maréchal de France. He failed to relieve Prague, and retired into Bavaria.

[4] Charles Louis Auguste Fouquet (1684–1761), Comte (afterwards Duc) de Belleisle, Maréchal de France, now shut up in Prague.

[5] François Marie (1671–1745), Duc de Broglie, Maréchal de France, in command of the French army in Prague.

[6] Pierre Guérin de Tencin (1680–1758). His political advancement was mainly due to the influence of his sister (the notorious Marquise de Tencin) with the minister Dubois, whose right hand man he became, and for whom he obtained a cardinal's hat. In this year (1742) Tencin became Minister of State, and Archbishop of Lyons. He was subsequently disgraced, and retired to his diocese.

[7] Marc Pierre de Voyer (1696–1764), Comte d'Argenson, appointed Minister for War. In this capacity he reorganized the French army, and thus contributed to the victories of Fontenoy and Laffeldt. He incurred the resentment of Madame de Pompadour, through whose influence he was disgraced and exiled (1757).

[8] Charles, King of Naples. On August 19, 1742 (apparently in pursuance of Mann's advice), an English squadron, under Commodore Martin, appeared before Naples, to insist upon the recall of the Neapolitan troops which had been sent to the assistance of the Spaniards, and upon the observance of strict neutrality by the King of Naples. Commodore Martin threatened instant hostilities if these conditions were refused. After some hesitation on the King's part, Martin demanded (and received) compliance within an hour.

[9] *The Champion* was an Opposition Journal, written by Fielding. *Walpole.*—James Ralph 'acted as a kind of co-editor, and continued to edit it after Fielding's connexion with it ceased.' (*D. N. B.*)

The *Lesson for the Day*[10] that I sent you, I gave to Mr. Coke, who came in as I was writing it, and by his dispersing it, it has got into print, with an additional one, which I cannot say I am proud should go under my name. Since that, nothing but *lessons* are the fashion: first and second *lessons*, morning and evening *lessons*, epistles, &c. One of the Tory papers published so abusive an one last week on the new ministry, that three gentlemen called on the printer, to know how he dared to publish it. Don't you like these men, who for twenty years together led the way, and published everything that was scandalous, that they should wonder at anybody's daring to publish them! Oh! it will come home to them! Indeed, everybody's name now is published at length: last week *The Champion* mentioned the Earl of Orford and his *natural daughter*, Lady Mary, at length (for which he had a great mind to prosecute the printer). To-day, the *London Evening Post* says, Mr. Fane[11], nephew of Mr. Scrope, is made First Clerk of the Treasury, as a reward for his uncle's taciturnity before the Secret Committee. He is in the room of old Tilson[12], who was so tormented by that Committee, that it turned his brain, and he is dead.

Now I talk of lessons and chapters, I must transcribe a very good one, supposed to be Fielding's, on Cibber's letter to Pope.

A NEW LESSON FOR POPE:

A PARODY ON THE FOURTH CHAPTER OF GENESIS.

1. And it came to pass that Pope the hatter went in unto his Wife, and knew her, and she conceived and bare a Son, and she called his name Alexander, and said, I have gotten, *as it were*, a man-child from the Lord.

[10] See letter to Mann, July 14, 1742.

[11] Henry Fane was appointed one of the four Chief Clerks of the Treasury.

[12] Christopher Tilson, d. Aug. 25, 1742.

2. And behold! the child was exceedingly fair and comely to see to, and waxed tall, and in favour with God and Man. And he became a rhymer of rhymes in those days. But Cibber his brother was a meek man, and skilled in all the actions as well as learning of the heathens.

3. And in process of time it came to pass, that Pope brought the fruits of his leisure, a farce for the stage, as an offering to the Town; and lo! it was called *Three Hours after Marriage*.

4. And Cibber he also brought of the firstlings of his study, even a play for the stage; and he called it *The Careless Husband*; and the Town had respect unto Cibber and his play.

5. But unto Pope and his play the Town had no respect; and Pope was very wroth, and his countenance fell.

6. And the Town said unto Pope, Why art thou wroth? and wherefore is thy countenance fallen?

7. If thou art a good publisher, shalt thou not be accepted? but if thou publishest ill, a cheat lieth at thy door.

8. And Pope talked with Cibber his brother; and it came to pass while they were in the field, that Pope rose up privately against Cibber, and cast stones and filth at him, and evil intreated him.

9. And after some time, the thing displeased the Town; and Cibber continued at home, and his friends ministered unto him and comforted him, for they saw that his affliction was great.

10. And the Town said unto Pope, Where is Cibber thy brother? and he rent his clothes, and cursed and swore, saying, I know not; am I my brother's keeper?

11. And the Town said, What hast thou done? The voice of thy brother's wrong crieth against thee.

12. And now art thou cursed from the Town, which has open'd her ear, to hear the wrong of Cibber thy brother.

13. When thou beggest of the Town, she shall not henceforth yield her subscriptions any more: a fugitive and vagabond shalt thou be in the country.

14. And Pope said unto the Town, My punishment is greater than I can bear.

15. Behold, I am driven out this day from the face of the Town, and shall be hungry and naked in the country; and it shall come to pass, that every one who findeth me, shall beat me.

16. And the Town said therefore, Whoever beateth Pope, shame shall be upon him sevenfold: and thereupon, a mark was set upon Pope, lest any finding him should beat him.

17. And Pope went out from the presence of the Town, and dwelt in the land of Middlesex, on the south of Twickenham.

18. And Pope knew his Nurse, and she conceived and bare a child, and called his name Crambo; and he builded a house and called it after his son's name, and it is called Castle-Crambo to this day.

19. And all the acts and deeds of Pope, and likewise the sayings of his Nurse, are they not written in the chronicles of these times?

20. And it came to pass that the Nurse died, being full of years, and was buried in the Cave of Twickenham, called Kneller's cave, and a stone was set upon the cave's mouth, and Pope and all the ancient men and ancient women of Twickenham mourned forty days for the Nurse: and then the mourning of Pope the son of the hatter was ended.

I am excessively shocked at Mr. Fane's[13] behaviour to you; but Mr. Fane *is an honourable man!* he lets poor you pay him his salary for eighteen months, without thinking of returning it! But if he had lost that sum to Jansen[14], or

[13] Charles Fane, afterwards Lord Fane, had been Minister at Florence before Mr. Mann. *Walpole.*

[14] Henry Janssen (d. 1766), second

to any of the *honourable men* at White's, he would think his honour engaged to pay it. There is nothing, sure, so whimsical as modern honour! You may debauch a woman upon a promise of marriage, and not marry her; you may ruin your tailor's or baker's family by not paying them; you may make Mr. Mann maintain you for eighteen months, as a public minister, out of his own pocket, and still be a man of honour! But not to pay a common sharper, or not to murder a man that has trod upon your toe, is such a blot in your scutcheon, that you could never recover your honour, though you had in your veins *all the blood of all the Howards!*

My love to Mr. Chute: tell him, as he looks on the east front of Houghton, to tap under the two windows in the left-hand wing, up stairs, close to the colonnade—there are Patapan and I, at this instant, writing to you; there we are almost every morning, or in the library; the evenings, we walk till dark; then Lady Mary, Miss Leneve, and I play at comet; the Earl, Mrs. Leneve[15], and whoever is here, discourse; *car telle est notre vie!* Adieu!

94. To Horace Mann.

Houghton, Sept. 11, 1742.

I could not write to you last week, for I was at Woolterton[1], and in a course of visits, that took up my every moment. I received one from you there, of August 26th, but have had none at all this week.

You know I am not prejudiced in favour of the country, nor like a place because it bears turnips well, or because you

son of Sir Theodore Janssen, first Baronet; succeeded his brother (1765) as second Baronet. He was a notorious gambler, and as such is mentioned by Pope (*Dunciad*, iv. 326; *Satires*, vii. 88).

[15] Mrs. Leneve afterwards resided with Horace Walpole until her death.

Letter 94.—[1] The seat of Horatio Walpole, brother of Sir R. Walpole, near Norwich. *Walpole.*

may gallop over it without meeting a tree: but I really was charmed with Woolterton; it is all wood and water! My uncle and aunt may, without any expense, do what they have all their lives avoided, wash themselves and make fires[2]. Their house is more than a good one; if they had not saved eighteen-pence in every room, it would have been a fine one. I saw several of my acquaintance[3], Volterra[4] vases, Grisoni landscapes, the four little bronzes, the raffle-picture, &c.

We have printed about the expedition to Naples[5]: the affair at Elba, too, is in the papers, but we affect not to believe it[6]. We are in great apprehensions of not taking Prague—the only thing that has been taken on our side lately, I think, is my Lord Stair's journey hither and back again—we don't know for what, he is such an Orlando! The papers are full of *the most defending* King's journey to Flanders; our private letters say not a word of it—I say *our*, for at present I think the Earl's intelligences and mine are pretty equal as to authority.

I am going to transcribe a ballad for you, which has been printed and printed, and is the only thing in fashion, except cricket matches: but as I believe it has not been in any of the papers that you see, I must send it.

[2] This thought was afterwards put into verse, thus:

> What woods, what streams around the seat!
> Was ever mansion so complete?
> Here happy Pug* and Horace may,
> (And yet not have a groat to pay,)
> Two things they most have shunn'd, perform:—
> I mean, they may be clean and warm.

[3] Presents from Mr. Mann to Mr. Walpole. *Walpole.*

[4] Between Pisa and Siena, famous for its alabaster.

[5] See note on letter to Mann, Aug. 28, 1742.

[6] An English captain, provoked by the inhabitants of Merciana (a small place in Elba), landed and destroyed the fort and village.

* Mr. Walpole's name of fondness for his wife. *Walpole.*

A NEW ODE.

TO A GREAT NUMBER OF GREAT MEN, NEWLY MADE.

Jam nova progenies, etc.

By the author of *The Country Maid*.

I.

See, a new progeny descends
From heav'n, of Britain's truest friends.
O Muse, attend my call!
To one of these direct my flight,
Or, to be sure that we are right,
Direct it to them all.

II.

O Clio! these are golden times;
I shall get money for my rhymes;
And thou no more go tatter'd;
Make haste then, lead the way, begin,
For here are people just come in
Who never yet were flatter'd.

III.

But first to Cart'ret fain you'd sing;
Indeed he's nearest to the King,
Yet careless how you use him:
Give him, I beg, no labour'd lays;
He will but promise if you praise,
And laugh if you abuse him.

IV.

Then (but there's a vast space betwixt)
The new-made Earl of Bath comes next,
Stiff in his popular pride:
His step, his gait, describe the man;
They paint him better than I can,
Waddling from side to side.

V.

Each hour a different face he wears,
Now in a fury, now in tears,
Now laughing, now in sorrow;

Now he'll command, and now obey,
Bellows for liberty to-day,
And roars for pow'r to-morrow.

VI.

At noon the Tories had him tight,
With staunchest Whigs he supp'd at night,
Each party tried to have won him;
But he himself did so divide,
Shuffl'd and cut from side to side,
That now both parties shun him.

VII.

See yon old, dull, important lord[7],
What at the long'd for money-board
Sits first, but does not lead:
His younger brethren all things make;
So that the Treasury 's like a snake,
And the tail moves the head[8].

VIII.

Why did you cross God's good intent?
He made you for a President;
Back to that station go:
Nor longer act this farce of power,
We know you miss'd the thing before[9],
And have not got it now.

IX.

See valiant Cobham, valorous Stair,
Britain's two thunderbolts of war,
Now strike my ravish'd eye:
But, oh! their strength and spirits flown,
They, like their conquering swords, are grown
Rusty with lying by.

[7] Lord Wilmington. *Walpole.*

[8] Sandys, Rushout, and Gybbon, used to outvote Lord Wilmington and Compton for the disposal of places. *Walpole.*

[9] At the beginning of King George's reign Lord Wilmington was designed for first minister, but was supplanted by Sir R. W almost as soon as designed. *Walpole.*

x.

Dear Bat[10], I'm glad you've got a place,
And since things thus have chang'd their face,
You'll give opposing o'er:
'Tis comfortable to be in,
And think what a damn'd while you've been,
Like Peter, at the door.

xi.

See who comes next—I kiss thy hands,
But not in flatt'ry, Samuel Sands;
For since you are in power,
That gives you knowledge, judgement, parts,
The courtier's wiles, the statesmen's arts,
Of which you'd none before.

xii.

When great impending dangers shook
Its state, old Rome dictators took
Judiciously from plough:
So they (but at a pinch thou knowest),
To make the highest of the lowest,
The Exchequer gave to you.

xiii.

When in your hands the seals you found,
Did it not make your brain go round?
Did it not turn your head?
I fancy (but you hate a joke)
You felt as Nell did when she woke
In Lady Loverule's bed[11].

xiv.

See Harry Vane in pomp appear,
And since he 's made Vice-Treasurer,
Grown taller by some inches:
See Tweeddale follow Cart'ret's call;
See Hanoverian Gower, and all
The black funereal Finches.

[10] Lord Bathurst. *Walpole.*
[11] In the farce of *The Devil to Pay.* *Walpole.*

XV.

And see with that important face
Berenger's clerk[12] to take his place,
Into the Treasury come;
With pride and meanness act thy part,
Thou look'st the very thing thou art,
Thou Bourgeois Gentilhomme.

XVI.

Oh, my poor country! is this all
You've gain'd by the long-labour'd fall
Of Walpole and his tools?
He was a knave indeed—what then?
He had parts—but this new set of men
A'n't only knaves, but fools.

XVII.

More changes, better times this isle
Demand; oh! Chesterfield, Argyle,
To bleeding Britain bring 'em:
Unite all hearts, appease each storm,
'Tis yours such actions to perform,
My pride shall be to sing 'em.

Sure there is a great deal of this ballad very good! it is not at all known who the author is, tho' by the conclusion[13] he is certainly to be found in the latitude of Jacobitism.

Here is another little thing, which I think has humour in it.

A CATALOGUE OF NEW FRENCH BOOKS.

1. Jean-sans-terre, ou l'Empereur[14] en pet-en-l'air; imprimé à Frankfort.

2. La France mourante d'une suppression d'hommes et d'argent: dédié au public.

[12] Henry Furnese; his employer was Moses Berenger, a rich merchant, and father of the better-known Richard Berenger, the writer on horsemanship.

[13] It was by Hanbury Williams; the conclusion was designed to disguise the author. *Walpole.*

[14] Charles of Bavaria, claimant to the Empire, whose electorate had recently been overrun by the Austrians.

3. L'art de faire les Neutralités, inventé en Allemagne, et écrit en cette langue, par un des Electeurs, et nouvellement traduit en Napolitain ; par le Chef d'Escadre Martin[15].

4. Voyage d'Allemagne, par Monsieur de Maupertuis[16] : avec un télescope, inventé pendant son voyage ; à l'usage des Héros, pour regarder leurs victoires de loin.

5. Méthode courte et facile pour faire entrer les troupes françoises en Allemagne :—mais comment faire, pour les en faire sortir ?

6. Traité très salutaire et très utile sur la reconnoissance envers les bienfaicteurs, par le Roy de Pologne[17]. Folio, imprimé à Dresde.

7. L'obligation sacrée des Traités, Promesses, et Renonciations, par le Grand Turc ; avec des remarques rétractoires, par un Jésuite.

8. Problème : combien il faut d'argent françois pour payer le sang suédois ; calculé par le Comte de Gyllembourg.

9. Nouvelle méthode de friser les cheveux à la Françoise ; par le Colonel Mentz[18] et sa Confrairie.

10. Recueil de Dissertations sur la meilleure manière de faire la partition des successions, par le Cardinal de Fleury ; avec des notes historiques et politiques, par la Reyne d'Espagne[19].

11. Nouveau Voyage de Madrid à Antibes, par l'Infant Dom Philippe[20].

[15] See note on letter to Mann, Aug. 28, 1742.

[16] Pierre Louis Moreau de Maupertuis (1698–1759). He accompanied Frederick the Great in the campaign of 1741, and was made prisoner. He returned to Berlin (1746), where he became President of the Academy, in which capacity he was violently attacked by Voltaire.

[17] Frederick Augustus II.

[18] Colonel (afterwurds General) Mentzel, a cavalry leader, d. 1744. (See Carlyle, *Frederick the Great*, Bk. XV, ch. i.)

[19] Elizabeth Farnese.

[20] Don Philip, with the Spanish forces, was unable to leave Antibes, on account of the blockade maintained by the English fleet under Matthews and Lestock.

12. L'art de chercher les ennemis sans les trouver; par le Maréchal de Maillebois.

13. La fidélité couronnée, par le Général Munich[19] et le Comte d'Osterman[20].

14. Le bal de Lintz et les amusements de Donawert; pièce pastorale et galante, en un acte, par le Grand Duc[21].

15. L'art de maîtriser les Femmes, par sa Majesté Catholique.

16. Avantures Bohémiennes, tragi-comiques, très curieuses, très intéressantes, et chargées d'incidents. Tom. i. ii. iii. N.B. Le dernier tome, qui fera le dénouement, est sous presse.

Adieu! my dear child; if it was not for this secret of transcribing, what should one do in the country to make out a letter?

95. To Horace Mann.

Houghton, Sept. 25th, 1742.

At last, my dear child, I have got two letters from you! I have been in strange pain, between fear of your being ill, and apprehensions of your letters being stopped; but I have received that by Crew, and another since. But you have been ill! I am angry with Mr. Chute for not writing to let me know it. I fancied you worse than you say, or at least than you own. But I don't wonder you have fevers! such

[19] Field Marshal Burckhardt Christopher von Munnich (1693–1767) (who carried out various public works during the reign of Peter the Great, and fought successfully against the Turks) incurred the displeasure of the Empress Elizabeth. Early in 1742 he was condemned to death by a military tribunal. The sentence was commuted into one of perpetual banishment to Siberia, whence, however, he was recalled on the accession of Peter III (1762).

[20] Andrew, Count von Ostermann, former Chancellor of Peter the Great, sentenced to death, but reprieved, and condemned to perpetual exile in Siberia, where he died (1747).

[21] Francis, Grand Duke of Tuscany.

a busy politician as Villettes[1], and such a blustering negociator as *il Furibondo*[2], are enough to put all your little economy of health and spirits in confusion. I agree with you, that *they don't pique themselves upon understanding sense, any more than neutralities!* The grand journey to Flanders[3] is a little at a stand: the expense has been computed at two thousand pounds a day! Many dozen of embroidered portmanteaus full of laurels and bays have been prepared this fortnight. The Regency has been settled and unsettled twenty times: it is now said, that the weight of it is *not* to be laid on the Prince. The King is to return by his birthday[4]; but whether he is to bring back part of French Flanders with him, or will only have time to fetch Dunkirk, is uncertain. In the mean time, Lord Carteret is gone to the Hague; by which jaunt it seems that Lord Stair's last journey was not conclusive. The converting of the siege of Prague into a blockade, makes no great figure in the journals on this side the water and question—but it is the fashion *not* to take towns that one was sure of taking! I cannot pardon the Princess for having thought of putting off her *épuisements* and lassitudes, to take a trip to Leghorn, *pendant qu'on ne donnoit à manger à Monsieur le Prince son fils que de la chair de chevaux!* Poor Prince Beauvau[5]! I shall be glad to hear he is safe from this siege. Some of the French princes of the blood have been stealing away a volunteering, but took care to be missed in time. Our Duke goes with

LETTER 95.—[1] Minister at Turin.

[2] Admiral Matthews; his ships having committed some outrages on the coast of Italy, the Italians called him *il Furibondo*. *Walpole.*—Thomas Matthews (1676–1751), Commander-in-Chief in the Mediterranean, Minister Plenipotentiary to the States of Italy and to the King of Sardinia. His diplomatic appointment was highly offensive to Mann. Matthews was dismissed from the service (1747) on charges preferred against him by Lestock, relative to the action off Toulon of Feb. 11, 1744.

[3] Of George II.

[4] November 10.

[5] Charles Juste (1720–1793), Prince (afterwards Duc) de Beauvau, Maréchal de France; Governor of Languedoc and of Provence. He was also a member of the French Academy.

his lord and father—they say, to marry a princess of Prussia, *whereof* great preparations have been making in his equipage and in his breeches.

Poor Prince Craon! where did De Sade get fifty sequins? When I was at Florence, you know all his clothes were in pawn to his landlord; but he redeemed them, by pawning his Modenese *bill* of credit to his landlady! I delight in the style of the neutrality-maker[6]—his neutralities and his English are perfectly of a piece.

You have diverted me excessively with the history of the Princess Eleonora's[7] posthumous issue—but how could the woman have spirit enough to have five children by her footman, and yet not have enough to own them? Really, a woman so much in the great world should have known better! Why, no yeoman's dowager could have acted more prudishly! It always amazes me, when I reflect on the women, who are the first to propagate scandal of one another. If they would but agree not to censure what they all agree to do, there would be no more loss of characters among them than amongst men. A woman cannot have an affair, but instantly all her sex travel about to publish it and leave her off: now, if a man cheats another of his estate at play, forges a will, or marries his ward to his own son, nobody thinks of leaving him off for such trifles!

The English parson at Stosch's, the Archbishop on the chapter of music, the *fanciulla's* persisting in *Chiaverei,* and old Count Galli's distress, are all admirable stories. But what is the meaning of Montemar's writing to the Antinora? —I thought he had left the Galla for my *illustrissima*[8], her sister. Lord! I am horridly tired of that romantic love and correspondence! Must I answer her last letter? there were

[6] Admiral Matthews. *Walpole.*

[7] Eleonora of Guastalla, widow of the last Cardinal of Medici, died at Venice. *Walpole.*

[8] Madame Grifoni. *Walpole.*

but six lines—what can I say? I perceive, by what you mention of the cause of his disorder, that Rucellai does not turn out that simple, honest man you thought him—come, own it?

I just recollect a story, which perhaps will serve your Archbishop on his *Don Pilogio*[9]—the Tartuffe was meant for the then Archbishop of Paris, who, after the first night, forbad its being acted. Molière came forth and told the audience, 'Messieurs, on devoit vous donner le *Tartuffe*, mais Monseigneur l'Archevêque ne veut pas *qu'on le joue*.'

My Lord is very impatient for his Dominichin; so you will send it by the first safe conveyance. He is making a gallery, for the ceiling of which I have given the design of that in the little library of St. Mark at Venice: Mr. Chute will remember how charming it was; and for the frieze, I have prevailed to have that of the temple at Tivoli. Naylor[10] came here the other day with two coaches full of relations: as his mother-in-law[11], who was one of the company, is widow of Dr. Hare[12], Sir Robert's old tutor at Cambridge, he made them stay to dine: when they were gone, he said, 'Ha, child! what is that Mr. Naylor, Horace? he is the absurdest man I ever saw!' I subscribed to his opinion; won't you? I must tell you a story of him. When his father married this second wife, Naylor said, 'Father, they say you are to be married to-day, are you?' 'Well,' replied the Bishop, 'and what is that to you?' 'Nay,

[9] The Archbishop of Florence had forbid the acting of a burletta called *Don Pilogio*, a sort of imitation of *Tartuffe*. When the *impresario* of the theatre remonstrated upon the expense he had been put to in preparing the music for it, the Archbishop told him he might use it for some other opera. *Dover.*

[10] He was son of Dr. Hare, Bishop of Chichester, and changed his name for an estate. *Walpole.*—Francis Hare-Naylor inherited Hurstmonceaux Castle from his mother, Bethaia Naylor.

[11] Mary Margaret, daughter of Joseph Alston, of Edwardstone, Suffolk, from whom she inherited estates in Suffolk, Norfolk, and Buckinghamshire.

[12] Francis Hare (d. 1740), Bishop of Chichester.

nothing; only if you had told me I would have powdered my hair.'

96. To Horace Mann.

Houghton, Oct. 8th, 1742.

I HAVE not heard from you this fortnight; if I don't receive a letter to-morrow, I shall be quite out of humour. It is true, of late I have written to you but every other post; but then I have been in the country, in Norfolk, in Siberia! You were still at Florence, in the midst of Kings of Sardinia, Montemars, and Neapolitan neutralities; your letters are my only diversion. As to German news, it is all so simple that I am peevish: the raising of the siege of Prague[1], and Prince Charles and Maréchal Maillebois playing at hunt the squirrel, have disgusted me from inquiring about the war. The Earl laughs in his great chair, and sings a bit of an old ballad,

'They both did fight, they both did beat, they both did run away,
They both [did] strive again to meet the quite contrary way.'

Apropos! I see in the papers that a Marquis de Beauvau escaped out of Prague with the Prince de Deuxpons[2] and the Duc de Brissac[3]; was it our Prince Beauvau?

At last the mighty monarch does not go to Flanders, after making the greatest preparations that ever were made but by Harry the Eighth, and the authors of the Grand Cyrus and the illustrious Bassa[4]: you may judge by the quantity of napkins, which were to the amount of nine hundred dozen—indeed, I don't recollect that ancient heroes were ever so

LETTER 96.—[1] On September 14.

[2] Christian IV, Prince de Deux Ponts (Zweibrücken), 1735–1775.

[3] Jean Paul Timoléon de Cossé (1698–1784), Duc de Brissac, Maréchal de France.

[4] *Artamène, ou le grand Cyrus; Ibrahim, ou l'Illustre Bassa*, both by Madeleine de Scudéry, although the latter bears the name of her brother, Georges de Scudéry.

provident of necessaries, or thought how they were to wash their hands and face after a victory. Six hundred horses, under the care of the Duke of Richmond, were even shipped; and the clothes and furniture of his court magnificent enough for a bull-fight at the conquest of Granada. Felton Hervey's[5] war-horse, besides having richer caparisons than any of the expedition, had a gold net to keep off the flies—in winter! Judge of the clamours this expense to no purpose will produce! My Lord Carteret is set out from the Hague, but was not landed when the last letters came from London: there are no great expectations from this trip; no more than followed from my Lord Stair's.

I send you two more Odes on Pulteney, I believe by the same hand as the former, though none are equal to the *Nova Progenies*, which has been more liked than almost ever anything was. It is not at all known whose they are; I believe Hanbury Williams's. The note to the first was printed with it: the advice to him to be Privy Seal has its foundation; for when the consultation was held who were to have places, and my Lord Gower was named to succeed Lord Hervey, Pulteney said with some warmth, 'I designed to be Privy Seal myself!'

We expect some company next week from Newmarket: here is at present only Mr. Keene and Pigwiggin[6],—you never saw *so agreeable a creature*!—oh yes! you have seen his parents! I must tell you a new story of them: Sir Robert had given them a little horse for Pigwiggin, and somebody had given them another: both which, to save the charge of keeping, they sent to grass in New Park. After

[5] Tenth son of first Earl of Bristol; Equerry to Queen Caroline and Groom of the Bedchamber to the Duke of Cumberland; d. 1775.

[6] Eldest son of old Horace Walpole. *Walpole.* — Horatio Walpole (1723–1809) succeeded his father as second Baron Walpole of Wolterton, 1757; cr. Earl of Orford, 1806; M.P. for King's Lynn, 1747–57. The name 'Pigwiggin' occurs as that of a fairy knight in Drayton's *Nymphidia*.

three years that they had not used them, my Lord Walpole let his own son ride them, while he was at the Park, in the holidays. Do you know, that the woman Horace sent to Sir Robert, and made him give her five guineas for the two horses, because George had ridden them? I give you my word this is fact. . . .[7]

There has been a great fracas at Kensington: one of the Mesdames[8] pulled the chair from under Countess Deloraine[9] at cards, who, being provoked that her Monarch was diverted with her disgrace, with the malice of a hobby-horse, gave him just such another fall. But alas! the Monarch, like Louis XIV., is mortal in the part that touched the ground, and was so hurt and so angry, that the Countess is disgraced, and her German rival[10] remains in the sole and quiet possession of her royal master's other side.

Oct. 9th.

Well! I have waited till this morning, but have no letter from you; what can be the meaning of it? Sure, if you was ill, Mr. Chute would write to me! Your brother protests he never lets your letters lie at the office.

Sa Majesté Patapanique[11] has had a dreadful misfortune! —not lost his first minister, nor his purse—nor had part of his camp equipage burned in the river, nor waited for his secretary of state, who is perhaps blown to Flanders[12]—nay,

[7] Passage omitted.

[8] The daughters of George II.

[9] Mary (d. 1744), daughter of Charles Howard; m. (1726) Henry Scott, first Earl of Deloraine; she was Governess to the Princesses Mary and Louisa.

[10] Lady Yarmouth. *Walpole.*—Amelia Sophia von Walmoden (d. 1765), cr. Countess of Yarmouth, 1740. (See Horace Walpole's *Reminiscences*, ch. vii.)

[11] Patapan, Mr. W.'s dog. *Walpole.*

[12] 'Friday, Oct. 8. Lord Carteret, in his Return from the Hague, having set sail in a Man of War on Saturday night from the Gore, met with contrary Winds, and by the Storm was drove as far as Hull, and with great Difficulty reached the Coast of Norfolk, and landed at Yarmouth on Wednesday Evening. His Lordship made a present of 100 guineas to the Captain, and fifty to the Lieutenant besides a Sum to be divided amongst the Sailors. This Morning he waited

nor had his chair pulled from under him—worse! worse! quarrelling with a great pointer last night about their Countesses, he received a terrible shake by the back and a bruise on the left eye—poor dear Pat! You never saw such universal consternation! it was at supper. Sir Robert, who makes as much rout with him as I do, says, he never saw ten people show so much *real* concern! Adieu! Yours, ever and ever—but write to me.

THE CAPUCHIN.

A NEW BALLAD.

Ecce iterum Crispinus, et est mihi saepe vocandus, &c.

I.

Who at Paris has been,
Has a Mendicant seen,
Who for charity follows to dun you;
Offer him what you will,
He refuses it still,
For he has sworn that he'll never take money.

II.

But near him there stands,
With two open hands,
A creature that follows for hire,
Any gifts that you make
He will readily take,
And at night he accounts with the Friar.

III.

So the great Earl of Bath
Has sworn in his wrath,
That he'll never accept of a place;
Neither Chancellor he,
Nor Treas'rer will be,
And refuses the Seals and the Mace.

upon his Majesty; and next day the Baggage, Horses, &c., of the King and Duke, which were shipped for Flanders, were brought back' (*Gent. Mag.*, 1742, p. 545.)

IV.

But near him a crowd [13]
Stand bellowing loud
For all that two courts can afford;
And 'tis very well known
That for them what is done
Is the same as if done for my Lord.

V.

But I'm told, noble peer,
Lest these things should take air,
And with dirt all mankind should upbraid you,
That you try a new way,
('Tis as safe I dare say)
And make them account with my Lady.

VI.

But indeed this won't do,
And the world will see thro',
And your virtue, I fear, will bespatter;
Then mind what I send,
For I'm so far your friend,
That I'm sure you can't say that I flatter.

VII.

There's my good Lord of Gow'r
Isn't a quarter come o'er,
And I fancy you'll find he wants zeal;
If he don't come plum in,
And vote thro' thick and thin,
Turn him out, and be made Privy Seal.

VIII.

Don't slight this advice,
Nor affect to be nice,
Laugh at oaths that obstruct your great ends,

[13] Here every intelligent reader will immediately have in his thoughts 8 or 10 of the ablest and greatest genius's in this kingdom, such as H. Vane, H. Furnese, Lord Limerick, Mr. Hooper, Mr. Samuel Sandys, Mr. Bootle, Mr. Gybbon, Sir John Rushout, etc. (Note printed with the Ode; see p. 289.)

For an oath 's but a joke
To one that has broke
Thro' all honour and ties with his friends.

IX.

Go to Cart'ret and Pelham,
You'll still go on, tell 'em,
All honest men's hopes to defeat;
To crown your disgrace
They'd give you this place,
And your character will be complete.

AN ODE.

HUMBLY INSCRIBED TO THE EARL OF BATH.

. . . Neque enim lex justior ulla,
Quam necis artifices arte perire suâ.

Parcius junctas quatiunt fenestras,
Ictibus crebris juvenes protervi,
Nec tibi somnos adimunt, amatque
janua limen.

I.

Great Earl of Bath, your reign is o'er,
The Tories trust your word no more,
The Whigs no longer fear you;
Your gates are seldom now unbarr'd,
No crowds of coaches fill your yard,
And scarce a soul comes near you.

II.

Few now aspire at your good graces;
Scarce any sue to you for places,
Or come with their petition,
To tell how well they have deserv'd,
How long, how steadily they starv'd
For you in Opposition.

III.

Expect to see that tribe no more,
Since all mankind perceive that pow'r
Is lodg'd in other hands;

Sooner to Cart'ret now they'll go,
Or ev'n (tho' that 's excessive low)
To Wilmington and Sands.

IV.

With your obedient wife retire,
And sitting silent by the fire,
A sullen tête-à-tête,
Think over all you've done and said,
And curse the hour that you was made
Unprofitably great.

V.

With vapours there and spleen o'ercast,
Reflect on all your actions past
With sorrow and contrition;
And there enjoy the thoughts that rise
From disappointed avarice,
From frustrated ambition.

VI.

There soon you'll loudly, but in vain,
Of your deserting friends complain,
That visit you no more;
But in this country 'tis a truth
As known, as that Love follows youth,
That Friendship follows pow'r.

VII.

Such is the calm of your retreat!
You thro' the dregs of life must sweat
Beneath this heavy load;
And I'll attend you as I've done,
Only to help reflection on,
With now and then an ode.

97. To Horace Mann.

Houghton, Oct. 16, 1742.

I have received two letters from you since last post; I suppose the wind stopped the packet-boat.

Well! was not I in the right to persist in buying the

Dominichin? don't you laugh at those wise connoisseurs, who pronounced it a copy? If it is one, where is the original? or who was that so great master that could equal Dominichin? Your brother has received the money for it, and Lord Orford is in great impatience for it; yet he begs, if you can find any opportunity, that it may be sent in a man-of-war. I must desire that the statue may be sent to Leghorn, to be shipped with it, and that you will get Compagni and Libri to transact the payment as they did for the picture, and I will pay your brother.

Villettes' important dispatches to you are as ridiculous as good Mr. Matthews's devotion. I fancy Mr. Matthews's own god[1] would make as foolish a figure about a monkey's neck, as a Roman Catholic one. You know, Sir Francis Dashwood used to say that Lord Shrewsbury's God was an old angry man in a blue cloak: another person that I knew, believed God was like a mouse, because He is invisible. I dare to say Matthews believes, that God lives upon beef and pudding, loves prize-fighting and bull-baiting, and drinks fog to the health of Old England.

I go to London in a week, and then will send you *des* cart-loads of news: I know none now, but that we hear to-day of the arrival of Duc d'Aremberg[2]—I suppose to return my Lord Carteret's visit. The latter was near being lost; he told the King, that being in a storm, he had thought it safest *to put into Yarmouth Road,* at which *we* laughed, hoh! hoh! hoh!

For want of news, I live upon ballads to you; here is one that has made a vast noise, and by Lord Hervey's taking great pains to disperse it, has been thought his own,—if it is[3], he has taken true care to disguise the niceness of his style.

LETTER 97.—[1] Admiral Matthews's crew having disturbed some Roman Catholic ceremonies in a little island on the coast of Italy, hung a crucifix about a monkey's neck. *Walpole.*

[2] Léopold Charles Philippe de Ligne (1690–1754), Duc d'Aremberg.

[3] It was certainly written by Lord Hervey. *Walpole.*

I.

O England, attend, while thy fate I deplore,
Rehearsing the schemes and the conduct of power;
And since only of those who have power I sing,
I am sure none can think that I hint at the King.

II.

From the time his son made him old Robin depose,
All the power of a King he was well known to lose;
But of all but the name and the badges bereft,
Like old women, his paraphernalia are left.

III.

To tell how he shook in St. James's for fear,
When first these new ministers bullied him there,
Makes my blood boil with rage, to think what a thing
They have made of a man we obey as a King.

IV.

Whom they pleas'd they put in, whom they pleas'd they
put out,
And just like a top they all lash'd him about,
Whilst he like a top with a murmuring noise,
Seem'd to grumble, but turn'd to these rude lashing boys.

V.

At last Carteret arriving, spoke thus to his grief,
'If you'll make me your Doctor, I'll bring you relief;
You see to your closet familiar I come,
And seem like my wife in the circle—at home.'

VI.

Quoth the King, 'My good Lord, perhaps you've been told,
That I used to abuse you a little of old;
But now bring whom you will, and eke turn away,
Let but me and my money, and Walmoden[4] stay.'

VII.

'For you and Walmoden, I freely consent,
But as for your money, I must have it spent;
I have promis'd your son (nay, no frowns,) shall have some,
Nor think 'tis for nothing we Patriots are come.

[4] Lady Yarmouth. *Walpole.*

VIII.

'But, howe'er—little King, since I find you so good,
Thus stooping below your high courage and blood,
Put yourself in my hands, and I'll do what I can
To make you look yet like a King and a man.

IX.

'At your Admiralty and your Treasury-board,
To save one single man you shan't say a word,
For, by God! all your rubbish from both you shall shoot,
Walpole's ciphers and Gasherry's[5] vassals to boot.

X.

'And to guard Prince's ears, as all Statesmen take care
So, long as yours are—not one man shall come near;
For of all your Court-crew we'll leave only those
Who we know never dare to say boh! to a goose.

XI.

'So your friend booby Grafton I'll e'en let you keep,
Awake he can't hurt, and is still half asleep;
Nor ever was dangerous, but to womankind,
And his body's as impotent now as his mind.

XII.

'There 's another Court-booby, at once hot and dull,
Your pious pimp, Schutz[6], a mean, Hanover tool;
For your card-play at night he too shall remain,
With *virtuous* and *sober* and *wise* Deloraine[7].

XIII.

'And for all your Court-nobles who can't write or read,
As of such titl'd ciphers all courts stand in need,
Who, like parliament-Swiss, vote and fight for their pay,
They're as good as a new set to cry yea and nay.

[5] Sir Charles Wager's nephew, and Secretary to the Admiralty. *Walpole.*—According to Lysons (*Environs of London*, ed. 1811, vol. i. p. 353) Gasherry was not Sir Charles Wager's nephew, but had married the widow of his nephew Charles Bolton; nor does he appear to have been Secretary to the Admiralty.

[6] Augustus Schutz, Master of the Robes and Privy Purse to George II.

[7] Countess Dowager of Deloraine, Governess to the young Princesses. *Walpole.*

XIV.

'Though Newcastle's as false, as he's silly, I know,
By betraying old Robin to me long ago,
As well as all those who employ'd him before,
Yet I leave him in place, but I leave him no power.

XV.

'For granting his heart is as black as his hat,
With no more truth in this, than there's sense beneath
that;
Yet as he's a coward, he'll shake when I frown:
You call'd him a rascal, I'll use him like one.

XVI.

'And since his estate at elections he'll spend,
And beggar himself, without making a friend;
So whilst the extravagant fool has a sous,
As his brains I can't fear, so his fortune I'll use.

XVII.

'And as miser Hardwicke with all courts will draw,
He too may remain, but shall stick to his law;
For of foreign affairs, when he talks like a fool,
I'll laugh in his face, and will cry, "Go to school!"

XVIII.

'The Countess of Wilmington, excellent nurse,
I'll trust with the Treasury, not with its purse;
For nothing by her I've resolv'd shall be done,
She shall sit at that board, as you sit on the throne.

XIX.

'Perhaps now, you expect that I should begin
To tell you the men I design to bring in;
But we're not yet determin'd on all their demands;
—And you'll know soon enough, when they come to kiss
hands.

XX.

'All that weathercock Pulteney shall ask, we must grant,
For to make him a great noble nothing I want;
And to cheat such a man, demands all my arts,
For though he's a fool, he's a fool with great parts.

XXI.

'And as popular Clodius, the Pulteney of Rome,
From a noble, for power did plebeian become,
So this Clodius to be a Patrician shall choose,
Till what one got by changing, the other shall lose.

XXII.

'Thus flatter'd, and courted, and gaz'd at by all,
Like Phaeton, rais'd for a day, he shall fall,
Put the world in a flame, and show he did strive
To get reins in his hand, though 'tis plain he can't drive.

XXIII.

'For your foreign affairs, howe'er they turn out,
At least I'll take care you shall make a great rout.
Then cock your great hat, strut, bounce, and look bluff,
For though kick'd and cuff'd here, you shall there kick and cuff.

XXIV.

'That Walpole did nothing they all us'd to say,
So I'll do enough, but I'll make the dogs pay;
Great fleets I'll provide, and great armies engage,
Whate'er debts we make, or whate'er wars we wage.'

XXV.

With cordials like these the Monarch's new guest
Reviv'd his sunk spirits and gladden'd his breast;
Till in raptures he cried, 'My dear Lord, you shall do
Whatever you will, give me troops to review.

XXVI.

'But oh! my dear England, since this is thy state,
Who is there that loves thee but weeps at thy fate?
Since in changing thy masters, thou art just like old Rome,
Whilst Faction, Oppression, and Slavery's thy doom!

XXVII.

'For though you have made that rogue Walpole retire,
You are out of the frying-pan into the fire!
But since to the Protestant line I'm a friend,
I tremble to think where these changes may end!'

This has not been printed. You see the burthen of all the songs is the *rogue Walpole,* which he has observed himself, but I believe is content, as long as they pay off his arrears to those that began the tune. Adieu!

98. To Horace Mann.

Houghton, October 23, 1742.

At last I see an end of my pilgrimage: the day after to-morrow I do go to London. I am affirming it to you as earnestly as if you had been doubting of it like myself; but both my brothers are here, and Sir Robert will let me go. He must follow himself soon: the Parliament meets the 16th of November, that the King may go abroad the first of March; but if all threats prove true prophecies, he will scarce enter upon heroism so soon, for we are promised a winter just like the last: new Secret Committees to be tried for, and impeachments actually put into execution. It is horrid to have a prospect of a session like the last!

In the mean time, my Lord of Bath and Lord Hervey, who seem deserted by everybody else, are grown the greatest friends in the world at Bath; and to make a complete triumvirate, my Lord Gower is always of their party: how they must love one another, the late, the present, and the would-be Privy Seal!

My Lord Essex is shut up mad; one would not have expected, if he was so, that it would be in the melancholy style.

Lord Hyndford has had great honours in Prussia: that King bespoke for him a service of plate to the value of three thousand pounds. He asked leave for his Majesty's arms to be put upon it: the King replied, 'they should, with the arms of Silesia added to his paternal coat for ever.' I will tell you Sir Robert's remark on this: 'He is rewarded thus for having obtained Silesia for the King of Prussia, which

he was sent to preserve to the Queen of Hungary!' Her affairs begin to take a little better turn again; Broglio is prevented from joining Maillebois, who, they affirm, can never bring his army off, as the King of Poland is guarding all the avenues of Saxony, to prevent his passing through that country.

I wrote to you in my last to desire that the Dominichin and my statue might come by a man-of-war. Now, Sir Robert, who is impatient for his picture, would have it sent in a Dutch ship, as he says he can easily get it from Holland. If you think this conveyance quite safe, I beg my statue may bear it company.

Tell me if you are tired of ballads on my Lord Bath; if you are not, here is another admirable one, I believe by the same hand as the others; but by the conclusion certainly ought not to be Williams's. I only send you the good odes, for the newspapers are every day full of bad ones on this famous Earl.

Quem virum, aut heroa, lyra, vel acri
Tibia sumes celebrare, Clio?

I.

What statesman, what hero, what king,
Whose name through the island is spread,
Will you choose, O my Clio, to sing,
Of all the great living or dead?

II.

Go, my Muse, from this place to Japan
In search of a topic for rhyme;
The great Earl of Bath is the man,
Who deserves to employ your whole time.

III.

But howe'er, as the subject is nice,
And perhaps you're unfurnish'd with matter;
May it please you to take my advice,
That you mayn't be suspected to flatter.

IV.

When you touch on his Lordship's high birth,
Speak Latin as if you were tipsy:
Say, we all are the sons of the earth,
Et genus non fecimus ipsi.

V.

Proclaim him as rich as a Jew;
Yet attempt not to reckon his bounties:
You may say, he is married; that's true,
Yet speak not a word of his Countess.

VI.

Leave a blank here and there in each page,
To enrol the fair deeds of his youth!
When you mention the acts of his age,
Leave a blank for his honour and truth[1]!

VII.

Say, he made a great monarch change hands:
He spake—and the minister fell.
Say, he made a great statesman of Sands;
(Oh! that he had taught him to spell!)

VIII.

Then enlarge on his cunning and wit:
Say, how he harangu'd at the Fountain;
Say, how the old Patriots were bit,
And a mouse was produc'd of a mountain.

IX.

Then say how he mark'd the new year,
By increasing our taxes, and stocks:
Then say how he chang'd to a peer,
Fit companion for Edgcumbe and Fox[2].

My compliments to the Princess; I dreamed last night that she was come to Houghton, and not at all *épuisée* with her journey. Adieu!

LETTER 98.—[1] What a charming stanza! *Walpole.*

[2] Stephen Fox, Lord Ilchester, mentioned in the last line, was brother of Henry Fox, Sir Charles Williams's particular friend, for which reason I suppose, if this ode was his, I suppose he never owned it. *Walpole.*

P.S. I must add a postscript, to mention a thing I have often designed to ask you to do for me. Since I came to England, I have been buying drawings, (the time is well chosen, when I had neglected it in Italy!) I saw at Florence two books that I should now be very glad to have, if you could get them tolerably reasonable; one was at an English painter's; I think his name was Huckford[2], over against your house in the Via Bardi; they were of Holbein: the other was of Guercino, and brought to me to see by the Abbé Bonducci; my dear child, you will oblige me much if you can get them.

99. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Nov. 1, 1742.

I have not felt so pleasantly these three months as I do at present, though I have a great cold with coming into an unaired house, and have been forced to carry that cold to the King's levee and the Drawing-room. There were so many new faces that I scarce knew where I was; I should have taken it for Carlton House[1], or my Lady Mayoress's visiting-day, only the people did not seem enough at home, but rather as admitted to see the King dine in public. 'Tis quite ridiculous to see the numbers of old ladies, who, from having been wives of Patriots, have not been dressed these twenty years; out they come in all the accoutrements that were in use in Queen Anne's days. Then the joy and awkward jollity of them is inexpressible! They titter, and wherever you meet them, are always going to court, and looking at their watches an hour before the time. I met several on the Birthday, (for I did not arrive time enough to

[2] Ignazio Enrico Hugford (1703–1778), an art critic and expert, and a teacher in the Academy of St. Luke at Florence. His portrait (painted by himself) is in the Uffizi Gallery.

Letter 99.—[1] The residence of the Prince of Wales.

make clothes,) and they were dressed in all the colours of the rainbow: they seem to have said to themselves twenty years ago, 'Well, if ever I do go to court again, I will have a pink and silver, or a blue and silver,' and they keep their resolutions. But here's a letter from you, sent to me back from Houghton; I must stop to read it.——Well, I have read it, and am diverted with Madame Grifoni's being with child; I hope she was too. I don't wonder that she hates the country; I dare to say her child does not owe its existence to the *villeggiatura*. When you wrote, it seems you had not heard what a speedy determination was put to Don Philip's reign in Savoy [2]. I suppose he will retain the title: you know great princes are fond of titles, which prove that they are not half so great as they once were.

I find a very different face of things from what we had conceived in the country. There are, indeed, thoughts of renewing attacks on Lord Orford, and of stopping the supplies; but the new ministry [3] laugh at these threats, having secured a vast majority in the House: the Opposition themselves own that the Court will have upwards of a hundred majority: I don't, indeed, conceive how; but they are confident of carrying everything. They talk of Lord Gower's not keeping the Privy Seal; that he will either resign it, or have it taken away: Lord Bath, who is entering into all the court measures, is most likely to succeed him. The late Lord Privy Seal [4] has had a most ridiculous accident at Bath: he used to play in a little inner room; but one night some ladies had got it, and he was reduced to the

[2] He was obliged to fall back before the Sardinian forces.

[3] The members of the new administration were Earl of Wilmington, First Lord of the Treasury; Lord Hardwicke, Lord Chancellor; Samuel Sandys, Chancellor of the Exchequer; Earl of Harrington, President of the Council; Lord Gower, Privy Seal; Lord Carteret and the Duke of Newcastle, Secretaries of State; Earl of Winchelsea, First Lord of the Admiralty; Duke of Argyll, Master of the Ordnance; Henry Pelham, Paymaster-General of the Forces.

[4] Lord Hervey. *Walpole.*

public room; but being extremely absent and deep in politics, he walked through the little room to a convenience behind the curtain, from whence (still absent) he produced himself in a situation extremely diverting to the women: imagine his delicacy, and the passion he was in at their laughing!

I laughed at myself prodigiously the other day for a piece of absence; I was writing on the King's birthday, and being disturbed with the mob in the street, I rang for the porter, and, with an air of grandeur, as if I was still at Downing Street, cried, 'Pray send away those marrow-bones and cleavers!' The poor fellow, with the most mortified air in the world, replied, 'Sir, they are not at *our* door, but over the way at my Lord Carteret's.' 'Oh,' said I, 'then let them alone; may be, he does not dislike the noise!' I pity the poor porter, who sees all his old customers going over the way too.

Our operas begin to-morrow with a *pasticcio*, full of most of my favourite songs: the Fumagalli has disappointed us; she had received an hundred ducats, and then wrote word that she had spent them, and was afraid of coming through the Spanish quarters; but if they would send her an hundred more, she would come next year. Villettes has been written to in the strongest manner to have her forced hither, (for she is at Turin). I tell you this by way of key, in case you should receive a mysterious letter in cipher from him about this important business.

I have not seen Duc d'Aremberg; but I hear that all the entertainments for him are suppers, for he will *dine* at his own hour, eleven in the morning. He proposed it to the Duchess of Richmond when she invited him, but she said she did not know where to find company to dine with him at that hour.

I must advise you to be cautious how you refuse humour-

ing our captains[5] in any of their foolish schemes, for they are popular, and I should be very sorry to have them out of humour with you when they come home, lest it should give any handle to your enemies. Think of it, my dear child! The officers in Flanders, that are members of Parliament, have had intimations, that if they ask leave to come on their private affairs, and drop in, not all together, they will be very well received; this is decorum. Little Brook's little wife is a little with child. Adieu!

100. To Horace Mann.

London, Nov. 15, 1742.

I have not written to you lately, expecting letters from you; at last I have received two. I still send mine through France, as I am afraid they would get to you with still more difficulty through Holland.

Our army is just now ordered to march to Mayence, at the repeated instances of the Queen of Hungary; Lord Stair goes with them, but almost all the officers that are in Parliament are come over, for the troops are only to be in garrison till March, when, it is said, the King will take the field with them. This step makes a great noise, for the old remains of the Opposition are determined to persist, and have termed this a *Hanoverian* measure. They begin to-morrow, with opposing the address on the King's Speech: Pitt is to be the leading man; there are none but he and Lyttelton of the Prince's Court, who do not join with the ministry: the Prince has told them, that he will follow the advice they long ago gave him, 'of turning out all his people who do not vote as he would have them.'

Lord Orford is come to town, and was at the King's levee to-day; the joy the latter showed to see him was very

[5] The captains of ships in the English fleet at Leghorn. *Walpole.*

visible: all the new ministry came and spoke to him; and he had a long, laughing conversation with my Lord Chesterfield, who is still in opposition.

You have heard, I suppose, of the revolution in the French Court; Madame de Mailly[1] is disgraced, and her handsome sister De la Tournelle[2] succeeds: the latter insisted on three conditions; first, that the Mailly should quit the palace before she entered it; next, that she should be *declared* mistress, to which post, they pretend, there is a large salary annexed, (but that is not probable,) and lastly, that she may always have her own parties at supper: the last article would very well explain what she proposes to do with her *salary*.

There are admirable instructions come up from Worcester to Sandys and Winnington[3]; they tell the latter how little hopes they always had of him. 'But for you, Mr. Sandys, who have always, &c., *you* to snatch at the first place you could get, &c.' In short, they charge him, who is in the Treasury and Exchequer, not to vote for any supplies.

I write to you in a vast hurry, for I am going to the meeting at the Cockpit[4], to hear the King's Speech read to the members: Mr. Pelham presides there. They talk of a majority of fourscore: we shall see to-morrow.

The Pomfrets stay in the country most part of the winter: Lord Lincoln and Mr. (George) Pitt have declared off in form. So much for the schemes of my Lady! The Duke of Grafton used to say that they put him in mind of a troop of Italian comedians; Lord Lincoln was Valere, Lady Sophia, Columbine, and my Lady the old mother behind the scenes.

LETTER 100.—[1] Louise Julie de Nesle (d. 1751), m. (1726) Louis Alexandre, Comte de Mailly, Commander of Gendarmerie.

[2] Marie Anne de Nesle (d. 1744), widow of Marquis de la Tournelle; cr. Duchesse de Châteauroux, 1744.

[3] Members for Worcester City.

[4] At Whitehall. It had been converted into the Privy Council Office.

Our operas go on *au plus misérable*: all our hopes lie in a new dancer, Sodi, who has performed but once, but seems to please as much as the Fausan. Did I tell you how well they had chosen the plot of the first opera? 'There was a prince who rebels against his father, who had before rebelled against his.' The Duke of Montagu says, there is to be an opera of dancing, with singing between the acts.

My Lord Tyrawley[5] is come from Portugal, and has brought three wives and fourteen children; one of the former is a Portuguese, with long black hair plaited down to the bottom of her back. He was asked the other night at supper what he thought of England; whether he found much alteration from fifteen years ago? 'No,' he said, 'not at all: why, there is my Lord Bath, I don't see the least alteration in him; he is *just what he was*: and then I found my Lord Grantham[6] walking on tiptoe, as if he was still afraid of waking the Queen.'

Hanbury Williams is very ill at Bath, and his wife[7] in the same way in private lodgings in the city. . . .[8] Mr. Doddington has at last owned his match with his old mistress[9]. I suppose he wants a new one.

I commend your prudence about Leghorn; but, my dear child, what pain I am in about you! Is it possible to be easy while the Spaniards are at your gates? write me word

[5] Lord Tyrawley was many years Ambassador at Lisbon. Pope has mentioned his and another Ambassador's seraglios in one of his Imitations of Horace,

'Kinnoul's lewd cargo, or Tyrawley's crew.'

Walpole.—James O'Hara (1690–1773), Baron Kilmaine and second Baron Tyrawley; served in the army; Field Marshal, 1763; Envoy to Portugal, 1728–42, 1752; Ambassador at St. Petersburg, 1743–45; Governor of Portsmouth; Governor of Minorca; Governor of Gibraltar, 1756; commanded the English forces in Portugal, 1762–63.

[6] Henry d'Auverquerque (cir. 1675–1754), first Earl of Grantham; Keeper of the Privy Purse, 1700–2. He had been Chamberlain to Queen Caroline.

[7] Frances, daughter of first Earl of Coningsby.

[8] Passage omitted.

[9] Mrs. Beghan. *Walpole.*—Doddington had given a bond of ten thousand pounds to a Mrs. Strawbridge, to be paid if he married any one else. For this reason he refrained from acknowledging his marriage to Mrs. Beghan during the lifetime of Mrs. Strawbridge.

every minute as your apprehensions vanish or increase. I ask every moment what people think; but how can they tell here? You say nothing of Mr. Chute: sure he is with you still! When I am in such uneasiness about you, I want you every post to mention your friends being with you: I am sure you have none so good or sensible as he is. I am vastly obliged to you for the thought of the book of shells, and shall like it much; and thank you too about my scagliola table; but I am distressed about your expenses. Is there any way one could get your allowance increased? You know how low my interest is now; but you know too what a push I would make to be of any service to you—tell me, and adieu!

101. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Dec 2, 1742.

You will wonder that it is above a fortnight since I wrote to you; but I have had an inflammation in one of my eyes, and durst not meddle with a pen. I have had two letters from you of November 6th and 13th, but I am in the utmost impatience for another, to hear you are quite recovered of your Trinculos and Furibondos. You tell me you was in a fever; I cannot be easy till I hear from you again. I hope this will come much too late for a medicine, but it will always serve for *sal volatile* to give you spirits. Yesterday was appointed for considering the Army; but Mr. Lyttelton stood up and moved for another Secret Committee, in the very words of last year; but the whole debate ran, not upon Robert Earl of Orford, but Robert Earl of Sandys[1]: he is the constant butt of the party; indeed he bears it notably. After five hours' haranguing, we came to a division, and

Letter 101.—[1] Samuel Sandys, Chancellor of the Exchequer, in the room of Sir R. Walpole. *Walpole.*

threw out the motion by a majority of sixty-seven, 253 against 186. The Prince had declared so openly for union and agreement in all measures, that, except the Nepotism [2], all his servants but one were with us. I don't know whether they will attempt anything else, but with these majorities we must have an easy winter. The union of the Whigs has saved this Parliament. It is expected that Pitt and Lyttelton will be dismissed by the Prince [3]. That faction and Waller are the only Whigs of any note that do not join with the Court. I do not count Dodington, who must now be always with the minority, for no majority will accept him. It is believed that Lord Gower will retire, or be desired to do so. I suppose you have heard from Rome, that Murray is made Solicitor-General [4], in the room of Sir John Strange, who has resigned for his health. This is the sum of politics; we can't expect any winter (I hope no winter will be) like the last. By the crowds that come hither, one should not know that Sir Robert is out of place, only that now he is scarce abused.

De reste, the town is wondrous dull; operas unfrequented, plays not in fashion, amours as old as marriages—in short, nothing but whisk [5]! I have not yet learned to play, but I find that I wait in vain for its being left off. . . .[6]

I agree with you about not sending home the Dominichin in an English vessel; but what I mentioned to you of its coming in a Dutch vessel, if you find an opportunity, I think will be very safe, if you approve it; but manage that as you like. I shall hope for my statue at the same

[2] The 'Cobham Cousins.'

[3] Pitt remained Groom of the Bedchamber to the Prince of Wales until 1745, when he resigned. Lyttelton (Secretary to the Prince) was dismissed by the latter (1744) on his appointment as a Lord of the Treasury in the 'Broad Bottom' Administration.

[4] Murray's brother, the titular Earl of Dunbar, was a prominent person at the Chevalier's court.

[5] Whist was just becoming popular in 'society.' Hoyle's *Short Treatise on Whist* was first published in this year (1742).

[6] Passage omitted.

time; but till the conveyance is absolutely safe, I know you will not venture them. Now I mention my statue, I must beg you will send me a full bill of all my debts to you, which I am sure by this time must be infinite; I beg to know the particulars, that I may pay your brother. Adieu, my dear Sir; take care of yourself, and submit to popery and slavery rather than get colds with sea-heroes[7].

102. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Dec. 9, 1742.

I shall have quite a partiality for the post of Holland; it brought me two letters last week, and two more yesterday, of November 20th and 27th; but I find you have your perpetual headaches—how can you say that you shall tire me with talking of them? you may make me suffer by your pains, but I will hear and insist upon your always telling me of your health. Do you think I only correspond with you to know the posture of the Spaniards or the *épuisements* of the Princess! I am anxious, too, to know how poor Mr. Whithed does, and Mr. Chute's gout. I shall look upon our sea-captains with as much horror as the King of Naples can, if they bring gouts, fits, and headaches.

You will have had a letter from me by this time, to give up sending the Dominichin by a man-of-war, and to propose its coming in a Dutch ship. I believe that will be safe.

We have had another great day in the House on the army in Flanders, which the Opposition were for disbanding; but we carried it by an hundred and twenty. Murray spoke for the first time[1], with the greatest applause; Pitt answered him with all his force and art of language, but on

[7] The English fleet was now at Leghorn, and Mann had complained of the fatigues incurred in doing the honours of Florence to the officers.

Letter 102.—[1] He entered Parliament as member for Boroughbridge, Nov. 27, 1742.

an ill-founded argument. In all appearance, they will be great rivals. Shippen was in great rage at Murray's apostasy[2]; if anything can really change his principles, possibly this competition may. To-morrow we shall have a tougher battle on the sixteen thousand Hanoverians[3]. *Hanover* is the word given out for this winter: there is a most bold pamphlet come out, said to be Lord Marchmont's, which affirms that in every treaty made since the accession of this family, England has been sacrificed to the interests of Hanover, and consequently insinuates the incompatibility of the two. Lord Chesterfield says, 'that if we have a mind effectually to prevent the Pretender from ever obtaining this crown, we should make him Elector of Hanover, for the people of England will never fetch another king from thence.'

Adieu! my dear child. I am sensible that I write you short letters, but I write you all I know. I don't know how it is, but *the wonderful* seems worn out. In this our day, we have no rabbit-women[4]—no elopements—no epic poems[5], finer than Milton's—no contest about Harlequins and Polly Peachems. Jansen[6] has won no more estates, and the Duchess of Queensberry[7] is grown as tame as her

[2] Murray belonged to a Jacobite family.

[3] On December 10, 1742, Sir William Yonge (Secretary at War), proposed a grant of £637,000 to defray the cost of 16,000 Hanoverian troops for the defence of Hanover from 1742–43.

[4] An allusion to Mary Tofts (d. 1763), an impostor, who pretended to give birth to rabbits.

[5] This alludes to the extravagant encomiums bestowed on Glover's *Leonidas*, by the young Patriots. *Walpole.*

[6] H. Jansen, a celebrated gamester, who cheated the late Duke of Bedford of an immense sum: Pope hints at that affair, in this line,

'Or when a Duke to Jansen punts at White's.' *Walpole.*

[7] Lady Catherine Hyde (d. 1777), second daughter of fourth Earl of Clarendon; m. (1720) Charles Douglas, third Duke of Queensberry. She was noted for her beauty (which she retained till her death), and for her eccentricities, which bordered upon insanity. Her wit and kind-heartedness gained for her the friendship of several of the most eminent men of letters of her day—amongst others Congreve, Thomson, Pope, Gay, Whitehead, and Prior. The last celebrated her in his poem *The Female Phaeton*, to which Horace Walpole added a stanza, in praise of her beauty in her old age.

neighbours. Whisk has spread an universal opium over the whole nation; it makes courtiers and Patriots sit down to the same pack of cards. The only thing extraordinary, and which yet did not seem to surprise anybody, was the Barberina's[8] being attacked by four men masked, the other night, as she came out of the Opera House, who would have forced her away; but she screamed, and the guard came. Nobody knows who set them on, and I believe nobody inquired.

The Austrians in Flanders have separated from our troops a little out of humour, because it was impracticable for them to march without any preparatory provision for their reception. They will probably march in two months, if no peace prevents it. Adieu!

103. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Dec 23, 1742.

I have had no letter from you this fortnight, and I have heard nothing this month: judge how fit I am to write. I hope it is not another mark of growing old; but, I do assure you, my writing begins to leave me. Don't be frightened! I don't mean this as an introduction towards having done with you—I will write to you to the very stump of my pen, and, as Pope says,

'Squeeze out the last dull droppings of my sense.'

But I declare, it is hard to sit spinning out one's brains by the fireside without having heard the least thing to set one's hand a-going. I am so put to it for something to say, that I would make a memorandum of the most improbable lie that could be invented by a viscountess dowager; as the

[8] A famous dancer. *Walpole.*

old Duchess of Rutland[1] does when she is told of some strange casualty, 'Lucy, child, step into the next room and set that down.'—'Lord, Madam!' says Lady Lucy[2], 'it can't be true!' 'Oh, no matter, child; it will do for news into the country next post.' But do conceive that the kingdom of the Dull is come upon earth—not with the forerunners and prognostics of other to-come kingdoms. No, no; the sun and the moon go on just as they used to do, without giving us any hints: we see no knights come prancing upon pale horses, or red horses; no stars, called wormwood, fall into the Thames, and turn a third part into wormwood; no locusts, *like horses*, with their hair as the hair of women—in short, no thousand things, *each* of which destroys a *third* part of mankind: the only token of this new kingdom is a woman riding on a beast, which is the mother of abominations, and the name in the forehead is *whisk*: and the four-and-twenty elders, and the woman, and the lamb, and the whole town, do nothing but play with this beast. Scandal itself is dead, or confined to a pack of cards; for the only malicious whisper I have heard this fortnight, is of an intrigue between the Queen of Hearts and the Knave of Clubs.

Your friend Lady Sandwich[3] has got a son[4]; if one may believe the belly she wore, it is a brave one. Lord Holderness has lately given a magnificent *repas* to fifteen persons; there were three courses of ten, fifteen, and fifteen, and a sumptuous dessert: a great salon illuminated, odours, and violins—and who do you think were the invited?—the

LETTER 103.—[1] Hon. Lucy Sherard, daughter of second Baron Sherard, m. (1713) John Manners, second Duke of Rutland; d. 1751.

[2] Lady Lucy Manners, married in Oct. 1742 to the Duke of Montrose.

[3] Dorothy, sister of Lord Viscount Fane, wife of John Montagu, Earl of Sandwich. *Walpole.*—She died insane in 1797.

[4] John Montagu (1742–1814), Viscount Hinchinbrooke, succeeded his father as fifth Earl of Sandwich, 1792; Captain of 3rd Regiment of Foot Guards; Vice-Chamberlain of the Household, 1771–82; Master of the Buckhounds, 1783–1806; Joint Postmaster-General, 1807.

Visconti, Giuletta, the Galli, Amorevoli, Monticelli, Vanneschi and his wife, Weedemans the hautboy, the prompter, &c. The bouquet was given to the Giuletta, who is barely handsome. How can one love magnificence and low company at the same instant! We are making great parties for the Barberina and the Auretti, a charming French girl; and our schemes succeed so well that the Opera begins to fill surprisingly; for all those who don't love music, love noise and party, and will any night give half a guinea for the liberty of hissing—such is English harmony!

I have been in a round of dinners with Lord Stafford, and Bussy[5] the French minister, who tells one stories of Capuchins, confessions, Henri Quatre, Louis XIV, Gascons, and the string which all Frenchmen go through, without any connection or relation to the discourse. These very stories, which I have already heard four times, are only interrupted by English puns, which old Churchill translates out of jest-books into the mouth of my Lord Chesterfield, and into most execrable French. . . .[6]

Adieu! I have scribbled, and blotted, and made nothing out, and, in short, have nothing to say, so good night!

104. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Jan. 6, 1743.

You will wonder that you have not heard from me, but I have been too ill to write. I have been confined these ten days with a most violent cough, and they suspected an inflammation on my lungs; but I am come off with the loss of my eyes and my voice, both which I am recovering, and would write to you to-day. I have received your long letter of December 11th, and return you a thousand thanks

[5] Abbé de Bussy, an adroit diplomatist. He was private secretary to the Duc de Richelieu, and one of the chief clerks in the French Foreign Office. (*Memoirs of George III*, ed. 1894, vol. i. p. 45 n.)

[6] Passage omitted.

for giving me up so much of your time; I wish I could make as long a letter for you, but we are in a neutrality of news. The Elector Palatine[1] is dead; but I have not heard what alterations that will make. Lord Wilmington's death, which is reckoned hard upon, is likely to make more conversation here. He is going to the Bath, but that is only to pass away the time till he dies.

The great Vernon is landed, but we have not been alarmed with any bonfires or illuminations; he has outlived all his popularity. There is nothing new but the separation of a Mr. and Mrs. French, whom it is impossible you should know. She has been fashionable these two winters; her husband has commenced a suit in Doctors' Commons against her boar-cat, and will, they say, recover considerable damages: but the lawyers are of opinion that the kittens must inherit Mr. French's estate, as they were born in lawful wedlock.

The Parliament meets again on Monday, but I don't hear of any fatigue that we are likely to have; in a little time, I suppose, we shall hear what campaigning we are to make.

I must tell you an admirable reply of your acquaintance the Duchess of Queensberry: old Lady Granville[2], Lord Carteret's mother, whom they call *the Queen-Mother*, from taking upon her to do the honours of her son's power, was pressing the Duchess to ask her for some place for herself or friends, and assured her that she would procure it, be it what it would. Could she have picked out a fitter person to be gracious to? The Duchess made her a most grave curtsey, and said, 'Indeed, there was one thing she had set her heart on.'—'Dear child, how you oblige me by

Letter 104.—[1] Charles Philip of Neuburg, Elector Palatine, died Dec. 31, 1742. He was succeeded by Charles Theodore of Sulzbach, who became Elector of Bavaria in 1777, and died in 1799.

[2] Lady Grace Granville (1667–1744), second daughter of John Granville, first Earl of Bath, cr. Viscountess Carteret and Countess Granville, 1715; m. (1675) Sir George Carteret, cr. Baron Carteret of Hawnes (d. 1685).

asking anything! What is it? tell me.'—'Only that you would speak to my Lord Carteret to get me made Lady of the Bedchamber to the Queen of Hungary.'

I come now to your letter, and am not at all pleased to find that the Princess absolutely intends to murder you with her cold rooms. I wish you could come on those nights and sit by my fireside; I have the prettiest warm little apartment, with all my baubles, and Patapans and cats! Patapan and I go to-morrow to New Park, to my Lord, for the air, and come back with him on Monday.

What an infamous story that affair of Nomis is! and how different the ideas of honour among officers in your world and ours! Your history of cicisbeism is more entertaining: I figure the distress of a parcel of lovers who have so many things to dread—the government in this world! purgatory in the next! inquisitions, *villeggiaturas*, convents, &c. We indeed want these provocatives; all our love is between husbands and wives; and if it were not now and then for a gallant boar-cat the word *intrigue* would be lost in the language.

Lord Essex is extremely bad, and has not strength enough to go through the remedies that are necessary to his recovery. He now fancies that he does not exist, and will not be persuaded to walk or talk, because, as he sometimes says, 'How should he do anything? he is not.'

You say, 'How came I not to see Duc d'Aremberg?' I did once at the Opera; but he went away soon after; and here it is not the way to visit foreigners, unless you are of the Court, or are particularly in a way of having them at your house: consequently Sir R. never saw him neither—we are *not* of the Court! Next, as to Arlington Street: Sir R. is in a middling kind of house, which has long been his, and was let; he has taken a small one next to it for me, and they are laid together.

I come now to speak to you of the affair of the Duke of Newcastle; but absolutely, on considering it much myself, and on talking of it with your brother, we both are against your attempting any such thing. In the first place, I never heard a suspicion of the Duke's taking presents, and should think he would rather be affronted: in the next place, my dear child, though you are fond of that coffee-pot, it would be thought nothing among such wardrobes as he has, of the finest-wrought plate: why, he has a set of gold plates that would make a figure on any sideboard in the Arabian Tales; and as to Benvenuto Cellini, if the Duke could take it for his, people in England understand all work too well to be deceived. Lastly, as there has been no talk of alterations in the foreign ministers, and as all changes seem at an end, why should you be apprehensive? As to Stone[3], if anything was done, to be sure it should be to him; though I really can't advise even that. These are my sentiments sincerely: by no means think of the Duke. Adieu!

105. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Jan. 13, 1743.

Your brother brought me two letters together this morning, and at the same time showed me yours to your father. Jesus! How should I be ashamed, were I he, to receive such a letter! so dutiful, so humble, and yet so expressive of the straits to which he has let you be reduced! My dear child, it looks too much like the son of a minister, when I am no longer so; but I can't help repeating to you offers

[3] Andrew Stone, Secretary to the Duke of Newcastle. *Walpole.*—Born 1703; Under-Secretary of State, 1734; M.P. for Hastings, 1741-61; Sub-Governor to the Prince of Wales (afterwards George III), 1751; Treasurer to Queen Charlotte, 1761; d. 1773. Stone had great influence with the Pelhams, and was an expert political wire-puller. He was credited (by the Whigs) with Jacobite sentiments, and with the wish to imbue the Prince of Wales with exalted ideas of the power of the royal prerogative.

of any kind of service that you think I can do for you any way.

I am quite happy at your thinking Tuscany so secure from Spain, unless the wise head of Richcourt works against the season; but how can I ever be easy while a provincial Frenchman, something half French, half German, instigated by a mad Englishwoman[1], is to govern an Italian dominion!

I laughed much at the magnificent presents made by one of the first families in Florence to their young *accouchée*. Do but think if a Duke and Duchess of Somerset were to give a Lady Hertford fifty pounds and twenty yards of velvet for bringing an heir to the blood of Seymour!

It grieves me that my letters drop in so slowly to you: I have never missed writing, but when I have been absolutely too much out of order, or once or twice when I had no earthly thing to tell you. This winter is so quiet, that one must inquire much to know anything. The Parliament is met again, but we do not hear of any intended opposition to anything. The Tories have dropped the affair of the Hanoverians in the House of Lords, in compliment to my Lord Gower. There is a second pamphlet published on that subject, which makes a great noise. The ministry are much distressed on the ways and means for raising the money for this year: there is to be a lottery, but that will not supply a quarter of what they want. They have talked of a new duty on tea, to be paid by every housekeeper for all the persons in their families; but it will scarce be proposed. Tea is so universal, that it would make a greater clamour than a duty on wine. Nothing is determined; the new folks do not shine at expedients. Sir Robert's health is now drunk at all the clubs in the city; they are for having him made a duke, and placed again at the head of the Treasury; but I believe nothing could prevail on

Letter 105.—[1] Lady Walpole.

him to return thither. He says he will keep the 12th of February,—the day he resigned,—with his family as long as he lives. They talk of Sandys being raised to the peerage, by way of getting rid of him; he is so dull they can scarce drag him on.

The English troops in Flanders march to-day [2], whither we don't know, but probably to Liège: from whence they imagine the Hanoverians are going into Juliers and Bergue [3]. The ministry have been greatly alarmed with the King of Sardinia's retreat [4], and suspected that it was a total one from the Queen's interest; but it seems he sent for Villettes and the Hungarian minister, and had their previous approbations of his deserting Chamberry, &c.

Vernon is not yet got to town; we are impatient for what will follow the arrival of this mad hero. Wentworth will certainly challenge him, but Vernon does not profess *personal* valour: he was once knocked down by a merchant, who then offered him satisfaction—but he was satisfied.

Lord Essex [5] is dead: Lord Lincoln will have the Bedchamber; Lord Berkeley of Stratton [6] (a disciple of Carteret's) the Pensioners; and Lord Carteret himself probably the riband [7].

As to my Lady Walpole's dormant title [8], it was in her

[2] The troops advanced so slowly that they did not cross the Rhine until the middle of May.

[3] In the territory of the Elector Palatine.

[4] He had been out-manœuvred, and was obliged to withdraw into Piedmont, leaving Savoy at the mercy of the Spaniards.

[5] William Capel, third Earl of Essex. *Walpole.*

[6] John Berkeley, fifth Baron Berkeley of Stratton; Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard, 1743–46; Treasurer of the Household, 1755–56; Captain of the Gentlemen Pensioners, 1756–62; Constable of the Tower of London, 1762–70; d. 1773.

[7] Of the Garter, which Lord Carteret did not receive until 1749.

[8] The Barony of Clinton in fee descended to the daughters of Theophilus, Earl of Huntingdon, who died without male issue. One of those ladies died without children, by which means the title lay between the families of Rolle and Fortescue. King George I gave it to Hugh Fortescue, afterwards created an Earl; on whose death it descended to his only sister, a maiden lady, after whom, without issue, it devolved on Lady Orford. *Walpole.*—(See Table I a.)

family; but being in the King's power to give to which sister in equal claim he pleased, it was bestowed on Lord Clinton, who descended from the younger sister of Lady W.'s grandmother or great-grand-something. My Lady Clifford[9] (Coke's mother) got her barony so, in preference to Lady Salisbury[10] and Lady Sondes[11], her elder sisters, who had already titles for their children. It is called a title in abeyance.

Sir Robert has just bid me tell you to send the Dominichin by the first safe conveyance to Matthews, who has had orders from Lord Winchelsea to send it by the first man-of-war to England; or, if you meet with a ship going to Port Mahon, then you must send it thither to Anstruther[12], and write to him that Lord Orford desires he will take care of it, and send it by the first ship that comes directly home. He is so impatient for it that he will have it thus; but I own I should not like having my things jumbled out of one ship into another, and rather beg mine may stay till they can come at once. Adieu!

106. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Jan. 27, 1743.

I could not write to you last Thursday, I was so much out of order with a cold; your brother came and found me in bed. To-night, that I can write, I have nothing to tell you; except that yesterday the welcome news (to the ministry) came of the accession of the Dutch to the King's

[9] Lady Margaret Tufton (1700–1775), Baroness Lovel, Countess of Leicester, and *suo jure* Baroness de Clifford; m. (1718) Thomas Coke of Holkham, afterwards Baron Lovel, Viscount Coke, and Earl of Leicester.

[10] Lady Anne Tufton, second daughter of sixth Earl of Thanet; m. (1709) James Cecil, fifth Earl of Salisbury; d. 1757.

[11] Lady Catherine Tufton, eldest daughter of sixth Earl of Thanet; m. (1708) Edward Watson, Viscount Sondes, eldest son of third Earl of Rockingham; d. 1734.

[12] Lieutenant-General Philip Anstruther (of Airdrie), member for Anstruther in five Parliaments.

measures. They are in great triumph; but till it is clear what part his Prussian Uprightness[1] is acting, other people take the liberty to be still in suspense. So they are about all our domestic matters too. It is a general stare! the alteration that must soon happen in the Treasury[2] will put some end to the uncertainties of winter. Mr. Pelham is universally named to the head of it; but Messrs. Prince[3], Carteret, Pulteney, and Companies must be a little considered how they will like it: the latter the least.

You will wonder, perhaps be peevish, when I protest I have not another paragraph by me in the world. I want even common conversation; for I cannot persist, like the Royal Family, in asking people the same questions, 'Do you love walking?' 'Do you love music?' 'Was you at the Opera?' 'When do you go into the country?' I have nothing else to say: nothing happens; scarce the common episodes of a newspaper, of a man falling off a ladder and breaking his leg; or of a countryman cheated of his leather pouch, with fifty shillings in it. We are in such a state of sameness, that I shall begin to wonder at the change of seasons, and talk of the spring as a strange accident. Lord Tyrawley, who has been fifteen years in Portugal, is of my opinion; he says he finds nothing but a fog, whisk, and the House of Commons.

In this lamentable state, when I know not what to write even to you, what can I do about my serene Princess Grifoni? Alas! I owe her two letters, and where to find a *beau sentiment*, I cannot tell! I believe I may have some by me in an old chest of drawers, with some exploded red-heel shoes and full-bottom wigs; but they would come out so yellow and moth-eaten! Do vow to her, in every superlative degree in the language, that my eyes have been so

LETTER 106.—[1] The King.
[2] Lord Wilmington's death was expected daily, but he lived until July.
[3] The Prince of Wales.

bad, that as I wrote you word, over and over, I have not been able to write a line. That will move her, when she hears what melancholy descriptions I write, of my not being able to write—nay, indeed it will not be so ridiculous as you think; for it is ten times worse for the eyes to write in a language one don't much practise! I remember a tutor at Cambridge, who had been examining some lads in Latin, but in a little while excused himself, and said he must speak English, for his mouth was very sore.

I had a letter from you yesterday of January 7th, N.S., which has wonderfully excited my compassion for the necessities of the princely family[4], and the shifts of the old lady[5] is put to for quadrille.

I triumph much on my penetration about the *honest* Rucellai—we little people, who have no honesty, virtue, nor shame, do so exult when a good neighbour, who was a pattern, turns out as bad as oneself! We are like the good woman in the Gospel, who chuckled so much on finding her lost bit; we have more joy on a saint's fall, than in ninety-nine devils, who were always *de nous autres!* I am a little pleased too, that Marquis Bagnesi, whom you know I always liked much, has behaved so well; and am more pleased to hear what a *beffana* the Electress[6] is—— Pho! here am I, sending you back your own paragraphs, cut and turned! it is so silly to think that you won't know them again! I will not spin myself any longer; it is better to make a short letter. I am going to the masquerade, and will fancy myself in *Via della Pergola*[7]. Adieu! 'Do you know me?'—'That man there with you, in the black domino, is Mr. Chute.' Good night!

[4] Prince and Princess Craon. They were deeply in debt.

[5] Madame Sarasin.

[6] The Electress Palatine Dowager, the last of the House of Medici. *Walpole.*—Anna Maria Louisa (1667–1743), daughter of Cosmo III, Grand Duke of Tuscany; m. John William, Elector Palatine (d. 1716).

[7] A street at Florence, in which the Opera House stands. *Walpole.*

107. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Feb. 2, 1743.

Last night at the Duchess of Richmond's, I saw Madame Goldsworthy: what a pert, little, unbred thing it is! The Duchess presented us to one another; but I cannot say that either of us stepped a foot beyond the first civilities. The good Duchess was for harbouring her and all her brood: how it happened to her I don't conceive, but the thing had decency enough to refuse it. She is going to live with her father[1] at Plymouth—*tant mieux!*

The day before yesterday the Lords had a great day: Earl Stanhope moved for an address to his *Britannic* Majesty, in consideration of the heavy wars, taxes, &c., far exceeding all that ever were known, to exonerate his people of foreign troops (Hanoverians), which are so expensive, and can in no light answer the ends for which they were hired. Lord Sandwich seconded; extremely well, I hear, for I was not there. Lord Carteret answered, but was under great concern. Lord Bath spoke too, and would fain have persuaded that this measure was not solely of one minister, but that himself and all the Council were equally concerned in it. The late Privy Seal[2] spoke for an hour and a half, with the greatest applause, *against* the Hanoverians; and my Lord Chancellor[3] extremely well for them. The division was, 90 for the Court, 35 against it. The present Privy Seal[4] voted with the Opposition: so there will soon be another. Lord Halifax, the Prince's new Lord[5], was with the minority too; the other, Lord Darnley, with the Court. After the division, Lord Scarborough, his Royal Highness's Treasurer, moved an address

Letter 107.—[1] Captain Vanbrugh.
[2] Lord Hervey. *Walpole.*
[3] Lord Hardwicke.
[4] Lord Gower. *Walpole.*
[5] Of the Bedchamber.

of approbation of the measure, which was carried by 78 to the former 35. Lord Orford was ill, and could not be there, but sent his proxy: he has got a great cold and slow fever, but does not keep his room. If Lord Gower loses the Privy Seal, (as it is taken for granted he does not design to keep it,) and Lord Bath refuses it, Lord Cholmondeley [6] stands the fairest for it.

I will conclude abruptly, for you will be tired of my telling you that I have nothing to tell you—but so it is literally—oh! yes, you will want to know what the Duke of Argyll did—he was not there; he is everything but superannuated. Adieu!

108. To Horace Mann.

Feb. 13, 1743.

Ceretesi tells me that Madame Galli is dead: I have had two letters from you this week; but the last mentions only the death of old Strozzi. I am quite sorry for Madame Galli, because I proposed seeing her again, on my return to Florence, which I have firmly in my intention: I hope it will be a little before Ceretesi's, for he seems to be planted here. I don't conceive who waters him! Here are two noble Venetians that have carried him about lately to Oxford and Blenheim: I am literally waiting for him now, to introduce him to Lady Brown's[1] Sunday night; it is the great mart for all travelling and travelled calves—pho! here he is.

Monday morning.—Here is your brother: he tells me you

[6] He succeeded Lord Gower as Privy Seal, Dec. 1743.

Letter 108.—[1] Margaret (d. 1782), daughter of Hon. Robert Cecil, second son of third Earl of Salisbury. Her husband had been Resident at Venice, and she was a patroness of foreign singers. She is stated by Burney (*Hist. of Music*, iv. 671) to have been 'one of the first persons of fashion who had the courage at the risk of her windows to have concerts on a Sunday evening.'

never hear from me; how can that be? I receive yours, and you generally mention having got one of mine, though long after the time you should. I never miss above one post, and that but very seldom. I am longer receiving yours, though you have never missed; but then I frequently receive two at once. I am delighted with Goldsworthy's mystery about King Theodore[2]! If you will promise me not to tell him, I will tell you a secret, which is, that if that person is not King Theodore, I assure you it is not Sir Robert Walpole. . . .[3]

I have nothing to tell you but that Lord Effingham Howard[4] is dead, and Lord Litchfield[5] at the point of death; he was struck with a palsy last Thursday. Adieu!

109. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Feb. 24, 1743.

I write to you in the greatest hurry in the world, but write I will. Besides, I must wish you joy: you are warriors; nay, conquerors; two things quite novel in this war, for hitherto it has been armies without fighting, and deaths without killing. We talk of this battle as of a comet; 'Have you heard of *the* battle[1]?' it is so strange

[2] Theodore, Baron de Neuhoff, a German adventurer, who in return for assistance rendered to the rebellious Corsicans was (in 1736) proclaimed King by them. He held his ground against the Genoese for some time, and was finally expelled by the French. He fled to Amsterdam, where he was imprisoned for debt. He escaped thence, and took refuge in England, where he was again imprisoned. He obtained his release on registering his 'kingdom' for the benefit of his creditors, and died shortly afterwards in London (Dec. 11, 1756) His grave in the churchyard of St. Anne's, Soho, is indicated by an epitaph written by Horace Walpole. The latter endeavoured to raise a subscription for him by means of an essay in the *World* (No. VIII, *Works*, vol. i. p. 151). The vicissitudes of his career inspired a paragraph in Horace Walpole's *Strange Occurrences* (*Works*, vol. iv. p. 365).

[3] Passage omitted.

[4] Francis Howard (1683–1743), eighth Baron Howard of Effingham and first Earl of Effingham; Deputy Earl Marshal, 1731; Brigadier-General, 1739. He died on Feb. 12.

[5] He died on Feb. 15.

Letter 109.—[1] On the night of

a thing, that numbers imagine you may go and see it at Charing Cross. Indeed, our officers, who are going to Flanders, don't quite like it; they are afraid it should grow the fashion to fight, and that a pair of colours should no longer be a sinecure. I am quite unhappy about poor Mr. Chute: besides, it is cruel to find that abstinence is not a drug. If mortification ever ceases to be a medicine, or virtue to be a passport to carnivals in the other world, who will be a self-tormentor any longer—not, my child, that I am one; but, tell me, is he quite recovered?

I thank you for King Theodore's declaration[2], and wish him success with all my soul. I hate the Genoese; they make a commonwealth the most devilish of all tyrannies!

We have every now and then motions for disbanding Hessians and Hanoverians, *alias* mercenaries; but they come to nothing. To-day the party have declared that they have done for this session; so you will hear little more but of fine equipages for Flanders: our troops are actually marched, and the officers begin to follow them—I hope they know whither! You know in the last war in Spain[3], Lord Peterborough[4] rode galloping about to inquire for his army.

But to come to more *real* contests; Handel has set up an Oratorio against the operas, and succeeds. He has hired all the goddesses from farces and the singers of *Roast Beef*[5]

February 8, 1743. The Austrians and Sardinians, under Counts Traun and d'Apremont, defeated the Spaniards under Count de Gages, on the Panaro, an affluent of the Po.

[2] See *Gent. Mag.*, 1743, p. 110.

[3] The War of the Spanish Succession.

[4] Charles Mordaunt (circ. 1658–1735), third Earl of Peterborough, prominent in his day as general, admiral, diplomatist, and author. His principal exploit as Commander-in-Chief of the English forces in Spain was the capture of Barcelona (Sept. 1705). Horace Walpole, in the account of Peterborough in *Royal and Noble Authors*, remarks that he is said to have 'seen more kings and more postilions than any man in Europe.'

[5] It was customary at this time for the galleries to call for a ballad called 'The Roast Beef of Old England,' between the acts, or before or after the play. *Walpole.*

from between the acts at both theatres, with a man with one note in his voice, and a girl without ever an one; and so they sing, and make brave hallelujahs; and the good company encore the recitative, if it happens to have any cadence like what they call a tune. I was much diverted the other night at the Opera; two gentlewomen sat before my sister, and not knowing her, discoursed at their ease. Says one, 'Lord! how fine Mr. W. is!' 'Yes,' replied the other (with a tone of saying sentences), 'some men love to be particularly so, your *petits-maîtres*—but they are not always the brightest of their sex.'—Do thank me for this period! I am sure you will enjoy it as much as we did.

I shall be very glad of my things, and approve entirely of your precautions; Sir R. will be quite happy, for there is no telling you how impatient he is for his Dominichin. Adieu!

110. To Horace Mann.

March 3, 1743.

So, she is dead at last, the old Electress[1]! well, I have nothing more to say about her and the Medici; they had outlived all their acquaintance: indeed, her death makes the battle very considerable—makes us call a victory what before we did not look upon as very decided laurels. . . .[2]

Lord Hervey has entertained the town with another piece of wisdom: on Sunday it was declared that he had married his eldest daughter[3] the night before to a Mr. Phipps[4],

Letter 110.—[1] Anna Maria of Medicis, daughter of Cosmo III, widow of John William, Elector Palatine. After her husband's death she returned to Florence, where she died, Feb. 7, 1743, aged seventy-five, being the last of that family. *Walpole.*

[2] Passage omitted.

[3] Hon. Lepell Hervey.

[4] Constantine Phipps (1722–1775), cr. Baron Mulgrave, of New Ross, Wexford, Sept. 3, 1767; son of William Phipps (son of Sir Constantine Phipps, Lord Chancellor of Ireland), by his wife Lady Catherine Annesley, daughter of third Earl of Anglesey by his wife Lady Catherine Darnley, natural daughter of James II (who married, secondly, John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham).

grandson of the Duchess of Buckingham. They sent for the boy but the day before from Oxford, and bedded them at a day's notice. But after all this mystery, it does not turn out that there is anything great in this match, but the greatness of the secret. Poor Hervey[5], the brother, is in fear and trembling, for he apprehends being ravished to bed to some fortune or other with as little ceremony. The Oratorios thrive abundantly—for my part, they give me an idea of heaven, where everybody is to sing whether they have voices or not.

The Board (the Jacobite Club) have chosen his Majesty's Lord Privy Seal[6] for their President, in the room of Lord Litchfield. Don't you like the harmony of parties? We expect the Parliament will rise this month: I shall be sorry, for if I am not hurried out of town, at least everybody else will—and who can look forward from April to November? Adieu! though I write in defiance of having nothing to say, yet you see I can't go a great way in this obstinacy; but you will bear a short letter rather than none.

111. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, March 14, 1743.

I don't at all know how to advise you about mourning; I always think that the custom of the country, and what other foreign ministers do, should be your rule. But I had a private scruple rose with me: that was, whether *you* should show so much respect to the late woman[1] as other ministers do, since she left that legacy to *Quello a Roma*[2]. I mentioned this to my Lord, but he thinks that the tender manner of her wording it, takes off that exception; how-

[5] George William Hervey, afterwards second Earl of Bristol.

[6] Lord Gower. *Walpole.*

Letter 111.—[1] The Electress Palatine Dowager. *Walpole.*

[2] She left a legacy to the Pretender, describing him only by these words, *To Him at Rome. Walpole.*

ever, he thinks it better that you should write for advice to your commanding officer. That will be very late, and you will probably have determined before. You see what a casuist I am in ceremony; I leave the question more perplexed than I found it.

Pray, Sir, congratulate me upon the new acquisition of glory to my family! We have long been eminent statesmen; now that we are out of employment we have betaken ourselves to war—and we have made great proficience in a short season. We don't run, like my Lord Stair, into Berg and Juliers, to seek battles where we are sure of not finding them—we make shorter marches; a step across the Court of Requests brings us to engagement. But not to detain you any longer with flourishes, which will probably be inserted in my uncle Horace's patent when he is made a field-marshal, you must know that he has fought a duel, and has scratched a scratch three inches long on the side of his enemy—*Io Pæan!* The circumstances of this memorable engagement were, in short, that on some witness being to be examined the other day in the House upon remittances to the army, my uncle said, 'He hoped they would *indemnify* him, if he told anything that affected himself.' Soon after he was standing behind the Speaker's chair, and Will Chetwynd, an intimate of Bolingbroke, came up to him, and said, 'What, Mr. Walpole, are you for rubbing up old sores?' He replied, 'I think I said very little, considering that you and your friends would last year have hanged up me and my brother at the lobby door without a trial.' Chetwynd answered, 'I would still have you both have your deserts.' The other said, 'If you and I had, probably I should be here and you would be somewhere else.' This drew more words, and Chetwynd took him by the arm and led him out. In the lobby, Horace said, 'We shall be observed, we had better put it off till to-morrow.' 'No, no,

now! now!' When they came to the bottom of the stairs, Horace said, 'I am out of breath, let us draw here.' They drew; Chetwynd hit him on the breast, but was not near enough to pierce his coat. Horace made a pass, which the other put by with his hand, but it glanced along his side—a clerk, who had observed them go out together so arm-in-armly, could not believe it amicable, but followed them, and came up just time enough to beat down their swords, as Horace had driven him against a post, and would probably have run him through at the next thrust. Chetwynd went away to a surgeon's, and kept his bed the next day; he has not reappeared yet, but is in no danger. My uncle returned to the House, and was so little moved as to speak immediately upon the *Cambric Bill*, which made Swinny say, 'That it was a sign he was not *ruffled*.' Don't you delight in this duel? I expect to see it daubed up by some circuit-painter on the ceiling of the salon at Woolterton.

I have no news to tell you, but that we hear King Theodore has sent over proposals of his person and crown to Lady Lucy Stanhope[3], with whom he fell in love the last time he was in England.

Princess Buckingham[4] is dead or dying: she has sent for

[3] Sister of Earl Stanhope. *Walpole.*—Eldest daughter of first Earl Stanhope.

[4] Catherine, Duchess of Buckingham, natural daughter of King James II by the Countess of Dorchester. She was so proud of her birth, that she would never go to Versailles, because they would not give her the rank of Princess of the Blood. At Rome, whither she went two or three times to see her brother, and to carry on negotiations with him for his interest, she had a box at the Opera distinguished like those of crowned heads. She not only regulated the ceremony of her own burial, and dressed up the waxen figure of herself for Westminster Abbey, but had shown the same insensible pride on the death of her only son, dressing his figure, and sending messages to her friends, that if they had a mind to see him lie in state, she would carry them in conveniently by a back-door. She sent to the old Duchess of Marlborough to borrow the triumphal car that had carried the Duke's body. Old Sarah, as mad and proud as herself, sent her word that it had carried my Lord Marlborough and should never be profaned by any other corpse. The Buckingham returned, that 'she had spoken to the undertaker, and he had engaged to make a finer for twenty pounds.' *Walpole.*

Mr. Anstis[5], and settled the ceremonial of her burial. On Saturday she was so ill that she feared dying before all the pomp was come home: she said, 'Why won't they send the canopy for me to see? let them send it, though all the tassels are not finished.' But yesterday was the greatest stroke of all! She made her *ladies* vow to her, that if she should lie senseless, they would not sit down in the room before she was dead. She has a great mind to be buried by her father at Paris. Mrs. Selwyn says, 'She need not be carried out of England, and yet be buried by her father.' You know that Lady Dorchester[6] always told her, that old Graham[7] was her father.

I am much obliged to you for the trouble you have taken about the statue; do draw upon me for it immediately, and for all my other debts to you: I am sure they must be numerous; pray don't fail.

[5] John Anstis (1669–1745), Garter King at Arms; Deputy-General to the Auditors of the Imprest; one of the principal Commissioners of Prizes. He was sometime M.P. for St. Germains, St. Mawes, and Launceston, and was a voluminous writer on heraldry and kindred subjects.

[6] Catherine Sedley (circ. 1653–1717), only daughter of Sir Charles Sedley, fifth Baronet; cr. Countess of Dorchester, 1686 (by James II, whose mistress she was); m. (1696) Sir David Colyear, afterwards Earl of Portmore.

[7] Colonel Graham. When the Duchess was young, and as insolent as afterwards, her mother used to say, 'You need not be so proud, for you are not the King's, but old Graham's daughter.' It is certain, that his legitimate daughter, the Countess of Berkshire and Suffolk, was extremely like the Duchess, and that he often said with a sneer, 'Well, well, kings are great men, they make free with whom they please! All I can say is, that I am sure the same man begot those two women.' The Duchess often went to weep over her father's body at Paris: one of the monks, seeing her tenderness, thought it a proper opportunity to make her observe how ragged the pall is that lies over the body (which is kept unburied to be some time or other interred in England), but she would not buy a new one. *Walpole.*—Colonel James Graham (1649–1730), second son of Sir George Graham, Baronet, of Netherby; Keeper of the Privy Purse to Duke and Duchess of York, 1679; Keeper of the Privy Purse to James II, 1685; Master of the Buckhounds and Harthounds, 1685; Deputy Lieutenant of the Castle and Forest of Windsor, 1685. His adherence to James II led to his imprisonment in the Fleet Prison, but he was soon released. He took the oaths to the government in 1701. At his seat Levens, near Kendal, he laid out the gardens, which are still celebrated examples of topiary work.

A thousand loves to the Chutes: a thousand compliments to the Princess; and a thousand—whats? to the Grifona. Alas! what can one do? I have forgot all my Italian. Adieu!

112. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, March 25, 1743.

Well! my dear Sir, the Genii, or whoever are to look after the seasons, seem to me to change turns, and to wait instead of one another, like lords of the bedchamber. We have had loads of sunshine all the winter; and within these ten days nothing but snows, north-east winds, and blue plagues. The last ships have brought over all your epidemic distempers: not a family in London has escaped under five or six ill: many people have been forced to hire new labourers. Guernier, the apothecary, took two new apothecaries, and yet could not drug all his patients. It is a cold and fever. I had one of the worst, and was blooded on Saturday and Sunday, but it is quite gone: my father was blooded last night: his is but slight. The physicians say that there has been nothing like it since the year thirty-three, and then not so bad: in short, our army abroad would shudder to see what streams of blood have been let out! Nobody has died of it, but old Mr. Eyres[1], of Chelsea, through obstinacy of not bleeding; and his ancient Grace of York[2]. Wilcox of Rochester[3] succeeds him, who is fit for nothing in the world, but to die of this cold too.

They now talk of the King's *not* going abroad: I like to talk on that side; because though it may not be true, one

Letter 112.—[1] Kingsmill Eyre, Secretary to the Commissioners of Chelsea College.

[2] Lancelot Blackburne (1658–1743), Archbishop of York. He was remarkable for the freedom of his manners.

[3] He was not succeeded by Dr. Wilcox, but by Dr. Herring, since promoted to the Archbishopric of Canterbury. *Walpole.*

may at least be able to give some sort of reason why he should not. We go into mourning for your Electress on Sunday; I suppose they will tack the Elector of Mentz[4] to her, for he is just dead. I delight in Richcourt's calculation: I don't doubt but it is the method he often uses in accounting with the Great Duke.

I have had two letters from you of the 5th and 12th, with a note of things coming by sea; but, my dear child, you are either run Roman Catholicly devout, or take me to be so; for nothing but a religious fit of zeal could make you think of sending me so many presents. Why, there are Madonnas enough in one case to furnish a more than common cathedral —I absolutely will drive to Demetrius, the silversmith's, and bespeak myself a pompous shrine! But, indeed, seriously, how can I, who have a conscience, and am no saint, take all these things? You must either let me pay for them, or I will demand my unfortunate coffee-pot again, which has put you upon ruining yourself. By the way, do let me have it again, for I cannot trust it any longer in your hands at this rate; and since I have found out its virtue, I will present it to somebody, whom I shall have no scruple of letting send me bales and cargoes, and ship-loads of Madonnas, perfumes, prints, frankincense, &c. You have not even drawn upon me for my statue, my Hermaphrodite, my gallery, and twenty other things, for which I am lawfully your debtor.

I must tell you one thing, that I will not say a word to my Lord of this *Argosie*, as Shakspeare calls his costly ships, till it is arrived, for he will tremble for his Dominichin, and think it will not come safe in all this company—by the way, will a captain of a man-of-war care to take all? We were talking over Italy last night: my Lord protests, that if

[4] Karl Philipp von Elz, Archbishop and Elector of Mainz, d. March 20, 1743.

he thought he had strength, he would see Florence, Bologna, and Rome, by way of Marseilles, to Leghorn. You may imagine how I gave in to such a jaunt. I don't set my heart upon it, because I think he cannot do it; but if he does, I promise you, you shall be his cicerone. I delight in the gallantry of my Princess's brother[5]. I will tell you what, if the Italians don't take care, they will grow as brave and as wrong-headed as their neighbours. Oh! how shall I do about writing to her? Well, if I can, I will be bold, and write to her to-night.

I have no idea what the two minerals are that you mention, but I will inquire, and if there are such, you shall have them; and gold and silver, if they grow in this land; for I am sure I am deep enough in your debt. Adieu!

P.S. It won't do! I have tried to write, but you would bless yourself to see what stuff I have been forging for half an hour, and have not waded through three lines of paper. I have totally forgot my Italian, and if she will but have prudence enough to support the loss of a correspondence, which was long since worn threadbare, we will come to as decent a silence as may be.

113. To Horace Mann.

Monday, April 4, 1743.

I had my pen in my hand all last Thursday morning, to write to you, but my pen had nothing to say. I would make it do something to-day, though what will come of it, I don't conceive.

They say, the King does not go abroad: we know nothing about our army. I suppose it is gone to blockade Egra, and to *not* take Prague, as it has been the fashion for everybody to send their army to do these three years. The officers in

[5] Signor Capponi, brother of Madame Grifoni. *Walpole.*

Parliament are not gone yet. We have nothing to do, but I believe the ministry have something for us to do, for we are continually adjourned, but not prorogued. They talk of marrying Princess Caroline[1] and Louisa[2] to the future Kings of Sweden[3] and Denmark[4]; but if the latter[5] is King of both, I don't apprehend that he is to marry both the Princesses in his double capacity.

Herring[6], of Bangor, the youngest bishop, is named to the see of York. It looks as if the bench thought the Church going out of fashion; for two or three of them have refused this mitre[7].

Next Thursday we are to be entertained with a pompous parade for the burial of old Princess Buckingham. They have invited ten peeresses to walk; all somehow or other dashed with blood-royal, and rather than not have King James's daughter attended by princesses, they have fished out two or three countesses descended from his competitor Monmouth.

There, I am at the end of my tell! If I write on, it must be to ask questions. I would ask why Mr. Chute has left me off? but when he sees what a frippery correspondent I am, he will scarce be in haste to renew with me again. I really don't know why I am so dry; mine used to be the pen of a ready writer, but whisk seems to have stretched its leaden wand over me, too, who have nothing to do with it.

LETTER 113.—[1] Princess Elizabeth Caroline (1713–1757), third daughter of George II; noted for her piety and benevolence; she died unmarried. (See *Memoirs of George II*, ed. 1822, vol. ii. p. 268, and Hervey, *Memoirs*, *passim*.)

[2] Princess Louisa (1724–1751), fifth daughter of George II; m. Frederick V, King of Denmark. (See *Memoirs of George II*, ed. 1822, vol. ii. pp. 197–8.)

[3] Prince Adolphus Frederick of Holstein-Gottorp, succeeded as King of Sweden, 1751; d. 1771.

[4] Frederick, Prince Royal of Denmark, succeeded his father, 1746; d. 1766.

[5] There was a party at this time in Sweden, who tried to choose the Prince Royal of Denmark for succession to King Frederick of Sweden. *Walpole.*

[6] Thomas Herring, translated to Canterbury, 1747.

[7] Dr. Wilcox, Bishop of Rochester, and Dr. Sherlock, Bishop of Salisbury; the latter afterwards accepted the see of London. *Walpole.*

I am trying to set up the noble game of bilboquet[8] against it, and composing a grammar in opposition to Mr. Hoyle's[9]. You will some day or other see an advertisement in the papers, to tell you where it may be bought, and that ladies may be waited upon by the author at their houses, to receive any further directions. I am really ashamed to send this scantling of paper by the post, over so many seas and mountains: it seems as impertinent as the commission which Prior gave to the winds,

> Lybs must fly south, and Eurus east,
> For jewels for her neck and breast[10].

Indeed, one would take you for my Chloe, when one looks on this modicum of gilt paper, which resembles a *billet-doux* more than a letter to a minister. But you must take it as the widow's mite, and since the death of my spouse, poor Mr. News, I cannot afford such large doles as formerly. Adieu! my dear child, I am yours ever, from a quire of the largest foolscap to a vessel of the smallest gilt.

114. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, April 14, 1743.

This has been a noble week; I have received three letters at once from you. I am ashamed when I reflect on the poverty of my own! but what can one do? I don't *sell* you my news, and therefore should not be excusable to *invent*. I wish we don't grow to have more news! Our politics, which have not always been the most in earnest, now begin to take a very serious turn. Our army is wading over the Rhine, up to their middles in snow. I hope . . .[1] they will be thawed before their return: but they have gone through excessive hardships. The King sends six thousand more of

[8] Cup and ball. [9] Edmond Hoyle (1672–1769), the writer on whist.
[10] Prior, *Mercury and Cupid*. Letter 114.—[1] Passage omitted.

his Hanoverians at his own expense: this will be popular—and the six thousand Hessians march too. All this will compose an army considerable enough to be a great loss if they miscarry. The King certainly goes abroad in less than a fortnight. He takes the Duke[2] with him to Hanover, who from thence goes directly to the army. The Court will not be great: the King takes only Lord Carteret, the Duke of Richmond, Master of the Horse, and Lord Holderness and Lord Harcourt[3], for the Bedchamber. The Duchesses of Richmond and Marlborough[4], and plump Carteret[5], go to the Hague.

His Royal Highness is not Regent: there are to be fourteen. The Earl of Bath and Mr. Pelham, neither of them in Regency-posts, are to be of the number.

I have read your letters about *Mystery* to Sir Robert. He denies absolutely having ever had transactions with King Theodore, and is amazed Lord Carteret can; which he can't help thinking but he must, by the intelligence about Lady Walpole. Now I can conceive all that affected friendship for Richcourt! She must have meant to return to England by Richcourt's interest with Touissant[6]—and then where was her friendship? You are quite in the right not to have engaged with King Theodore: your character is not *Furibondo*. Sir R. entirely disapproves all *Mysterious* dealings; he thinks *Furibondo* most bad and most improper, and always did. You mistook me about Lady Walpole's Lord—I meant Quarendon, who is now Earl of Litchfield,

[2] Of Cumberland.

[3] Simon Harcourt (circ. 1712–1777), second Viscount Harcourt, cr. Earl Harcourt, 1749; Lord of the Bedchamber, 1735–51; Governor to the Prince of Wales, 1751–52; sent as Ambassador to escort Queen Charlotte to England, 1761; Master of the Horse to the Queen, 1761–63; Lord Chamberlain to the Queen, 1763; Ambassador to Paris, 1768–69; Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, 1772–77; General, 1772.

[4] Hon. Elizabeth Trevor, daughter of second Baron Trevor; m. (1732) Charles Spencer, third Duke of Marlborough; d. 1761.

[5] Frances, only daughter of Sir Robert Worseley, first wife of Lord Carteret. *Walpole.*

[6] First minister of the Great Duke. *Walpole.*

by his father's death, which I mentioned. I think her lucky in Sturges's death, and him lucky in dying. He had outlived resentment; I think had almost lived to be pitied[7].

I forgot to thank you about the model, which I should have been sorry to have missed. I long for all the things, and my Lord more. Am I not to have a bill of lading, or how?

I never say anything of the Pomfrets, because in the great city of London the Countess's follies do not make the same figure as they did in little Florence. Besides, there are such numbers here who have such equal pretensions to be absurd, that one is scarce aware of particular ridicules.

I really don't know whether Vanneschi be dead; he married some low Englishwoman, who is kept by Amorevoli; so the Abbate turned the Opera every way to his profit. As to Bonducci[8], I don't think I could serve him; for I have no interest with the Lords Middlesex and Holderness, the two sole managers. Nor if I had, would I employ it, to bring over more ruin to the Operas. Gentlemen directors, with favourite abbés and favourite mistresses, have almost overturned the thing in England. You will plead my want of interest to Mr. Smith[9] too: besides, we had *buffos* here once, and from not understanding the language, people thought it a dull kind of dumb-show. We are next Tuesday to have the *Miserere* of Rome. It must be curious! the finest piece of vocal music in the world, to be performed by three good voices, and forty bad ones, from Oxford, Canterbury, and the farces! There is a new subscription formed for an Opera next year, to be carried on by the *Dilettanti*,

[7] Mr. Sturges had been a passion of Lady Walpole's.

[8] Bonducci was a Florentine Abbé, who translated some of Pope's works into Italian. *Walpole.*

[9] The English Consul at Venice. *Walpole.*—Joseph Smith, a well-known collector of books, manuscripts, pictures, coins, and gems. The collection of books sold by him to George III was the nucleus of that King's library, which is now in the British Museum.

a club, for which the nominal qualification is having been in Italy, and the real one, being drunk: the two chiefs are Lord Middlesex and Sir Francis Dashwood, who were seldom sober the whole time they were in Italy.

The Parliament rises next week: everybody is going out of town. My Lord goes the first week in May; but I shall reprieve myself till towards August. Dull as London is in summer, there is always more company in it than in any one place in the country. I hate the country: I am past the shepherdly age of groves and streams, and am not arrived at that of hating everything but what I do myself, as building and planting. Adieu!

115. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, April 25, 1743.

Nay, but it is serious! the King is gone, and the Duke with him. The latter actually to the army. They must sow laurels, if they design to reap any; for there are no conquests forward enough for them to come just in time and finish. The French have relieved Egra and cut to pieces two of the best Austrian regiments, the cuirassiers. This is ugly! We are sure, you know, of beating the French always in France and Flanders; but I don't hear that the heralds have produced any precedents for our conquering them on the other side the Rhine. We at home may be excused for trembling at the arrival of every post: I am sure I shall. If I were a woman, I should support my fears with more dignity; for if one did lose a husband or a lover, there are those becoming comforts, weeds and cypresses, jointures and weeping cupids; but I have only a friend or two to lose, and there are no ornamental substitutes settled, to be one's proxy for that sort of grief. One has not the satisfaction of fixing a day for receiving visits of

consolation from a thousand people whom one don't love, because one has lost the only person one did love. This is a new situation, and I don't like it.

You will see the Regency in the newspapers. I think the Prince might have been of it when my Lord Gower is. I don't think the latter more Jacobite than his Royal Highness.

The Prince is to come to town every Sunday fortnight to hold Drawing-rooms; the Princesses stay all the summer at St. James's—would I did! but I go in three weeks to Norfolk; the only place that could make me wish to live at St. James's. My Lord has pressed me so much, that I could not with decency refuse: he is going to furnish and hang his picture-gallery, and wants me. I can't help wishing that I had never known a Guido from a Teniers: but who could ever suspect any connection between painting and the wilds of Norfolk?

Princess Louisa's contract with the Prince of Denmark was signed the morning before the King went; but I don't hear when she goes. Poor Caroline misses her man of Lübeck[1], by his missing the Crown of Sweden.

I must tell you an odd thing that happened yesterday at Leicester House. The Prince's children were in the circle: Lady Augusta[2] heard somebody call Sir Robert Rich by his name. She concluded there was but one Sir Robert in the world, and taking him for Lord Orford, the child went staring up to him, and said, 'Pray, where is your blue string[3]? and pray what has become of your fat belly?' Did one ever hear of a more royal education, than to have

LETTER 115.—[1] Adolphus Frederick of Holstein, Bishop of Lübeck, was elected successor, and did succeed to the Crown of Sweden. He married the Princess Louisa Ulrica, of Prussia. *Walpole.*

[2] Princess Augusta (1737–1813), eldest daughter of Frederick, Prince of Wales; m. (1764) Charles William Ferdinand, Hereditary Prince (afterwards Duke) of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel.

[3] The ribbon of the Garter.

rung this mob cant in the child's ears till it had made this impression on her!

Lord Stafford is come over to marry Miss Cantillon[4], a vast fortune, of his own religion. She is daughter of the Cantillon who was robbed and murdered, and had his house burned by his cook a few years ago[5]. She is as ugly as he; but when she comes to Paris, and wears a good deal of rouge, and a separate apartment, who knows but she may be a beauty! There is no telling what a woman is, while she is as she is.

There is a great fracas in Ireland in a noble family or two, . . .[6] heightened by a pretty strong circumstance of Iricism. A Lord Belfield[7] married a very handsome daughter[8] of a Lord Molesworth[9]. A certain Arthur Rochfort, who happened to be acquainted in the family, by being Lord Belfield's own brother, looked on this woman, and saw she was fair. . . .[10] These ingenious people, that their history might not be discovered, corresponded under feigned names—And what names do you think they chose?—Silvia and Philander! Only the very same that Lord Grey[11] and his sister-in-law[12] took upon a parallel occasion, and which are printed in their letters[13]!

[4] Henrietta Cantillon (d. 1761), daughter of Richard Cantillon; m. 1. (1743) William Matthias Stafford-Howard, third Earl of Stafford; 2. (1759) Robert Maxwell, second Baron (afterwards Earl of) Farnham.

[5] Richard Cantillon, a financier, and author of an *Essai sur la Nature du Commerce en général*, published after his death. He assisted Law in his schemes, and after acquiring a large fortune, settled in London, where he was murdered (1734) by his servants, who robbed him, and set fire to his house. The fire was extinguished, and the body found. The murderer was never captured.

[6] Passage omitted.

[7] Robert Rochfort, first Baron Belfield, cr. Earl of Belvedere, 1756.

[8] Hon. Mary Molesworth, eldest daughter of third Viscount Molesworth.

[9] Richard Molesworth (d. 1758), third Viscount Molesworth; entered the army and acted as A.D.C. to Marlborough, whose life he saved at Ramillies (1706). He served against the rebels in 1715.

[10] Passage omitted.

[11] Ford Grey (1655–1701), third Baron Grey of Werke, cr. Earl of Tankerville, 1695; Commissioner of Trade, 1696; Lord of the Treasury, 1699; First Lord of the Treasury, 1699–1700.

[12] Lady Henrietta Berkeley, fifth daughter of first Earl of Berkeley; d. unmarried in 1710.

[13] *Love Letters between a Noble-*

Patapan sits to Wootton[14] to-morrow for his picture. He is to have a triumphal arch at a distance, to signify his Roman birth, and his having barked at thousands of Frenchmen in the very heart of Paris. If you can think of a good Italian motto applicable to any part of his history send it me. If not, he shall have this antique one—for I reckon him a senator of Rome, while Rome survived,—'O, et praesidium et dulce decus meum!' He is writing an Ode on the future campaign of this summer; it is dated from his villa, where he never was, and begins truly in the classic style, 'While you, great Sir,' &c. Adieu!

116. To Horace Mann.

May 4, 1743.

The King was detained four or five days at Sheerness; but yesterday we heard that he was got to Helvoetsluys. They talk of an interview between him and his nephew of Prussia—I never knew any advantage result from such conferences. We expect to hear of the French attacking our army, though there are accounts of their retiring, which would necessarily produce a peace—I hope so! I don't like to be at the eve, even of an Agincourt; that, you know, every Englishman is bound in faith to expect; besides, they say my Lord Stair has in his pocket, from the records of the Tower, the original patent, empowering us always to conquer. I am told that Marshal Noailles[1] is as mad as Marshal Stair. Jesus! twice fifty thousand men trusted to two mad captains, without one Dr. Monro[2] over them!

man and his Sister. London, 1684; generally attributed to Mrs. Behn.

[14] John Wootton, animal painter; d. 1765.

Letter 116.—[1] Adrien Maurice (1678–1766), Duc de Noailles, Maréchal de France. He served in Spain, Germany, and Italy, and was at this time a minister of state, owing to his favour with Louis XV and his mistress, the Duchesse de Châteauroux. He was subsequently Ambassador at Madrid. His *Mémoires*, edited by the Abbé Millot, were published in 1777.

[2] Physician of Bedlam. *Walpole*.

I am sorry I could give you so little information about King Theodore; but my lord knew nothing of him, and as little of any connection between Lord Carteret and him. I am sorry you have him on your hands. He quite mistakes his province: an adventurer should come hither; this is the soil for mobs and patriots; it is the country of the world to make one's fortune: with parts never so scanty, one's dullness is not discovered, nor one's dishonesty, till one obtains the post one wanted—and then, if they do come to light—why, one slinks into one's green velvet bag[3], and lies so snug! I don't approve of your hinting at the falsehoods of Stosch's intelligence[4]; nobody regards it but the King; it pleases him—*e basta.*

I was not in the House at Vernon's frantic speech; but I know he made it, and have heard him pronounce several such: but he has worn out even laughter, and did not make impression enough on me to remember till the next post that he had spoken.

I gave your brother the translated paper; he will take care of it. Ceretesi is gone to Flanders with Lord Holderness. Poor creature! he was reduced, before he went, to borrow five guineas of Sir Francis Dashwood. How will he ever scramble back to Florence?

We are likely at last to have no Opera next year: Handel has had a palsy, and can't compose; and the Duke of Dorset has set himself strenuously to oppose it, as Lord Middlesex is the *impresario,* and must ruin the house of Sackville by a course of these follies. Besides what he will lose this year, he has not paid his share to the losses of the last; and yet is singly undertaking another for next season, with the

[3] The Secretaries of State and Lord Treasurer carry their papers in a green velvet bag. *Walpole.*

[4] Stosch used to pretend to send over an exact journal of the life of the Pretender and his sons, though he had been sent out of Rome at the Pretender's request, and must have had very bad or no intelligence of what passed in that family. *Walpole.*

almost certainty of losing between four or five thousand pounds, to which the deficiencies of the Opera generally amount now. The Duke of Dorset has desired the King not to subscribe; but Lord Middlesex is so obstinate, that this will probably only make him lose a thousand pounds more.

The Freemasons are in so low repute now in England, that one has scarce heard the proceedings at Vienna against them mentioned[5]. I believe nothing but a persecution could bring them into vogue again here. You know, as great as our follies are, we even grow tired of them, and are always changing.

117. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, May 12, 1743.

It is a fortnight since I have got any of your letters, but I will expect two at once. I don't tell you by way of news, because you will have had expresses, but I must talk of the great Austrian victory[1]! We have not heard the exact particulars yet, nor whether it was Kevenhuller[2] or Lobkowitz who beat the Bavarians; but their general, Minucci, is prisoner. At first, they said Seckendorffe[3] was too; I am glad he is not: poor man, he has suffered enough by the house of Austria! But my joy is beyond the common, for I flatter myself this victory will save us one: we talk of nothing but its producing a peace, and then one's friends will return.

[5] A meeting of Freemasons was broken up by soldiers at Vienna, March 7, 1743. (*Gent. Mag.*, 1743, p. 166.)

Letter 117.—[1] At Braunau (Upper Austria) on May 9 (N.S.), the Bavarians were defeated by the vanguard of Prince Charles's army, and their general, Minuzzi, taken prisoner.

[2] Count Khevenhüller, one of Maria Theresa's generals.

[3] Field Marshal Count von Seckendorf (1673–1763), imprisoned in the fortress of Grätz (1737–40), on account of his conduct of the campaign of 1737 against the Turks; Commander-in-Chief of the Bavarian forces, 1742.

The Duchess of Kendal[4] is dead—eighty-five years old; she was a year older than her late King. Her riches were immense; but I believe my Lord Chesterfield will get nothing by her death—but his wife[5]: she lived in the house with the Duchess, where he had played away all his credit.

Hough[6], the good old Bishop of Worcester, is dead too. I have been looking at the *Fathers in God* that have been flocking over the way this morning to Mr. Pelham, who is just come to his new house. This is absolutely the ministerial street: Carteret has a house here too; and Lord Bath seems to have lost his chance by quitting this street. Old Marlborough has made a good story of the latter; she says, that when he found he could not get the Privy Seal, he begged that at least they would offer it to him, and upon his honour he would not accept it, but would plead his vow of never taking a place; in which she says they humoured him. The truth is, Lord Carteret did hint an offer to him, upon which he went with a *nolo episcopari* to the King—he bounced, and said, 'Why, I never offered it to you': upon which he recommended my Lord Carlisle, with equal success.

Just before the King went, he asked my Lord Carteret, 'Well, when am I to get rid of those fellows in the Treasury?' They are on so low a foot, that somebody said Sandys had hired a stand of hackney-coaches, to look like a levee.

Lord Conway has begged me to send you a commission, which you will oblige me much by executing. It is to send him three Pistoia barrels for guns: two of them, of two

[4] Ermengarde Melusine von Schulemburg (1659–1743), Duchess of Kendal and Princess of Eberstein, former mistress of George I.

[5] Melusina Schulembergh, Countess of Walsingham, niece of the Duchess of Kendal, and her heiress. *Walpole.*—She was commonly supposed to be the daughter of George I.

[6] John Hough (1651–1743), Bishop of Worcester, ejected by James II from the Presidency of Magdalen College, Oxford, in 1687; restored in 1688.

feet and a half in the barrel in length; the smallest of the inclosed buttons to be the size of the bore, hole, or calibre, of the two guns. The third barrel to be three feet and an inch in length; the largest of these buttons to be the bore of it: these feet are English measure. You will be so good to let me know the price of them.

There has happened a comical circumstance at Leicester House: one of the Prince's coachmen, who used to drive the Maids of Honour, was so sick of them, that he has left his son three hundred pounds, upon condition that he never *marries* a Maid of Honour!

Our journey to Houghton is fixed to Saturday se'nnight; 'tis unpleasant, but I flatter myself that I shall get away in the beginning of August. Direct your letters as you have done all this winter; your brother will take care to send them to me. Adieu!

118. To Horace Mann.

May 19, 1743.

I am just come tired from a family dinner at the Master of the Rolls'[1]; but I have received two letters from you since my last, and will write to you, though my head aches with maiden sisters' healths[2], forms, and Devonshire and Norfolk. With yours I received one from Mr. Chute, for which I thank him a thousand times, and will answer as soon as I get to Houghton. Monday is fixed peremptorily, though we have had no rain this month; but we travel by the day of the week, not by the day of the sky.

Letter 118.—[1] William Fortescue, Master of the Rolls, a relation of Margaret Lady Walpole. *Walpole.* —B. 1687; d. 1749; acted as private secretary to Sir Robert Walpole when Chancellor of the Exchequer (1715); K.C. and Attorney-General to Prince of Wales, 1730; Baron of the Exchequer, 1736; Puisne Justice of the Common Pleas, 1738; Master of the Rolls, 1741. He was on friendly terms with Swift, Gay, and Pope. The last dedicated to him his First Satire.

[2] Fortescue's 'maiden sister' was Grace Fortescue, who died this year.

We are in more confusion than we care to own. There lately came up a Highland regiment from Scotland, to be sent abroad. One heard of nothing but their good discipline and quiet disposition. When the day came for their going to the water-side, an hundred and nine of them mutinied, and marched away in a body. They did not care to go where it would not be equivocal for what King they fought. Three companies of dragoons are sent after them[3]. If you happen to hear of any rising, don't be surprised—I shall not, I assure you. Sir Robert Monroe[4], their lieutenant-colonel, before their leaving Scotland, asked some of the ministry, 'But suppose there should be any rebellion in Scotland, what should we do for these eight hundred men?' It was answered, 'Why, there would be eight hundred fewer rebels there.'

> '*Utor permisso, caudaeque pilos ut equinae*
> *Paulatim vello; demo unum, demum*[5] *etiam unum,*
> *Dum—*'

My dear child, I am surprised to find you enter so seriously into earnest ideas of my Lord's passing into Italy! Could you think (however he, you, or I might wish it) that there could be any probability of it? Can you think his age could endure it, or him so indifferent, so totally disministered, as to leave all thoughts of what he has been, and ramble, like a boy, after pictures and statues? Don't expect it.

[3] This regiment was the celebrated Black Watch, formed in 1739. 'A rumour reached the men that they were about to be sent to the plantations, and a large number, after the regiment arrived in London, endeavoured to make their way back to the Highlands. After they had been brought back and three of them shot as deserters, the regiment embarked for Flanders towards the end of May.' (See *D. N. B.*, under Monro, Sir Robert.) The Black Watch behaved with the utmost gallantry at Fontenoy, and was one of the regiments chosen to cover the retreat of the English.

[4] Sir Robert Monro, sixth Baronet, of Foulis, who had organized the regiment. In recognition of his services at Fontenoy, he was promoted to command the 37th Regiment. He was killed at the battle of Falkirk (June 17, 1746).

[5] So in MS.; read *demo*.

We had heard of the Duke of Modena's command[6] before I had your letter. I am glad, for the sake of the Duchess, as she is to return to France. I never saw anybody wish anything more! and indeed, how can one figure any particle of pleasure happening to a daughter of the Regent, and a favourite daughter too, full of wit and joy, buried in a dirty, dull Italian duchy, with an ugly, formal object for a husband, and two uncouth sister-princesses for eternal companions? I am so near the eve of going into Norfolk, that I imagine myself something in her situation, and married to some Hammond or Hoste[7], who is Duke of Wootton or Darsingham. I remember in the fairy tales where a yellow dwarf steals a princess, and shows her his duchy, of which he is very proud: among the blessings of grandeur, of which he makes her mistress, there is a most beautiful ass for her palfrey, a blooming meadow of nettles and thistles to walk in, and a fine troubled ditch to slake her thirst, after either of the above-mentioned exercises.

Adieu! My next will be dated from some of the doleful castles in the principality of

Your forlorn friend,

THE DUCHESS OF RUFFHAM[8].

119. To Horace Mann.

Houghton, June 4, 1743.

I WROTE this week to Mr. Chute, addressed to you; I could not afford two letters in one post from the country, and in the dead of summer. I have received one from you of May 21st, since I came down. I must tell you a smart

[6] He was appointed to command the Spanish troops in succession to Gage.

[7] The Hammonds and Hostes are two Norfolk families, nearly allied to the Walpoles. *Walpole.*

[8] Rougham, a seat of the Norths, about eight miles from Houghton.

dialogue between your father[1] and me the morning we left London: he came to wish my Lord a good journey: I found him in the parlour. 'Sir,' said he, 'I may ask you how my son does; I think you hear from him frequently: I never do.' I replied, 'Sir, I write him kind answers; pray do you do so?' He coloured, and said with a half mutter, 'Perhaps I have lived too long for him!' I answered shortly, 'Perhaps you have.' My dear child, I beg your pardon, but I could not help this. When one loves anybody, one can't help being warm for them at a fair opportunity. Dr. Bland[2] and Mr. Legge were present—your father could have stabbed me. I told your brother Gal, who was glad.

We are as private here as if we were in devotion: there is nobody with us now but Lord Edgecumbe and his son[3]. The Duke of Grafton and Mr. Pelham come next week, and I hope Lord Lincoln with them. Poor Lady Sophia is at the gasp of her hopes; all is concluded for his match with Miss Pelham. It is not to be till the winter. He is to have all Mr. Pelham and the Duke of Newcastle can give or settle; unless Lady Catherine should produce a son, or the Duchess should die, and the Duke marry again.

Earl Poulett[4] is dead, and makes vacant another riband. I imagine Lord Carteret will have one: Lord Bath will ask

LETTER 119.—[1] Robert Mann, of Linton in Kent, formerly a merchant in London; Deputy Treasurer of Chelsea Hospital; d. 1751.

[2] Dr. Henry Bland, Head Master of Eton School, 1719; Canon of Windsor, 1723–32; Dean of Durham, 1727; Provost of Eton, 1732; d. 1746. He was a schoolfellow and friend of Sir Robert Walpole. His translation into Latin of Cato's Soliloquy (elsewhere mentioned by Horace Walpole) was published in the *Spectator*.

[3] Hon. Richard Edgcumbe (1716–1761), succeeded his father in 1758; M.P. for Plympton; served in the army; Lord of Trade, 1754–55; Major-General, 1755; Lord of the Admiralty, 1755–56; Comptroller of the Household, 1756–61. He was an accomplished amateur artist, a wit, and a confirmed gambler. His portrait (with George Selwyn and 'Gilly' Williams) was painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds for Horace Walpole, with whom Edgcumbe was on terms of close friendship, and whom he often visited at Strawberry Hill.

[4] John Poulett (cir. 1663–1743), first Earl Poulett.

it. I think they should give Prince Charles one of the two, for all the trouble he saves us. The papers talk of nothing but a suspension of arms: it seems toward, for at least we hear of no battle, though there are so many armies looking at one another.

Old Sir Charles Wager is dead at last, and has left the fairest character. I can't help having a little private comfort, to think that Goldsworthy—but there is no danger.

Madox[5] of St. Asaph has wriggled himself into the see of Worcester. He makes haste; I remember him only domestic chaplain to the late Bishop of Chichester[6]. Durham[7] is not dead, as I believe I told you from a false report.

You tell me of dining with Madame de Modène[8], but you don't tell me of being charmed with her. I liked her excessively—I don't mean her person, for she is as plump as the late Queen[9], but sure her face is fine; her eyes vastly fine! and then she is as agreeable as one should expect the Regent's daughter to be.

The Princess and she must have been an admirable contrast: one has all the good breeding of a French Court, and the latter all the ease of it. I have almost a mind to go to Paris to see her. She was so excessively civil to me. You don't tell me if the Pucci goes into France with her.

I like the Genoese selling Corsica! I think we should follow their example and sell France; we have about as good a title, and very near as much possession. At how much may they value Corsica? at the rate of islands, it can't go for much. Charles the Second sold Great Britain and Ireland to Louis XIV for 300,000*l.* a year, and that was reckoned extravagantly dear. Lord Bolingbroke took

[5] Isaac Maddox; d. 1759.

[6] Dr. Waddington. *Walpole.*—D. 1731.

[7] Edward Chandler, Bishop of Durham; d. 1750.

[8] It was not the Duchess of Modena, but the Duke's second sister, who went to Florence. *Walpole.*

[9] Queen Caroline.

a single hundred thousand for them, when they were in much better repair.

We hear to-day that the King goes to the army on the 15th, N.S., that is, to-day; but I don't tell it you for certain. There has been much said against his commanding it, as it is only an army of succour, and not acting as principal in the cause. In my opinion, his commanding will depend upon the more or less probability of its acting at all. Adieu!

120. To Horace Mann.

Houghton, June 10, 1743.

You must not expect me to write you a very composed, careless letter; my spirits are all in agitation! I am at the eve of a post that may bring me the most dreadful news! we expect to-morrow the news of a decisive battle. Oh, if you have any friend there, think what apprehensions I must have of such a post[1]! By yesterday's letters our army was within eight miles of the French, who have had repeated orders to attack them. Lord Stair and Marshal Noailles both think themselves superior, and have pressed for leave to fight. The latter call themselves fourscore thousand; ours sixty. Mr. Pelham and Lord Lincoln come to Houghton to-day, so we are sure of hearing as soon as possible, if anything has happened. By this time the King must be with them. My fears for one or two friends have spoiled me for any English hopes—I cannot dwindle away the French army—every man in it appears to my imagination as big as the sons of Anak! I am conjuring up the ghosts of all who have perished by French ambition, and am dealing out commissions to these spectres,

'——To sit heavy on their souls to-morrow!'

Letter 120.—[1] Henry Conway, who was in the First Foot Guards (1741), was with the army in Germany.

Alas! perhaps that glorious to-morrow was a dismal yesterday! at least, perhaps it was to me! The genius of England might be a mere mercenary man of this world, and employed all his attention to turn aside cannon-balls from my Lord Stair, to give new edge to his new Marlborough's sword; was plotting glory for my Lord Carteret, or was thinking of furnishing his own apartment in Westminster Hall with a new set of trophies—who would then take care of Mr. Conway? You, who are a minister, will see all this in still another light, will fear our defeat, and will foresee the train of consequences.—Why, they may be wondrous ugly; but till I know what I have to think about my own friends, I cannot be wise in my generation.

I shall now only answer your letter; for till I have read to-morrow's post, I have no thoughts but of a battle.

I am angry at your thinking that I can dislike to receive two or three of your letters at once. Do you take me for a child, and imagine, that though I like one plum-tart, two may make me sick? I now get them regularly; so I do but receive them, I am easy.

You are mistaken about the gallery; so far from unfurnishing any part of the house, there are several pictures undisposed, besides numbers at Lord Walpole's, at the Exchequer, at Chelsea, and at New Park. Lord Walpole has taken a dozen to Stanno[2], a small house, about four miles from hence, where he lives with my Lady Walpole's vicegerent[3]. You may imagine that her deputies are no fitter than she is to come where there is a modest, unmarried girl[4].

I will write to London for the Life of Theodore, though

[2] Stanhoe, in the neighbourhood of King's Lynn.

[3] Miss Norsa; she was a Jewess, and had been a singer. *Walpole.*—Lord Walpole took her off the stage with the concurrence of her parents, to whom he gave a bond, by which he engaged to marry her on the demise of his wife. *Cunningham.*

[4] Lady Maria Walpole. *Walpole.*

you may depend upon its being a Grub Street piece, without one true fact. Don't let it prevent your undertaking his Memoirs. Yet I should imagine Mrs. Heywood[5] or Mrs. Behn[6] were fitter to write his history.

How slightly you talk of Prince Charles's victory at Brunau[7]! We thought it of vast consequence; so it was. He took three posts afterwards, and has since beaten the Prince of Conti[8], and killed two thousand men. Prince Charles civilly returned him his baggage[9]. The French in Bavaria are quite dispirited—poor wretches; how one hates to wish so ill as one does to fourscore thousand men!

There is yet no news of the *Pembroke*. The Dominichin has a post of honour reserved in the gallery. My Lord says, as to that Dalton's[10] Raphael, he can say nothing without some particular description of the picture and the size, and some hint at the price, which you have promised to get. I leave the residue of my paper for to-morrow: I tremble, lest I be forced to finish it abruptly! I forgot to tell you that I left a particular commission with my brother Ned, who is at Chelsea, to get some tea-seed from the Physic Garden[11]; and he promised me too to go to Lord Islay, to know what cobolt and zingho are, and where they are to be got.

Saturday morn.

The post is come: no battle! Just as they were marching against the French, they received orders from Hanover not to engage, for the Queen's generals thought they were

[5] Eliza Haywood, novelist; d. 1756.

[6] Aphra Behn, novelist and dramatist (1640–1689).

[7] See note on letter to Mann, May 12, 1743.

[8] Louis François de Bourbon (1717–1776), Prince de Conti. He subsequently commanded the French armies in Italy, Germany, and the Netherlands.

[9] On May 27, 1743, Prince Charles drove Conti from his head quarters at Deggendorf, on the Danube.

[10] Richard Dalton, artist and antiquary, afterwards Keeper of the Pictures to George III; d. 1791. (See *Gent. Mag.*, 1791, pp. 181, 195–8.)

[11] The garden of the Society of Apothecaries.

inferior, and were positive against fighting. Lord Stair, with only the English, proceeded, and drew out in order; but though the French were then so vastly superior, they did not attack him. The King is now at the army, and, they say, will endeavour to make the Austrians fight. It will make great confusion here if they do not. The French are evacuating Bavaria as fast as possible, and seem to intend to join all their force together. I shall still dread all the events of this campaign. Adieu!

121. To Horace Mann.

Houghton, June 20, 1743.

I have painted the Raphael to my Lord almost as fine as Raphael himself could; but he will not think of it: he will not give a thousand guineas for what he never saw. I wish I could persuade him. For the other hands, he has already fine ones of every one of them. There are yet no news of the *Pembroke*: we grow impatient.

I have made a short tour to Euston this week with the Duke of Grafton, who came over from thence with Lord Lincoln and Mr. Pelham. Lord Lovel and Mr. Coke carried me and brought me back. It is one of the most admired seats in England—in my opinion, because Kent has a most absolute disposition of it. Kent is now so fashionable, that, like Addison's Liberty, he

Can make bleak rocks and barren mountains smile.

I believe the Duke wishes he could make them green too. The house is large and bad; it was built by Lord Arlington [1], and stands, as all old houses do for convenience

Letter 121.—[1] Henry Bennett (1618–1685), first Earl of Arlington, minister of Charles II. His only child, Lady Isabella Bennett, succeeded him as Countess of Arlington, and, marrying the first Duke of Grafton, carried Euston (and her title) into that family.

of water and shelter, in a hole; so it neither sees, nor is seen: he has no money to build another. The park is fine, the old woods excessively so: they are much grander than Mr. Kent's passion, clumps—that is, sticking a dozen trees here and there, till a lawn looks like the ten of spades. Clumps have their beauty; but in a great extent of country, how trifling to scatter arbours, where you should spread forests! He is so unhappy in his heir apparent [2], that he checks his hand in almost everything he undertakes. Last week he heard a new exploit of his barbarity. A tenant of Lord Euston, in Northamptonshire, brought him his rent; the Lord said it wanted three and sixpence: the tenant begged he would examine the account, that it would prove exact—however, to content him, he would willingly pay him the three and sixpence. Lord E. flew into a rage, and vowed he would write to the Duke to have him turned out of a little place he has in the post office of thirty pounds a year. The poor man, who has six children, and knew nothing of my Lord's being upon no terms of power with his father, went home and shot himself!

I know no syllable of news, but that my Lady Carteret is dead at Hanover, and Lord Wilmington dying. So there will be to let a first minister's ladyship and a First Lordship of the Treasury. We have nothing from the army, though the King has now been there some time. As new a thing as it is, we don't talk much of it.

Adieu! the family are gone a-fishing: I thought I stayed at home to write to you, but I have so little to say that I don't believe you will think so.

[2] Earl of Euston.

122. To Horace Mann.

Friday noon, June 24, 1743.

I don't know what I write—I am all a hurry of thoughts —a battle[1]—a victory! I dare not yet be glad—I know no particulars of my friends. This instant my Lord has had a messenger from the Duke of Newcastle, who has sent him a copy of Lord Carteret's letter from the field of battle. The King was in all the heat of the fire, and safe—the Duke is wounded in the calf of the leg, but slightly; Duc d'Aremberg in the breast; General Clayton and Colonel Piers[2] are the only officers of note said to be killed—here is all my trust! The French passed the Mayne that morning with twenty-five thousand men, and are driven back. We have lost two thousand, and they four—several of their general officers, and of the *Maison du Roy*[3], are taken prisoners: the battle lasted from ten in the morning till four. The Hanoverians behaved admirably. The Imperialists[4] were the aggressors; in short, in all public views, it is all that could be wished—the King in the action, and his son wounded—the Hanoverians behaving well—the French beaten: what obloquy will not all this wipe off? Triumph, and write it to Rome! I don't know what our numbers were; I believe about thirty thousand, for there were twelve thousand Hessians and Hanoverians who had not joined them. O! in my hurry, I had forgot the place—you must talk of the battle of Dettingen!

After dinner. My child, I am calling together all my thoughts, and rejoice in this victory as much as I dare; for in the raptures of conquest, how dare I think that my Lord

Letter 122.—[1] The Battle of Dettingen, June 16 (O.S.), 1743.
[2] Of the Welsh Fusiliers.
[3] The French Household Cavalry. One of their standards was captured.
[4] The Bavarians. *Walpole.*

Carteret, or the rest of those who have written, thought just of whom I thought. The post comes in to-morrow morning, but it is not sure that we shall learn any particular certainties so soon as that. Well! how happy it is that the King has had such an opportunity of distinguishing himself! what a figure he will make! They talked of its being below his dignity to command an auxiliary army: my Lord says it will not be thought below his dignity to have sought danger[5]. These were the flower of the French troops: I flatter myself they will tempt no more battles. Another such, and we might march from one end of France to the other. So we are in a French war, at least well begun! My Lord has been drinking the healths of Lord Stair and Lord Carteret: he says, 'since it is well done, he does not care by whom it was done.' He thinks differently from the rest of the world: he thought from the first, that France never missed such an opportunity as when they undertook the German war, instead of joining with Spain against us. If I hear any more to-morrow before the post goes out, I will let you know. Tell me if this is the first you hear of the victory: I would fain be the first to give you so much pleasure.

[5] 'Letter from Mr. Kendal of Lord Albermarle's Troop:—The French fired at his Majesty from a Battery of 12 Cannon, but levell'd too high. I saw the Balls go within half a Yard of his Head. The D. d'Aremberg desired him to go out of Danger; he answered, *Don't tell me of Danger*, I'll be even with them. He is certainly the boldest Man I ever saw; his Horse being frightened run away with him, but he soon stopped him.—The French got into the Corner of a Wood, to flank our Right.—The King then drew his Sword, and ordered the Hanoverian Foot and Horse, and some English thro' the Wood, and rode about like a Lion; he drew them up in Line of Battle himself, and ordered 6 Cannon on the Right, and bid them fire on the Flank of the French: He stood by till they fired and did great Execution, killing 30 or forty at a Shot; then he went to the Foot, and ordered them not to fire till the French came close, which were about 100 Yards distant; then the French fired on us directly, and the Shot flew again as thick as Hail; then the King flourished his Sword and said, *Now Boys,—Now for the Honour of England, and behave brave, and the French will soon run.* . . . The King stood in the Field till Ten that Night.' (*Gent. Mag.*, 1743, p. 387.)

Saturday morning.

Well, my dear child, all is safe! I have not so much as an acquaintance hurt. The more we hear, the greater it turns out. Lord Cholmondeley writes my Lord from London, that we gained the victory with only fifteen regiments, not eleven thousand men, and so not half in number to the French. I fancy their soldiery behaved ill, by the gallantry of their officers; for Ranby[6], the King's private surgeon, writes, that he alone has 150 officers of distinction desperately wounded under his care. Marquis Fénelon's[7] son is among the prisoners, and says Marshal Noailles is dangerously wounded: so is Duc d'Aremberg. Honeywood's[8] regiment sustained the attack, and are almost all killed: his natural son[9] has five wounds, and cannot live. The horse were pursuing when the letters came away, so there is no certain account of the slaughter. Lord Albemarle had his horse shot under him. In short, the victory is complete. There is no describing what one hears of the spirits and bravery of our men. One of them dressed himself up in the belts of three officers, and swore he would wear them as long as he

[6] John Ranby (1703–1773), principal Sergeant-Surgeon to George II.

[7] Gabriel Jacques de Salignac (1688–1746), Marquis de la Mothe-Fénelon, killed at the battle of Roucoux. His son was François Louis de Salignac (1722–1780), Chevalier, afterwards Marquis de la Mothe-Fénelon.

[8] General Philip Honeywood, made K.B. August 12 of this year. At his death (June 17, 1752) he was the oldest General of Horse, Colonel of a Dragoon Regiment, and Governor of Portsmouth.

[9] Major Philip Honeywood survived the battle of Dettingen forty-two years. He was subsequently a General, Colonel of the 4th Regiment of Horse, and Governor of Kingston-upon-Hull. Colonel Charles Russell, of the 1st Regiment of Foot Guards, writes as follows to his wife under date of July 17, 1743, from the camp near Hanau:—'As for Major Honeywood, out of nine wounds five are healed, and there is but one of the four remaining that there is any danger from, and that is so near the brain that till there is a perfect cure there is no answering that his life is safe, but very great hopes. He remembers that he was not only stripped, but that an Austrian soldier came up to him and stabbed him twice with a bayonet, and was going to fire upon him, but that he had strength enough to call out he was an Anglois, which saved his life.' (See *Hist. MSS. Comm. Report on the Chequers Court MSS.*)

lives. Another ran up to Lord Carteret, who was in a coach near the action the whole time, and said, 'Here, my Lord, do hold this watch for me; I have just killed a French officer and taken it, and I will go take another.'

Adieu! my dear Sir: may the rest of the war be as glorious as the beginning!

To Mr. Chute.

My dear Sir, I wish you joy, and you wish me joy, and Mr. Whithed, and Mr. Mann, and Mrs. Bosville[10], &c., &c., &c. Don't get drunk and get the gout. I expect to be drunk with hogsheads of the Mayne water, and with odes to his Majesty and the Duke, and Te Deums. Patapan begs you will get him a dispensation from Rome to go and hear the thanksgiving at St. Paul's. We are all mad—drums, trumpets, bumpers, bonfires! The mob are wild, and cry, 'Long live King George and the Duke of Cumberland, and Lord Stair and Lord Carteret, and General Clayton that's dead!' My Lord Lovel says,

Thanks to the Gods that *John* has done his duty[11]!

Adieu! my dear Dukes of Marlborough! I am ever your

John Duke of Marlborough.

123. To Horace Mann.

Houghton, July 4, 1743.

I hear no particular news here, and I don't pretend to send you the common news; for as I must have it first from London, you will have it from thence sooner in the papers than in my letters. There have been great rejoicings

[10] Diana, eldest daughter of Sir William Wentworth, fourth Baronet, of Bretton, Yorkshire; m. Godfrey Bosville, of Gunthwaite, Yorkshire.

[11] A parody of the line in *Cato*, 'Thanks to the Gods!—my boy has done his duty.'

for the victory; which I am convinced is very considerable by the pains the Jacobites take to persuade it is not. My Lord Carteret's Hanoverian articles have much offended; his express has been burlesqued a thousand ways. By all the letters that arrive, the loss of the French turns out more considerable than by the first accounts: they have dressed up the battle into a victory for themselves—I hope they will always have such! By their not having declared war with us, one should think they intended a peace. It is allowed that our fine horse did us no honour: the victory was gained by the foot. Two of their princes of the blood, the Prince de Dombes[1], and the Count d'Eu his brother, were wounded, and several of their first nobility. Our prisoners turn out but seventy-two officers, besides the private men; and by the printed catalogue, I don't think many of great family. Marshal Noailles' mortal wound is quite vanished, and Duc d'Aremberg's shrunk to a very slight one. The King's glory remains in its first bloom.

Lord Wilmington is dead. I believe the civil battle for his post will be tough. Now we shall see what service Lord Carteret's Hanoverians[2] will do him. You don't think the crisis unlucky for him, do you? If you wanted a Treasury, should you choose to have been in Arlington Street[3], or driving by the battle of Dettingen? You may imagine our Court wishes for Mr. Pelham. I don't know any one who wishes for Lord Bath but himself—I believe that is a pretty substantial wish.

I have got the Life of King Theodore, but I don't know how to convey it—I will inquire for some way.

We are quite alone. You never saw anything so unlike

Letter 123.—[1] Louis Auguste de Bourbon (1700–1755), Prince de Dombes, son of the Duc du Maine, and grandson of Louis XIV.

[2] He had advocated the payment of Hanoverian troops with English money.

[3] Where Mr. Pelham lived. *Walpole.*

as being here five months out of place, to the congresses[4] of a fortnight in place; but you know the *Justum et tenacem propositi virum* can amuse himself without the *Civium ardor!* As I have not so much dignity of character to fill up my time, I could like a little more company. With all this leisure, you may imagine that I might as well be writing an ode or so upon the victory; but as I cannot build upon the Laureat's place till I know whether Lord Carteret or Mr. Pelham will carry the Treasury, I have bounded my compliments to a slender collection of quotations against I should have any occasion for them. Here are some fine lines from Lord Halifax's[5] poem on the battle of the Boyne—

> The King leads on, the King does all inflame,
> The King;—and carries millions in the name.

Then follows a simile about a deluge, which you may imagine; but the next lines are very good:

> So on the foe the firm battalions prest,
> And he, like the tenth wave, drove on the rest.
> Fierce, gallant, young, he shot through ev'ry place,
> Urging their flight, and hurrying on the chase,
> He hung upon their rear, or lighten'd in their face.

The next are a magnificent compliment, and, as far as verse goes, to be sure very applicable.

[4] Sir Robert Walpole, when in office, 'had usually two annual meetings at Houghton. The one in the spring, to which were invited only the most select friends, and the leading members of the Cabinet, continued about three weeks. The second was in autumn, towards the commencement of the shooting season. It continued six weeks or two months, and was called the congress. At this time Houghton was filled with company from all parts. He kept a public table, to which all gentlemen in the county found a ready admission. The expenses of these meetings have been computed at £3,000 a year.' (Coxe, *Life of Sir R. Walpole*, ed. 1816, vol. iv. p. 370.)

[5] Charles Montagu (1661–1715), first Earl of Halifax of the second creation, the patron of Addison, Congreve, and Prior. He is referred to by Pope as 'full-blown Bufo.' (*Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot*, l. 231).

Stop, stop! brave Prince, allay that generous flame;
Enough is given to England and to Fame.
Remember, Sir, you in the centre stand;
Europe's divided interests you command,
All their designs uniting in your hand.
Down from your throne descends the golden chain
Which does the fabric of our world sustain,
That once dissolv'd by any fatal stroke,
The scheme of all our happiness is broke.

Adieu! my dear Sir: pray for peace!

124. To Horace Mann.

Houghton, July 11, 1743.

The *Pembroke* is arrived! Your brother slipped a slice of paper into a letter which he sent me from you the other day, with those pleasant words, 'The *Pembroke* is arrived.' I am going to receive it. I shall be in town the end of this week, only stay there about ten days, and wait on the Dominichin hither. Now I tremble! If it should not stand the trial among the number of capital pictures here! But it must: it will.

O, sweet lady[1]! What shall I do about her letter? I must answer it—and where to find a penful of Italian in the world, I know not. Well, she must take what she can get: gold and silver I have not, but what I have I give unto her. Do you say a vast deal of my concern for her illness, and that I could not find decompounds and superlatives enough to express myself. You never tell me a syllable from my sovereign lady the Princess: has she forgot me? What is become of Prince Beauvau[2]? is he warring against us? Shall I write to Mr. Conway to be very civil to him for my sake, if he is taken prisoner? We expect another

Letter 124.—[1] Madame Grifoni. *Walpole.*
[2] Son of Prince Craon. *Walpole.*

battle every day. Broglio has joined Noailles, and Prince Charles is on the Neckar. Noailles says, *Qu'il a fait une folie, mais qu'il est prêt à la réparer.* There is great blame thrown on Baron Ilton, the Hanoverian General, for having hindered the Guards from engaging. If they had, and the horse, who behaved wretchedly, had done their duty, it is agreed that there would be no second engagement. The poor Duke is in a much worse way than was at first apprehended: his wound proves a bad one; he is gross, and has had a shivering fit, which is often the forerunner of a mortification. There has been much thought of making knights-bannerets, but I believe the scheme is laid aside; for, in the first place, they are never made but on the field of battle, and now it was not thought on till some days after; and, besides, the King intended to make some who were not actually in the battle. . . .[3]

Adieu! Possibly I may hear something in town worth telling you.

125. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, July 19.

Here am I come a-Dominichining! and the first thing I hear is, that the *Pembroke* must perform quarantine fourteen days for coming from the Mediterranean, and a week airing. It is forty days, if they bring the plague from Sicily. I will bear this misfortune as heroically as I can; and considering I have London to bear it in, may possibly support it well enough.

The private letters from the army all talk of the King's going to Hanover, 2nd of August, N.S. If he should not, one shall be no longer in pain for him; for the French have repassed the Rhine, and think only of preparing against

[3] Passage omitted.

Prince Charles, who is marching sixty-two thousand men, full of conquest and revenge, to regain his own country[1]. I most cordially wish him success, and that his bravery may recover what his abject brother[2] gave up so tamely, and which he takes as little personal pains to regain. It is not at all determined whether we are to carry the war into France. It is ridiculous enough! we have the name of war with Spain, without the thing; and war with France without the name!

The maiden heroes of the Guards are in great wrath with General Ilton, who kept them out of harm's way. They call him 'the Confectioner,' because he says he *preserved* them.

The week before I left Houghton my father had a most dreadful accident: it had near been fatal; but he escaped miraculously. He dined abroad, and went up to sleep. As he was coming down again, not quite awakened, he was surprised at seeing the company through a glass-door which he had not observed: his foot slipped, and he, who is now entirely unwieldy and helpless, fell at once down the stairs against the door, which had it not been there, he had dashed himself to pieces, into a stone hall. He cut his forehead two inches long to the pericranium, and another gash upon his temple; but, most luckily, did himself no other hurt, and was quite well again before I came away.

I find Lord Stafford married to Miss Cantillon; they are to live half the year in London, half in Paris. Lord Lincoln is soon to marry his cousin Miss Pelham: it will be great joy to the whole house of Newcastle.

There is no determination yet come about the Treasury. Most people wish for Mr. Pelham; few for Lord Carteret; none for Lord Bath. My Lady Townshend said an admirable

LETTER 125.—[1] Lorraine. [2] Francis, Grand Duke of Tuscany, elder brother of Prince Charles. He surrendered Lorraine to France (1735).

thing the other day to this last: he was complaining much of a pain in his side—'Oh!' said she, 'that can't be; you have no *side*.'

I have a new cabinet for my enamels and miniatures just come home, which I am sure you would like: it is of rosewood; the doors inlaid with carvings in ivory. I wish you could see it! Are you to be for ever ministerial *sans relâche?* Are you never to have leave to come and 'settle your private affairs,' as the newspapers call it?

A thousand loves to the Chutes. Does my sovereign lady yet remember me, or has she lost with her eyes all thought of me? Adieu!

P.S. Princess Louisa goes soon to her young Denmark; and Princess Emily[3], it is now said, will have the man of Lubeck. If he had missed the crown of Sweden, he was to have taken Princess Caroline; because, in his private capacity, he was not a competent match for the now-first daughter of England. He is extremely handsome; it is fifteen years since Princess Emily was so.

126. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, July 31, 1743.

If I went by my last week's reason for not writing to you, I should miss this post too, for I have no more to tell you than I had then; but at that rate, there would be great vacuums in our correspondence. I am still here, waiting for the Dominichin and the rest of the things. I have incredible trouble about them, for they arrived just as the quarantine was established. Then they found out that the *Pembroke* had left the fleet so long before the infection in

[3] Princess Amelia Sophia Eleanora (1711–1786), second daughter of George II; d. unmarried. (See *Memoirs of George II*, ed. 1822, vol. i. p. 159, and Hervey's *Memoirs*, *passim*.)

Sicily began, and had not touched at any port there, that the Admiralty absolved it. Then the things were brought up; then they were sent back to be aired; and still I am not to have them in a week. I tremble for the pictures; for they are to be aired at the rough discretion of a master of a hoy, for nobody I could send would be suffered to go aboard. The City is outrageous; for you know, to merchants there is no plague so dreadful as a stoppage of their trade. The Regency are so temporising and timid, especially in this inter-ministerium[1], that I am in great apprehensions of our having the plague: an island, so many ports, no power absolute or active enough to establish the necessary precautions, and all are necessary! it is terrible! And now it is on the continent too! While confined to Sicily, there were hopes: but I scarce conceive that it will stop in two or three villages in Calabria. My dear child, Heaven preserve you from it! I am in the utmost pain on its being so near you. What will you do! whither will you go, if it reaches Tuscany? Never think of staying in Florence: shall I get you permission to retire out of that State, in case of danger? but sure you would not hesitate on such a crisis!

We have no news from the army: the minister there[2] communicates nothing to those here. No answer comes about the Treasury. All is suspense: and clouds of breaches ready to burst. How strange is all this jumble! France with an unsettled ministry; England with an unsettled one; a victory just gained over them, yet no war ensuing, or declared from either side; our minister still at Paris, as if to settle an amicable intelligence of the losses on both sides! I think there was only wanting for Mr. Thompson[3]

Letter 126.—[1] The office of First Lord of the Treasury remained vacant until the appointment of Henry Pelham (25 Aug. 1743). Coxe conjectures that the delay was due to the King's wish to consult Sir R. Walpole.

[2] Lord Carteret.

[3] Rev. Antony Thompson, *Chargé d'Affaires*; afterwards Dean of Raphoe.

to notify to them in form our victory over them, and for Bussy[4] to have civil letters of congratulation—'tis so well-bred an age!

I must tell you a *bon-mot* of Winnington. I was at dinner with him and Lord Lincoln and Lord Stafford last week, and it happened to be a *maigre*-day, of which Stafford was talking, though, you may believe, without any scruples: 'Damn it,' said Winnington, 'what a religion is yours! they let you eat nothing, and yet make you swallow everything!'

My dear child, you will think, when I am going to give you a new commission, that I ought to remember those you give me. Indeed I have not forgot one, though I know not how to execute them. The Life of King Theodore is too big to send but by a messenger; by the first that goes you shall have it. For cobolt and zingho, your brother and I have made all inquiries, but almost in vain, except that one person has told him that there is some such thing in Lancashire: I have written thither to inquire. For the tea-trees, it is my brother's fault, whom I desired, as he is at Chelsea, to get some from the Physic Garden: he forgot it; but now I am in town myself, if possible, you shall have some seed. After this, I still know not how to give you a commission, for you *over-execute*; but upon conditions uninfringeable, I will give you one. I have begun to collect drawings: now, if you will at any time buy me any that you meet with at reasonable rates, for I will not give great prices, I shall be much obliged to you. I would not have above one, to be sure, of any of the Florentine school, nor above one of any master after the immediate scholars of Carlo Maratti. For the Bolognese school, I care not how many; though I fear they will be too dear. But Mr. Chute

[4] Mr. Thompson and the Abbé de Bussy were the English and French Residents. *Walpole.*

understands them. One condition is, that if he collects drawings as well as prints, there is an end of the commission; for you shall not buy me any, when he perhaps would like to purchase them. The other condition is, that you regularly set down the prices you pay; otherwise, if you send me any without the price, I instantly return them unopened to your brother: this, upon my honour, I will most strictly perform.

Adieu! write me minutely the history of the plague. If it makes any progress towards you, I shall be a most unhappy man: I am far from easy on our own account here.

127. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Aug. 14, 1743.

I should write to Mr. Chute to-day, but I won't till next post: I will tell you why presently. Last week I did not write at all; because I was every day waiting for the Dominichin, *&c.*, which I at last got last night—But oh! that *&c.*! It makes me write to you, but I must leave it *&c.*, for I can't undertake to develop it. I can find no words to thank you from my own fund; but must apply an expression of the Princess Craon's to myself, which the number of charming things you have sent me absolutely melts down from the bombast of which it consisted when she sent it me. 'Monsieur, votre générosité,' (I am not sure it was not 'votre magnificence,') 'ne me laisse rien à désirer de tout ce qui se trouve de précieux en Angleterre, dans la Chine, et aux Indes.' But still this don't express *&c.* The charming Madame Sévigné, who was still handsomer than Madame de Craon, and had infinite wit, condescended to pun on sending her daughter an excessively fine pearl necklace: 'Voilà, ma fille, un présent passant tous les présents passés et présents!' Do you know that

these words reduced to serious meaning, are not sufficient for what you have sent me? If I were not afraid of giving you all the trouble of airing and quarantine which I have had with them, I would send them to you back again! Jesus! it is well our virtue is out of the ministry! What reproach it would undergo! Why, my dear child, here would be bribery in folio! How would mortals stare at such a present as this to the son of a fallen minister! I believe half of it would reinstate us again; though the vast box of essences would not half sweeten the Treasury after the dirty wretches that have fouled it since.

The Dominichin is safe; so is everything. I cannot think it of the same hand with the Sasso Ferrati[1] you sent me. This last is not so *maniéré* as the Dominichin; for the more I look at it, the more I am convinced it is of him. It goes down with me to-morrow to Houghton. The Andrea del Sarto is particularly fine! the Sasso Ferrati particularly graceful—oh! I should have kept that word for the Magdalen's head, which is beautiful beyond measure. Indeed, my dear Sir, I am glad, after my confusion is a little abated, that your part of the things is so delightful; for I am very little satisfied with my own purchases. Donato Creti's copy[2] is a wretched, raw daub; the beautiful Virgin of the original he has made horrible. Then for the statue, the face is not so broad as my nail, and has not the turn of the antique. Indeed, La Vallée has done the drapery well, but I can't pardon him the head. My table I like; though he has stuck in among the ornaments two vile china jars, that look like the modern japanning by ladies. The Hermaphrodite, on my seeing it again, is too sharp and hard—in short, your present has put me out of humour with everything of my

LETTER 127.—[1] Giovanni Battista Salvi (1605–1685), called Sassoferrato from having been born at that place.

[2] A copy of a celebrated picture by Guido at Bologna, of the Patron Saints of that city. *Walpole.*

own. You shall hear next week how my Lord is satisfied with his Dominichin. I have received the letter and drawings by Crewe. By the way, my drawings of the gallery are as bad as anything of my own ordering. They gave Crewe the letter for you at the office, I believe; for I knew nothing of his going, or had sent you the Life of King Theodore.

I was interrupted in my letter this morning by the Duke of Devonshire, who called to see the Dominichin. Nobody knows pictures better: he was charmed with it, and did not doubt its Dominichinality.

I find another letter from you to-night of August 6th, and thank you a thousand times for your goodness about Mr. Conway; but I believe I told you, that as he is in the Guards, he was not engaged. We hear nothing but that we are going to cross the Rhine. All we know is from private letters: the ministry hear nothing. When the hussars went to Kevenhuller for orders, he said, 'Messieurs, l'Alsace est à vous; je n'ai point d'autres ordres à vous donner.' They have accordingly taken up their residence in a fine château belonging to the Cardinal de Rohan[3], as Bishop of Strasbourg. We expect nothing but war; and that war expects nothing but conquest.

Your account of our officers was very false; for, instead of the soldiers going on without commanders, some of them were ready to go without their soldiers. I am sorry you have such plague with your Neptune[4] and the Sardinian[5]—we know not of them scarce.

I really forget anything of an Italian greyhound for the Tesi. I promised her, I remember, a black spaniel—but how to send it! I did promise one of the former to Marquis Mari at Genoa, which I absolutely have not been able to get

[3] Cardinal Armand Gaston Maximilien de Rohan (1674–1749).
[4] Admiral Matthews. [5] The King of Sardinia.

yet, though I have often tried; but since the last Lord Halifax[6] died, there is no meeting with any of the breed. If I can, I will get her one. I am sorry you are engaged in the Opera. I have found it a most dear undertaking! I was not in the management: Lord Middlesex was chief. We were thirty subscribers, at two hundred pounds each, which was to last four years, and no other demands ever to be made. Instead of that, we have been made to pay fifty-six pounds over and above the subscription in one winter. I told the secretary in a passion, that it was the last money I would ever pay for the follies of directors.

I tremble at hearing that the plague is not over, as we thought, but still spreading. You will see in the papers that Lord Hervey is dead—luckily, I think, for himself; for he had outlived his last inch of character. Adieu!

128. To John Chute.

Houghton, August 20, 1743.

Indeed, my dear Sir, you certainly did not use to be stupid, and till you give me more substantial proof that you are so, I shall not believe it. As for your temperate diet and milk bringing about such a metamorphosis, I hold it impossible. I have such lamentable proofs every day before my eyes of the stupefying qualities of beef, ale, and wine, that I have contracted a most religious veneration for your spiritual nouriture. Only imagine that I here every day see men, who are mountains of roast beef, and only seem just roughly hewn out into the outlines of human form, like the giant-rock at Pratolino[1]! I shudder when I see them brandish their knives in act to carve, and look on them as savages that devour one another. I should not stare at

[6] George Montagu (b. bef. 1685, d. 1739), second Baron and first Earl of Halifax of the third creation.

Letter 128.—[1] In the Apennines near Fiesole.

all more than I do, if yonder Alderman at the lower end of the table was to stick his fork into his neighbour's jolly cheek, and cut a brave slice of brown and fat. Why, I'll swear I see no difference between a country gentleman and a sirloin; whenever the first laughs, or the latter is cut, there run out just the same streams of gravy! Indeed, the sirloin does not ask quite so many questions. I have an Aunt here, a family piece of goods, an old remnant of inquisitive hospitality and economy, who, to all intents and purposes, is as beefy as her neighbours. She wore me so down yesterday with interrogatories, that I dreamt all night she was at my ear with 'who's' and 'why's,' and 'when's' and 'where's,' till at last in my very sleep I cried out, 'For God in heaven's sake, Madam, ask me no more questions!'

Oh! my dear Sir, don't you find that nine parts in ten of the world are of no use but to make you wish yourself with that tenth part? I am so far from growing used to mankind by living amongst them, that my natural ferocity and wildness does but every day grow worse. They tire me, they fatigue me; I don't know what to do with them; I don't know what to say to them; I fling open the windows, and fancy I want air; and when I get by myself, I undress myself, and seem to have had people in my pockets, in my plaits, and on my shoulders! I indeed find this fatigue worse in the country than in town, because one can avoid it there and has more resources; but it is there too. I fear 'tis growing old; but I literally seem to have murdered a man whose name was Ennui, for his ghost is ever before me. They say there is no English word for *ennui*; I think you may translate it most literally by what is called 'entertaining people,' and 'doing the honours': that is, you sit an hour with somebody you don't know and don't care for, talk about the wind and the weather, and ask a thousand foolish

questions, which all begin with, 'I think you live a good deal in the country,' or, 'I think you don't love this thing or that.' Oh! 'tis dreadful!

I'll tell you what is delightful—the Dominichin! My dear Sir, if ever there was a Dominichin, if there was ever an original picture, this is one. I am quite happy; for my father is as much transported with it as I am. It is hung in the gallery, where are all his most capital pictures, and he himself thinks it beats all but the two Guidos. That of the Doctors[2] and the Octagon[3]—I don't know if you ever saw them? What a chain of thought this leads me into! but why should I not indulge it? I will flatter myself with your, some time or other, passing a few days here with me. Why must I never expect to see anything but Beefs in a gallery which would not yield even to the Colonna! If I do not most unlimitedly wish to see you and Mr. Whithed in it this very moment, it is only because I would not take you from our dear *Miny*. Adieu! you charming people all. Is not Madam Bosville a Beef?

Yours most sincerely.

129. To Horace Mann.

Houghton, August 29, 1743.

You frighten me about the Spaniards entering Tuscany: it is so probable, that I have no hopes against it but in their weakness. If all the accounts of their weakness and desertion are true, it must be easy to repel them. If their march to Florence is to keep pace with Prince Charles's entering Lorraine, it is not yet near: hitherto, he has not found the passage of the Rhine practicable. The French have assembled greater armies to oppose it than was expected. We are marching to assist him: the King goes on with the army.

[2] The Doctors of the Church.

[3] The Adoration of the Shepherds.

I am extremely sorry for the Chevalier de Beauvau's[1] accident; as sorry, perhaps, as the Prince or Princess; for you know he was no favourite. The release of the French prisoners prevents the civilities which I would have taken care to have had shown him. You may tell the Princess, that though it will be so much honour to us to have any of her family in our power, yet I shall always be extremely concerned to have such an opportunity of showing my attention to them. There's a period in her own style—'Comment! Monsieur, des attentions! qu'il est poli! qu'il sçait tourner une civilité!'

'Ha! la brave Angloise! e viva!' Then, old Sarazin mumping 'Oh! Monsieur, que cela est horrible! devant le bon Dieu!' What would I have given to have overheard you breaking it to the gallant[2]! how did you word it? . . . oh! pour cela, passe. But of all, commend me to the good man Nykin! Why, *Mamie*[3] himself could not have cuddled up an affair for his sovereign lady better.

I have a commission from my Lord to send you ten thousand thanks for his bronze[4]: he admires it beyond

Letter 129.—[1] Third son of Prince Craon. *Walpole.*—On July 2 a detachment sent out from the camp of the allies at Hanau 'brought in prisoner the Prince of Craon's son, who lay wounded at a village.' (*Gent. Mag.*, 1743, p. 386.)

[2] This relates to an intrigue which was observed in a church between an English gentleman and a lady who was at Florence with her husband. Mr. Mann was desired to speak to the lover to choose properer places. *Walpole.*

[3] Prince Craon's name for the Princess. She was mistress of Leopold, the last Duke of Lorraine, who married her to Monsieur de Beauvau, and prevailed on the Emperor to make him a Prince of the Empire, as the title was all that the Duke intended should be common between them. . . .* Leopold had twenty children by her, who all resembled him, and he got his death by a cold which he contracted in standing to see a new house, which he had built for her, furnished. The Duchess was extremely jealous, and once retired to Paris to complain to her brother the Regent; but he was not a man to quarrel with his brother-in-law for things of that nature, and sent his sister back. Madame de Craon gave in to devotion after the Duke's death. *Walpole.*

[4] A man and woman, by John of Bologna.

* Passage omitted.

measure. It came down last Friday, on his birthday[5], and was placed at the upper end of the gallery, which was illuminated on the occasion: indeed, it is incredible what a magnificent appearance it made. There were sixty-four candles, which showed all the pictures to great advantage. The Dominichin did itself and us honour. There is not the least question of its being original: one might as soon doubt the originality of King Patapan! His patapanic majesty is not one of the least curiosities of Houghton. The crowds that come to see the house stare at him, and ask what creature it is. As he does not speak one word of Norfolk, there are strange conjectures made about him. Some think that he is a foreign prince come to marry Lady Mary. The disaffected say he is a Hanoverian: but the common people, who observe my Lord's vast fondness for him, take him for his good genius, which they call his familiar.

You will have seen in the papers that Mr. Pelham is at last First Lord of the Treasury. Lord Bath had sent over Sir John Rushout's valet de chambre to Hanau to ask it[6]. It is a great question now what side he will take; or rather, if any side will take him. It is not yet known what the good folks in the Treasury will do—I believe, what they can. Nothing farther will be determined till the King's return.

130. To Horace Mann.

Houghton, Sept. 7, 1743.

My letters are now at their *ne plus ultra* of nothingness; so you may hope they will grow better again. I shall certainly go to town soon, for my patience is worn out. Yesterday, the weather grew cold; I put on *a new* waistcoat for it's being winter's birthday—the season I am forced to

[5] August 26. *Walpole.*

[6] For himself.

love; for summer has no charms for me when I pass it in the country.

We are expecting another battle, and a congress at the same time. Ministers seem to be flocking to Aix-la-Chapelle: and, what will much surprise you, unless you have lived long enough not to be surprised, is, that Lord Bolingbroke has hobbled the same way too—you will suppose, as a minister for France; I tell you, no. My uncle, who is here, was yesterday stumping along the gallery with a very political march: my Lord asked him whither he was going. Oh, said I, to Aix-la-Chapelle.

You ask me about the marrying Princesses. I know not a tittle. Princess Louisa seems to be going, her clothes are bought; but marrying our daughters makes no conversation. For either of the other two, all thoughts seem to be dropped of it. The senate of Sweden design themselves to choose a wife for their man of Lubeck.

The City, and our supreme governors, the mob, are very angry that there is a troop of French players at Cliefden[1]. One of them was lately impertinent to a countryman, who thrashed him. His Royal Highness sent angrily to know the cause. The fellow replied, 'he thought to have pleased his Highness in beating one of them, who had tried to kill his father and had wounded his brother.' This was not easy to answer.

I delight in Prince Craon's exact intelligence! For his satisfaction, I can tell him that numbers, even here, would believe any story full as absurd as that of the King and my Lord Stair; or that very one, if anybody will write it over. Our faith in politics will match any Neapolitan's in religion. A political missionary will make more converts in a county progress than a Jesuit in the whole empire of China, and will produce more preposterous miracles. Sir Watkin

Letter 130.—[1] The residence of the Prince of Wales.

Williams, at the last Welsh races, convinced the whole principality (by reading a letter that affirmed it), that the King was not within two miles of the battle of Dettingen. We are not good at hitting off anti-miracles, the only way of defending one's own religion. I have read an admirable story of the Duke of Buckingham[2], who, when James II sent a priest to him to persuade him to turn Papist, and was plied by him with miracles, told the doctor, that if miracles were proofs of a religion, the Protestant cause was as well supplied as theirs. We have lately had a very extraordinary one near my estate in the country. A very holy man, as you might be, Doctor, was travelling on foot, and was benighted. He came to the cottage of a poor dowager, who had nothing in the house for herself and daughter but a couple of eggs and a slice of bacon. However, as she was a pious widow, she made the good man welcome. In the morning, at taking leave, the saint made her over to God for payment, and prayed that whatever she should do as soon as he was gone she might continue to do all day. This was a very unlimited request, and, unless the saint was a prophet too, might not have been very pleasant retribution. . . .[3] The good woman, who minded her affairs, and was not to be put out of her way, went about her business. She had a piece of coarse cloth to make a couple of shifts for herself and child. She no sooner began to measure it but the yard fell a-measuring, and there was no stopping it. It was sunset before the good woman had time to take breath. She was almost stifled, for she was up to her ears in ten thousand yards of cloth. She could have afforded to have sold Lady Mary Wortley a clean shift, of the usual coarseness she wears, for a groat halfpenny. . . .[4]

I wish you would tell the Princess this story. Madame

[2] George Villiers (1628–1687), second Duke of Buckingham.
[3] Passage omitted.
[4] Passage omitted.

Riccardi, or the little Countess d'Elbenino, will doat on it. I don't think it will be out of Pandolfini's way, if you tell it to the little Albizzi. You see I have not forgot the tone of my Florentine acquaintance. I know I should have translated it to them: you remember what admirable work I used to make of such stories in broken Italian. I have heard old Churchill tell Bussy English puns out of jest-books: particularly a reply about eating hare, which he translated, 'j'ai mon ventre plein de poil.' Adieu!

131. To Horace Mann.

Houghton, Sept. 17, 1743.

As much as we laughed at Prince Craon's history of the King and Lord Stair[1], you see it was not absolutely without foundation[2]. I don't just believe that he threatened his master with the Parliament. They say he gives for reason of his quitting, their not having accepted one plan of operation that he has offered. There is a long memorial that he presented to the King, with which I don't doubt but his Lordship will oblige the public. He has ordered all his equipages to be sold by public auction in the camp. This is all I can tell you of this event, and this is more than has been written to the ministry here. They talk of great uneasiness among the English officers, all of which I don't believe. The army is put into commission. Prince Charles has not passed the Rhine, nor we anything but our time. The papers to-day tell us of a definitive treaty signed by us and the Queen of Hungary with the King of Sardinia, which I will flatter myself will tend to your defence[3]. I am not in much less trepidation about Tuscany than Richcourt is, though I scarce think my fears reasonable; but while you are concerned, I fear everything.

Letter 131.—[1] See the previous letter.

[2] Lord Stair had resigned his command.

[3] The Treaty of Worms, signed Sept. 13, 1743.

My Lord does not admire the account of the Lanfranc[4]; thanks you, and will let it alone.

I did not think I should ever be able to tell you such an instance of Norfolk spirit; but lately a Mrs. Jermy, who had been, as my Lady W. says, sold by her guardian to a fool, ran away from him. He sent to desire her to return; she sent him word, 'She would not be made a mould to cast fools in.' I think I never heard a more expressive expression. What would my Lady have given to hit on it! How it would have been translated about Florence!

I am going to town in ten days, not a little tired of the country, and in the utmost impatience for the winter; which I am sure, from all political prospects, must be entertaining to one who only intends to see them at the length of a telescope.

I was lately diverted with an article in the *Abecedario Pittorico*[5], in the article of William Dobson[6]: it says, 'Nacque nel quartiere d'Holbrons in Inghilterra.' Did the author take Holborn for a city, or Inghilterra for the capital of the island of London? Adieu!

132. To Horace Mann.

Newmarket, Oct. 3, 1743.

I am writing to you in an inn on the road to London. What a paradise should I have thought this when I was in the Italian inns! in a wide barn with four ample windows, which had nothing more like glass than shutters and iron bars! no tester to the bed, and the saddles and portmanteaus heaped on me to keep off the cold. What a paradise did I think the inn at Dover when I came back! and what magnificence were twopenny prints, salt-cellars, and boxes

[4] Giovanni Lanfranco, painter (1581–1647).

[5] Brief lives of painters, sculptors, and architects, by P. A. Orlandi (1660–1727); first published at Bologna in 1710.

[6] Portrait painter, b. 1610, d. 1646.

KING ALFRED'S COLLEGE
LIBRARY

to hold the knives; but the *summum bonum* was small-beer and the newspaper.

'I bless'd my stars, and call'd it luxury!'

Who was the Neapolitan ambassadress[1] that could not live at Paris, because there was no maccaroni? Now am I relapsed into all the dissatisfied repinement of a true English grumbling voluptuary. I could find in my heart to write a *Craftsman* against the Government, because I am not quite so much at my ease as on my own sofa. I could persuade myself that it is my Lord Carteret's fault that I am only sitting in a common arm-chair, when I would be lolling in a *péché-mortel*. How dismal, how solitary, how scrub does this town look; and yet it has actually a street of houses better than Parma or Modena. Nay, the houses of the people of fashion, who come hither for the races, are palaces to what houses in London itself were fifteen years ago. People do begin to live again now, and I suppose in a term we shall revert to York Houses, Clarendon Houses, &c. But from that grandeur all the nobility had contracted themselves to live in coops of a dining-room, a dark back-room, with one eye in a corner, and a closet. Think what London would be, if the chief houses were in it, as in the cities in other countries, and not dispersed like great rarity-plums in a vast pudding of country. Well, it is a tolerable place as it is! Were I a physician, I would prescribe nothing but *recipe ccclxv drachm. Londin.* Would you know why I like London so much? Why, if the world must consist of so many fools as it does, I choose to take them in the gross, and not made into separate pills, as they are prepared in the country. Besides, there is no being alone but in a metropolis: the worst place in the world to find solitude is the country: questions grow there, and

LETTER 132.—[1] The Princess of Campoflorido. *Walpole.*

that unpleasant Christian commodity, neighbours. Oh! they are all good Samaritans, and do so pour balms and nostrums upon one, if one has but the toothache, or a journey to take, that they break one's head. A journey to take—ay! they talk over the miles to you, and tell you, you will be late in. My Lord Lovel says, *John* always goes two hours in the dark in the morning, to avoid being one hour in the dark in the evening. I was pressed to set out to-day before seven; I did before nine; and here am I arrived at a quarter past five, for the rest of the night.

I am more convinced every day, that there is not only no knowledge of the world out of a great city, but no decency, no practicable society—I had almost said, not a virtue. I will only instance in modesty, which all *old Englishmen* are persuaded cannot exist within the atmosphere of Middlesex. Lady Mary has a remarkable taste and knowledge of music, and can sing; I don't say, like your sister, but I am sure she would be ready to die if obliged to sing before three people, or before one with whom she is not intimate. The other day there came to see her a Norfolk heiress; the young gentlewoman had not been three hours in the house, and that for the first time of her life, before she notified her talent for singing, and invited herself upstairs, to Lady Mary's harpsichord; where, with a voice like thunder, and with as little harmony, she sang to nine or ten people for an hour. 'Was ever nymph like Rossymonde[2]?'—no, *d'honneur*. We told her she had a very strong voice. 'Lord, Sir! my master says it is nothing to what it was.' My dear child, she brags abominably; if it had been a thousandth degree louder, you must have heard it to Florence.

I did not write to you last post, being overwhelmed with this sort of people: I will be more punctual in London.

[2] A song in the opera of *Rosamond*, of which the libretto was by Addison, and the music by Arne.

Patapan is in my lap ; I had him wormed lately, which he took heinously ; I made it up with him by tying a collar of rainbow riband about his neck, for a token that he is never to be wormed any more ; which he received as implicitly, as good folks do the assurance of their never being drowned in a collective body, though all their doctors do not scruple to let them know they are to be burnt.

I had your long letter of two sheets of Sept. 17th, and wonder at your perseverance in telling me so much as you always do, when I, dull creature, find so little for you. I can only tell you that the more you write, the happier you make me ; and I assure you, the more details the better : I so often lay schemes for returning to you, that I am persuaded I shall, and would keep up my stock of Florentine ideas.

I honour Matthews's punctilious observance of his *Holiness's* dignity. How incomprehensible Englishmen are ! I should have sworn that he would have piqued himself on calling the Pope the w—— of Babylon, and have begun his remonstrance with 'you *old damned bitch.*' What extremes of absurdities ! to flounder from Pope Joan to his Holiness ! I like your reflection, 'that everybody can bully the Pope.' There was a humourist called Sir James of the Peak [3], who had been beat by a fellow, who afterwards underwent the same operation from a third hand. 'Zounds,' said Sir James, 'that I did not know this fellow would take a beating !' Nay, my dear child, I don't know that Matthews would !

You know I always thought the Tesi *comique, pendant que ça devroit être tragique.* I am happy that my sovereign Lady expressed my opinion so well—by the way, is De Sade still with you ? Is he still in pawn by the proxy of his clothes ? Has the Princess as constant retirements to her bedchamber with the *colique*—and Antenori ! Oh ! I was struck the

[3] A noted gamester, frequently mentioned in correspondence of the early part of the eighteenth century.

other day with a resemblance of mine hostess at Brandon to old Sarazin. You must know, the ladies of Norfolk universally wear periwigs, and affirm that it is the fashion at London. 'Lord, Mrs. White, have you been ill, that you have shaved your head?' Mrs. White, in all the days of my acquaintance with her, had a professed head of red hair: to-day, she had no hair at all before, and at a distance above her ears, I descried a smart brown bob, from beneath which had escaped some long strings of original scarlet—so like old Sarazin at two in the morning, when she has been losing at pharaoh, and clawed her wig aside, and her old trunk is shaded with the venerable white ivy of her own locks.

I agree with you, that it would be too troublesome to send me the things now the quarantine exists, except the gun-barrels for Lord Conway, the length of which I know nothing about, being, as you conceive, no sportsman. I must send you, with the Life of Theodore, a vast pamphlet[4] in defence of the new administration, which makes the greatest noise. It is written, as supposed, by Dr. Pearse[5], of St. Martin's, whom Lord Bath lately made a dean; the matter furnished by him. There is a good deal of useful knowledge of the famous change to be found in it, and much more impudence. Some parts are extremely fine; in particular, the answer to the Hanoverian pamphlets, where he has collected the flower of all that was said in defence of that measure. Had you those pamphlets? I will make up a parcel: tell me what other books you would have: I will send you nothing else, for if I give you the least bauble, it

[4] *Faction Detected. Walpole.*

[5] Mr. Pearse, afterwards Bishop of Bangor. He was not the author, but Lord Perceval, afterwards Earl of Egmont. *Walpole.*—Zachariah Pearce (1690–1774), Vicar of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, and Dean of Winchester. He became Bishop of Bangor in 1748; Bishop of Rochester and Dean of Westminster, 1756. He resigned the deanery in 1769.

puts you to infinite expense, which I can't forgive, and indeed will never bear again: you would ruin yourself, and there is nothing I wish so much as the contrary.

Here is a good Ode, written on the supposition of that new book being Lord Bath's; I believe by the same hand as those charming ones which I sent you last year: the author is not yet known[6].

I.

Your sheets I've perus'd,
Where the Whigs you've abus'd,
And on Tories most falsely reflected;
But, my Lord, I'm afraid,
From all that 's there said,
'Tis you, and not they, are *detected.*

II.

Both parties, I hear,
Most freely declare,
That 'tis not approv'd of by either;
If 'tis damn'd, then, by both,
It must be the growth
Of somebody who is of neither.

III.

'Tis easy to name
From what quarter it came,
And the thing of itself stands confest;
'Tis that pitiful crew,
Of your creatures and you,
Whom both parties scorn and detest.

IV.

But stay, let me see,
Which tool could it be,
That such a huge book could indite;
For of all those you made,
If there 's one that can read,
I'm sure there 's not one that can write.

[6] The author was Sir Charles Hanbury Williams.

v.

'Tis above poor Sir John[7],
Nor by Sands could be done,
And Bootle's too stupid and dark;
Ord[8] hardly reads well,
Jeff[9] never could spell,
And you know Harry Vane sets his mark.

vi.

Then since all your tools
Are such ignorant fools,
It must be your lordship's own doing;
You have taken your *pli*,
But you'll soon own with me,
That you've settl'd yourself in your ruin.

vii.

As diff'rent winds blew,
Like the weather-cock you
Long waver'd both parties betwixt;
But did not you know,
That weather-cocks grow
Quite useless the moment they're fix'd?

The Duke of Argyll is dead—a death of how little moment, and of how much it would have been a year or two ago[10]! It is provoking, if one must die, that one can't even die *à propos!*

How does your friend Dr. Cocchi? You never mention him: do only knaves and fools deserve to be spoken of? Adieu!

133. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Oct. 12, 1743.

They had sent your letter of Sept. 24th to Houghton the very night I came to town. I did not receive it back till

[7] Sir John Rushout.
[8] Sandys' secretary. *Walpole.*
[9] John Jeffries, Secretary to the Treasury.
[10] John Campbell, Duke of Argyll and Greenwich. He had sunk into complete political insignificance.

yesterday, and soon after another with Mr. Chute's inclosed, for which I will thank him presently. But, my dear child, I can, like you, think of nothing but your bitter father's letter. Jesus! and that I should have contributed to it! how I detest myself[1]! My dearest Sir, you know all I ever said to him[2]: indeed, I never do see him, and I assure you that now I would worship him as the Indians do the devil, for fear he should hurt you: tempt you I find he will not. He is so avaricious, that I believe, if you asked him for a fish, he would think it even extravagance to give you a stone: in these bad times, stones may come to be dear, and if he loses his place and his lawsuit, who knows but he may be reduced to turn pavior? Oh! the brute! and how shocking, that, for your sake, one can't literally wish to see him want bread! But how can you feel the least tenderness, when the wretch talks of his bad health, and of not denying himself comforts! It is weakness in you: whose health is worse, yours or his? or when did he ever deny himself a comfort to please any mortal? My dear child, what is it possible to do for you? is there anything in my power? What would I not do for you? and, indeed, what ought I not, if I have done you any disservice? I don't think there is any danger of your father's losing his place, for whoever succeeds Mr. Pelham is likely to be a friend to this house, and would not turn out one so connected with it[3].

I should be very glad to show my Lord an account of those statues you mention: they are much wanted in his hall, where, except the Laocoon, he has nothing but busts.

LETTER 133.—[1] Sir Horace Mann, in a letter to Walpole, dated Sept. 24, 1743, gives an account of his father's refusal to give him any money; and then quotes the following passage from his father's letter:—'He tells me *he has been baited by you and your uncle on my account, which was very disagreeable, and believes he may charge it to me.*' *Dover.*

[2] See letter to Mann, June 4, 1743.

[3] Mr. Robert Mann, father of Sir Horace Mann, had a place in Chelsea College, under the Paymaster of the Forces. *Walpole.*

For Gaburri's drawings, I am extremely pleased with what you propose to me. I should be well content with two of each master. I can't well fix on any price; but would not the rate of a sequin a-piece be sufficient? to be sure he never gave anything like that: when one buys the quantity you mention to me, I can't but think that full enough for one with another. At least, if I bought so many as two hundred, I would not venture to go beyond that.

I am not at all easy from what you tell me of the Spaniards. I have now no hopes but in the winter, and what it may produce. I fear ours will be most ugly: the disgusts about Hanover swarm and increase every day. The King and Duke have left the army, which is marching to winter-quarters in Flanders. He will not be here by his birthday, but it will be kept when he comes. The Parliament meets the 22nd of November. All is distraction! no union in the Court: no certainty about the House of Commons: Lord Carteret making no friends, the King making enemies: Mr. Pelham in vain courting Pitt, &c. Pulteney unresolved. How will it end? No joy but in the Jacobites. I know nothing more, so turn to Mr. Chute.

My dear Sir, how I am obliged to you for your poem! Patapan is so vain with it, that he will read nothing else; I only offered him a Martial to compare it with the original, and the little coxcomb threw it into the fire, and told me, 'He never heard of a lapdog's reading Latin; that it was very well for house-dogs and pointers that live in the country, and have several hours upon their hands: for my part,' said he,

> 'I am so nice, who ever saw
> A Latin book on my sofa?
> You'll find as soon a Bible there
> Or recipes for pastry ware.

Jesus! d'ye think I ever read
But Crébillon or Calprenède?
This very thing of Mr. Chute's
Scarce with my taste and fancy suits.
Oh! had it but in French been writ,
'Twere the genteelest, sweetest bit!
One hates a vulgar English poet:
I vow t'ye, I should blush to show it,
To women *de ma connoissance,*
Did not that *agréable stance,*
Cher double entendre! furnish means
Of making sweet Patapanins[4]!'

My dear Sir, your translation shall stand foremost in the Patapaniana: I hope in time to have poems upon him, and sayings of his own, enough to make a notable book. *En attendant,* I have sent you some pamphlets to amuse your solitude; for, do you see, as *tramontane* as I am, and as much as I love Florence, and hate the country, while we make such a figure in the world, or at least such a noise

[4] Mr. Chute had sent Mr. Walpole the following imitation of an epigram of Martial:

'Issa est passere nequior Catulli,
Issa est purior osculo columbae.'
Martial, Lib. I, Ep. 110.

'Pata is frolicksome and smart,
As Geoffry once was—(Oh my heart!)
He's purer than a turtle's kiss,
And gentler than a little miss;
A jewel for a lady's ear,
And Mr. Walpole's pretty dear.
He laughs or cries with mirth or spleen;
He does not speak, but thinks 'tis plain.
One knows his little *Guai's* as well
As if he'd little words to tell.
Coil'd in a heap, a plumy wreathe,
He sleeps, you hardly hear him breathe.
Then he's so nice, who ever saw
A drop that sullied his sofa?
His bended leg!—what's this but sense?—
Points out his little exigence.
He looks, and points, and whisks about,
And says, Pray, dear Sir, let me out.
Where shall we find a little wife,
To be the comfort of his life,
To frisk and skip, and furnish means
Of making sweet Patapanins?
England, alas! can boast no she,
Fit only for his cicisbee.
Must greedy Fate then have him all?—
No; Wootton to our aid we'll call—
The immortality's the same,
Built on a shadow or a name.
He shall have one by Wootton's means,
The other Wootton for his pains.'
Walpole.

in it, one must consider you other Florentines as country gentlemen. Tell our dear *Miny*, that when he unfolds the enchanted carpet, which his brother the wise Galfridus sends him, he will find all the kingdoms of the earth portrayed in it. In short, as much history as was described on the ever-memorable and wonderful piece of silk, which the puissant White Cat[5] inclosed in a nut-shell, and presented to her paramour Prince. In short, in this carpet, which (filberds being out of season) I was reduced to pack up in a walnut, he will find the following immense library of political lore: Magazines for October, November, December; with an Appendix for the year 1741; all the Magazines for 1742, bound in one volume; and nine Magazines for 1743; the Life of King Theodore, a certain fairy monarch; with the Adventures of this Prince and the fair Republic of Genoa; the *Miscellaneous Thoughts* of the fairy Hervey[6]; the *Question Stated*; *Case of the Hanover Troops*; and the *Vindication of the Case*; *Faction Detected*; *Congratulatory Letter to Lord Bath*; the *Mysterious Congress*; and four *Old England Journals*. Tell Mr. Mann, or Mr. Mann tell himself, that I would send him nothing but this enchanted carpet, which he can't pretend to return. I will accept nothing under enchantment. Adieu all! Continue to love

THE TWO PATAPANS.

134. To HORACE MANN.

London, Nov. 17, 1743.

I WOULD not write on Monday till I could tell you the King was come. He arrived at St. James's between five

[5] See the story of the *White Cat* in the fairy tales. *Walpole.*

[6] Lord Hervey's *Miscellaneous Thoughts on the Present Posture of Affairs* (1742).

and six on Tuesday [1]. We were in great fears of his coming through the City, after the treason that has been publishing for these two months; but it is incredible how well his reception was; beyond what it had ever been before: in short, you would have thought that it had not been a week after the victory of Dettingen. They almost carried him into the palace on their shoulders; and at night the whole town was illuminated and bonfired. He looks much better than he has for these five years, and is in great spirits. The Duke limps a little. The King's reception of the Prince [2], who was come to St. James's to wait for him, and who met him on the stairs with his two sisters [3] and the privy councillors, was not so gracious—*pas un mot*—though the Princess was brought to bed the day before [4], and Prince George is ill of the small-pox. It is very unpopular! You will possibly, by next week, hear great things; hitherto, all is silence, expectation, struggle, and ignorance. The birthday is kept on Tuesday, when the Parliament was to have met; but that can't be yet.

Lord Holderness has brought home a Dutch bride [5]: I have not seen her. The Duke of Richmond had a letter yesterday from Lady Albemarle [6], at Altona. She says the Prince of Denmark is not so tall as his bride, but far from a bad figure: he is thin, and not ugly, except having too wide a mouth. When she returns, as I know her particularly, I will tell you more; for the present, I think I have

Letter 134.—[1] Nov. 15.

[2] Of Wales.

[3] Princesses Amelia and Caroline.

[4] Of a son, Prince William Henry (cr. Duke of Gloucester, 1764), who married (1766) Horace Walpole's niece, Maria Walpole, Dowager Countess Waldegrave. He died in 1805.

[5] Marie (d. 1801), daughter of François Doublet, Member of the States of Holland; m. (1743) Robert Darcy, fourth Earl of Holdernesse.

[6] Lady Anne Lenox, sister of the Duke of Richmond, and wife of William Anne van Keppel, Earl of Albemarle: she had been Lady of the Bedchamber to the Queen; and this year conducted Princess Louisa to Altona, to be married to the Prince Royal of Denmark. *Walpole.*

very handsomely dispatched the chapter of royalties. My Lord comes to town the day after to-morrow.

My Lady Townshend has been to see the Hermaphrodite, and says, 'it is the only happy couple she ever saw.'

The Opera is begun, but is not so well as last year. The Rosa Mancini, who is second woman, and whom I suppose you have heard, is now old. In the room of Amorevoli, they have got a dreadful bass, who, the Duke of Montagu says he believes, was organist at Aschaffenburgh [7].

Do you remember a tall Mr. Vernon, who travelled with Mr. Cotton? He is going to be married to a sister of Lord Strafford [8].

I have exhausted my news, and you shall excuse my being short to-day. For the future, I shall overflow with preferments, alterations, and Parliaments.

Your brother brought me yesterday two of yours together, of Oct. 22 and 27, and I find you still overwhelmed with Richcourt's folly and the Admiral's explanatory ignorance. It is unpleasant to have old Pucci [9] added to your *embarras*.

Chevalier Ossorio [10] was with me the other morning, and we were talking over the Hanoverians, as everybody does. I complimented him very sincerely on his master's great bravery and success: he answered very modestly and sensibly, that he was glad, amidst all the clamours, that there had been no cavil to be found with the subsidy paid to his King. Prince Lobkowitz makes a great figure, and has all my wishes and blessings for having put Tuscany out of the question.

There is no end of my giving you trouble with packing

[7] Not far from Dettingen.

[8] Lady Henrietta Wentworth (d. 1786), third daughter of first Earl of Strafford; m. (1743) Henry Vernon, of Hilton Park, Staffordshire. She was Lady of the Bedchamber to Princess Amelia.

[9] Signor Pucci was Resident from Tuscany at the Court of England. *Walpole.*

[10] Chevalier Ossorio was several years Minister in England from the King of Sardinia, to whom he afterwards became first minister. *Walpole.*

me up cases: I shall pay the money to your brother. Adieu! Embrace the Chutes, who are heavenly good to you, and must have been of great use in all your illness and disputes.

135. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Nov. 30, 1743.

I have had two letters from you since I wrote myself. This I begin against to-morrow, for I should have little time to write. The Parliament opens, and we are threatened with a tight Opposition, though it must be vain, if the numbers turn out as they are calculated; three hundred for the Court, two hundred and five opponents; that is, in town; for, you know, the whole amounts to five hundred and fifty-six. The division in the ministry has been more violent than between parties; though now, they tell you, it is all adjusted. The Secretary[1], since his return, has carried all with a high hand, and treated the rest as ciphers; but he has been so beaten in the Cabinet Council, that in appearance he submits, though the favour is most evidently with him. All the old ministers have flown hither as zealously as in former days; and of the three levees[2] in this street, the greatest is in this house, as my Lord Carteret told them the other day; 'I know you all go to Lord Orford: he has more company than any of us—do you think I can't go to him too?' He is never sober; his rants are amazing; so are his parts and spirit. He has now made up with the Pelhams, though after naming to two vacancies in the Admiralty without their knowledge: Sir Charles Hardy[3] and Mr. Philipson[4]. The other alterations

Letter 135.—[1] Lord Carteret. *Walpole.*

[2] Lord Carteret's, Mr. Pelham's, and Lord Orford's. *Walpole.*

[3] Vice-Admiral Sir Charles Hardy, Knight; d. 1744.

[4] John Phillipson, M.P. for Harwich.

are at last fixed. Winnington is to be Paymaster; Sandys, Cofferer, on resigning the Exchequer to Mr. Pelham; Sir John Rushout, Treasurer of the Navy; and Harry Fox, Lord of the Treasury. Mr. Compton [5] and Gybbon remain at that board. Wat Plumber, a known man, said the other day, 'Zounds, Mr. Pulteney took those old dishclouts to wipe out the Treasury, and now they are going to lace them and lay them up!' It is a most just idea: to be sure, Sandys and Rushout, and their fellows, are dishclouts, if dishclouts there are in the world: and now to lace them!

The Duke of Marlborough has resigned everything, to reinstate himself in the old Duchess's will [6]. She said the other day, 'It is very natural: he listed as soldiers do when they are drunk, and repented when he was sober.' So much for news: now for your letters.

All joy to Mr. Whithed on the increase of his family! and joy to you; for now he is established in so comfortable a way, I trust you will not lose him soon—et la Dame s'appelle?

If my Lady W. has a mind once in her life to speak truth, or to foretell,—the latter of which has as seldom anything to do with truth as her ladyship has,—why she may now about the Tesi's dog, for I shall certainly forget what it would be in vain to remember. My dear Sir, how should one convey a dog to Florence! There are no travelling Princes of Saxe-Gotha or Modena here at present, who would carry a little dog in a nutshell. The poor Maltese cats, to the tune of how many! never arrived here; and how should one little dog ever find its way to Florence! But tell me, and, if it is possible, I will send it. Was it to be a greyhound, or of King Charles's breed? It was

[5] Hon. George Compton, M.P. for Northampton, afterwards sixth Earl of Northampton.

[6] He had offended his grandmother by his marriage with a daughter of Lord Trevor, and by joining the Court Party (from whom he received various preferments), in 1738.

to have been the latter; but I think you told me that she rather had a mind to the other sort, which, by the way, I don't think I could get for her.

Thursday, eight o'clock at night.

I am just come from the House, and dined. Mr. Coke moved the address, seconded by Mr. Yorke, the Lord Chancellor's son. The Opposition divided 149 against 278; which gives a better prospect of carrying on the winter easily. In the Lords' House there was no division. Mr. Pitt called Lord Carteret the execrable author of our measures, and sole minister. Mr. Winnington replied, that he did not know of any sole minister; but if my Lord Carteret was so, the gentlemen of the other side had contributed more to make him so than he had.

I am much pleased with the prospect you show me of the Correggio. My Lord is so satisfied with the Dominichin, that he will go as far as a thousand pound for the Correggio. Do you really think we shall get it, and for that price?

You talk of the new couple, and of giving the *sposa* a *mantille*: what new couple? you don't say. I suppose, some Suares, by the raffle. Adieu!

136. To Horace Mann.

Dec. 15, 1743.

I WRITE in a great fright, lest this letter should come too late. My Lord has been told by a Dr. Bragge, a virtuoso, that, some years ago, the monks asked ten thousand pounds for our Correggio[1], and that there were two copies then made of it: that afterwards, he is persuaded, the King of Portugal bought the original; he does not know at what price. Now, I think it very possible that this doctor,

LETTER 136.—[1] One of the most celebrated pictures of Correggio with the Madonna and Child, saints, and angels, in a convent at Parma. *Walpole.*

hearing the picture was to be come at, may have invented this Portuguese history; but as there is a possibility, too, that it may be true, you must take all imaginable precautions to be sure it is the very original—a copy would do neither you nor me great honour.

We have entered upon the Hanoverian campaign. Last Wednesday, Waller moved in our House for an address to the King, to continue them no longer in our pay than to Christmas Day, the term for which they were granted. The debate lasted till half an hour after eight at night. Two young officers told some very trifling stories against the Hanoverians, which did not at all add any weight to the arguments of the Opposition; but we divided 231 to 181. On Friday, Lord Sandwich and Lord Halifax, in good speeches, brought the same motion into the Lords. I was there, and heard Lord Chesterfield make the finest oration I ever did hear. My father did not speak, nor Lord Bath. They threw out the motion by 71 to 36. These motions will determine the bringing on the demand for the Hanoverians for another year in form; which was a doubtful point, the old part of the ministry being against it, though very contrary to my Lord's advice.

Lord Gower, finding no more Tories were to be admitted, resigned on Thursday; and Lord Cobham in the afternoon. The Privy Seal was the next day given to Lord Cholmondeley. Lord Gower's resignation is one of the few points in which I am content the prophecy in the old Jacobite ballad should be fulfilled—'The King shall have his own again.'

The changes are begun, but will not be completed till the recess, as the preferments will occasion more re-elections than they can spare just now in the House of Commons. Sandys has resigned the Exchequer to Mr. Pelham; Sir John Rushout is to be Treasurer of the Navy; Winnington,

Paymaster; Harry Fox, Lord of the Treasury; Lord Edgcumbe, I believe, Lord of the Treasury[2], and Sandys, Cofferer and a peer. I am so scandalized at this, that I will fill up my letter (having told you all the news) with the first-fruits of my indignation.

VERSES ADDRESSED TO THE HOUSE OF LORDS

ON ITS RECEIVING A NEW PEER.

THOU senseless Hall, whose injudicious space,
Like Death, confounds a various mismatch'd race,
Where kings and clowns, th' ambitious and the mean,
Compose th' inactive soporific scene,
Unfold thy doors!—and a promotion see,
That must amaze ev'n prostituted thee!
Shall not thy sons, incurious as they are,
Raise their dull lids, and meditate a stare?
Thy sons, who sleep in monumental state,
To show the spot where their great fathers sate.
Ambition first, and specious warlike worth,
Call'd our old peers and brave patricians forth;
And subject provinces produc'd to fame
Their lords with scarce a less than regal name.
Then blinded monarchs, flattery's fondl'd race,
Their fav'rite minions stamp'd with titl'd grace,
And bade the tools of power succeed to Virtue's place.
Hence Spencers, Gavestons, by crimes grown great,
Vaulted into degraded Honour's seat:
Hence dainty Villiers sits in high debate
Where manly Beauchamps, Talbots, Cecils sate:
Hence Wentworth[3], perjur'd patriot, burst each tie,
Profan'd each oath, and gave his life the lie;
Renounc'd whate'er he sacred held and dear,
Renounc'd his country's cause, and sunk into a Peer.
Some have bought ermine, venal Honour's veil,
When set by bankrupt Majesty to sale;
Or drew Nobility's coarse ductile thread
From some distinguish'd harlot's titled bed.

[2] This did not happen. *Walpole.*
[3] Earl of Strafford; but it alludes to Lord Bath. *Walpole.*

Not thus ennobl'd Samuel!—no worth
Call'd from his mud the sluggish reptile forth;
No parts to flatter, and no grace to please,
With scarce an insect's impotence to tease,
He struts a Peer—though prov'd too dull to stay,
Whence[4] ev'n poor Gybbon is not brush'd away.

Adieu! I am just going to Leicester House, where the Princess sees company to-day and to-morrow, from seven to nine, on her lying-in. I mention this per amore del Signor Marchese Cosimo Riccardi[5].

137. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Dec. 26, 1743.

I shall complain of inflammations in my eyes, till you think it is an excuse for not writing; but your brother is my witness that I have been shut up in a dark room for this week. I get frequent colds, which fall upon my eyes; and then I have bottles of sovereign eye-waters from all my acquaintance; but as they are only accidental colds, I never use anything but sage, which braces my eye-fibres again in a few days. I have had two letters since my last to you; one complaining of my silence, and the other acknowledging one from me after a month's intermission: indeed, I never have been so long without writing to you: I do sometimes miss two weeks on any great dearth of news, which is all I have to fill a letter; for living as I do among people, whom, from your long absence, you cannot know, I should talk Hebrew to mention them to you. Those, that from eminent birth, folly, or parts, are to be found in the chronicles of the times, I tell you of, whenever necessity or the King puts them into new lights. The latter, for I cannot think the former had any

[4] The Treasury. *Walpole.*

[5] A gossiping old Florentine nobleman, whose whole employment was to inform himself of the state of marriages, pregnancies, lyings-in, and such-like histories. *Walpole.*

hand in it, has made Sandys, as I told you, a lord and Cofferer! Lord Middlesex is one of the new Treasury, not ambassador as you heard. So the Opera-house and White's have contributed a Commissioner and a Secretary to the Treasury[1], as their quota to the government. It is a period to make a figure in history.

There is a recess of both Houses for a fortnight; and we are to meet again, with all the quotations and flowers that the young orators can collect and forcibly apply to the Hanoverians; with all the malice which the disappointed old have hoarded against Carteret, and with all the impudence his defenders can sell him: and when all that is vented—what then?—why then, things will be just where they were.

General Wade is made Field Marshal, and is to have the command of the army, as it is supposed, on the King's not going abroad; but that is not declared. The French preparations go on with much more vigour than ours; they not having a House of Commons to combat all the winter; a campaign that necessarily engages all the attention of ministers, who have no great variety of apartments in their understandings.

I have paid your brother the bill I received from you, and give you a thousand thanks for all the trouble you have had; most particularly from the plague of hams[2], from which you have saved me. Jesus! how blank I should have looked at unpacking a great case of bacon and wine! My dear child, be my friend, and preserve me from heroic presents. I cannot possibly at this distance begin a new courtship of *regali*; for I suppose all those hams were to be converted into watches and toys. Now it would suit Sir Paul Methuen very well, who is a knight-errant at

LETTER 137.—[1] John Jeffries. *Walpole.*

[2] Madame Grifoni was going to send Mr. W. a present of hams and Florence wine. *Walpole.*

seventy-three, to carry on an amour between Mrs. Chenevix's[3] shop and a noble cellar in Florence; but alas! I am neither old enough nor young enough to be gallant, and should ill become the writing of heroic epistles to a fair mistress in Italy—No, no: ne sono uscito con onore, mi pare, e non voglio riprendere quel impegno più. You see how rustic I am grown again!

I knew your new brother-in-law[4] at school, but have not seen him since. But your sister[5] was in love, and must consequently be happy to have him. Yet I own, I cannot much felicitate anybody that marries for love. It is bad enough to marry; but to marry where one loves, ten times worse. It is so charming at first, that the decay of inclination renders it infinitely more disagreeable afterwards. Your sister has a thousand merits; but they don't count: but then she has good sense enough to make her happy, if her merit cannot make him so.

Adieu! I rejoice for your sake that Madame Royale[6] is recovered, as I saw in the papers. I don't wish you a happy Christmas, for you have the Chutes, who are a thousand times more agreeable than Christmas, which, since I have done loving mince-pies, I have never admired at all.

[3] She is called by Horace Walpole 'the noted toy-woman.' He at first occupied Strawberry Hill as her tenant.

[4] Mr. Foote. *Walpole.*

[5] Mary, daughter of Robert Mann, married to Benjamin Hatley Foote.

[6] The Duchess of Lorraine, mother of the Great Duke: her death would have occasioned a long mourning at Florence. *Walpole.*—Elizabeth Charlotte (d. 1744), only daughter of Philippe, Duc d'Orléans, by his second wife Elizabeth Charlotte of Bavaria; m. (1698) Leopold Joseph Charles, Duke of Lorraine.

END OF VOL. I

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